THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JULY FOURTH

"SAY CREAM OF WHEAT, YOU RASCAL!"

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Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name

Pocket Ben—for outdoor men

WHETHER you camp, fish, or tour in the car, you will find Pocket Ben a good comrade. He responds to good treatment—any timepiece does, but if the going's hard he takes his medicine like a man.

It is nothing new for him to bunk with marbles and a knife in a boy's pants pocket. He has shared an overall pocket with a roll of tire tape or a spark plug. He has traveled in a hunter's pocket with the lunch, going out, and the kill coming in. He has done all these things and kept time like the true sportsman he is.

A pocket to himself, protected from needless knocks and bumps, is more to his liking and better for his health, but Pocket Ben will go your way and do his best every minute.

He's built on generous lines for good timekeeping. A heavy duty pocket timepiece. The double back case is a great protection against dust, dirt and inquiring fingers. It stiffens his case against jolts and jars.

Pocket Ben ought to keep time. It runs in the Westclox family, from Big Ben down. Pocket Ben's six-sided orange and buff tag says $2.00 on one side and Westclox on the other. $2.50 in Canada.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o'Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Is the suit worth the price?

You know it is if you see this name

Hart Schaffner & Marx

That's why this label is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

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DOINGS IN NORMALCYVILLE

By Samuel G. Blythe

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y.
The Man

TWO little girls thought it would be nice to knit a pair of slippers for the President, which was an entirely normal impulse. At some time in her life every female thinks it will be nice to knit a pair of slippers for somebody, and usually proceeds to knit them with no closer guide to the needful dimensions of them than that impulse. These little girls—perhaps because they are little and with their femininity not fully developed, or perhaps because the slippers were not to be for the minister or the uncle or the father, and were to be for the President—made inquiry as to the size of the shoes required to house the presidential feet. The reply came back that the President wears shoes of the size 10½ D.

This reply pleased the little girls and set them about their task, but that was not all. It explained some things to a numerous body of patriots who came into Washington early in March, not with the desire to knit the President some slippers but keen with the ambition to slip him some knitters. The plan was to catch him when he was new and susceptible, rush him off his feet, and perch these patriots on the pay roll before the efforts of others along similar lines had a chance to become effective and before the President himself was housebroken and casehardened in the job.

Now, as a physical proposition, it is reasonably difficult to rush a man off his feet when those feet happen to scale 10½ D. The size 10½ D predicates somewhat solid and substantial feet. Moreover, when the foundations of a presidential structure are of these proportions, and the other presidential attributes are conformable to the same general specifications, with a temperament that is also 10½ D, any enterprise that entails the rushing of this particular President may be said to have its difficulties.

The Water Hazard

TO ILLUSTRATE: The President is a golfer. That is, the President is included under the broad, general classification into which the American people may be divided—those who play golf and those who do not; which latter grouping also includes most of those who do play. When the President was merely a senator from Ohio he was an ordinary—very—golfer. When he became a candidate for the presidency he became, by the mutations of journalism, a fair golfer—in print. When he became President his game bettered by a stroke or two a hole—also in print. That is what office does for a man. We used to read—and write too—about Mr. Roosevelt's being a fast tennis player, and he weighed two hundred pounds; and about the gay galloping of Mr. Taft on horseback, and he weighed three hundred pounds; and thus Mr. Harding's golf came nearer to par as he progressed in prominence.

There is a hole on the Chevy Chase links, where the President plays sometimes, and where he was playing one day soon after he was inaugurated, that has a water hazard—a body of water between the tee and the green. It is a good shot across. The venturesome and the confident golfers try to make it with the drive from the tee. The cautious and uncertain golfers play it short and go over the water with the second shot.

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The President

Notwithstanding the marked improvement in the President's game—for publication—after he became President he played the tee shot short with the evident intention of making the green with a safe second.

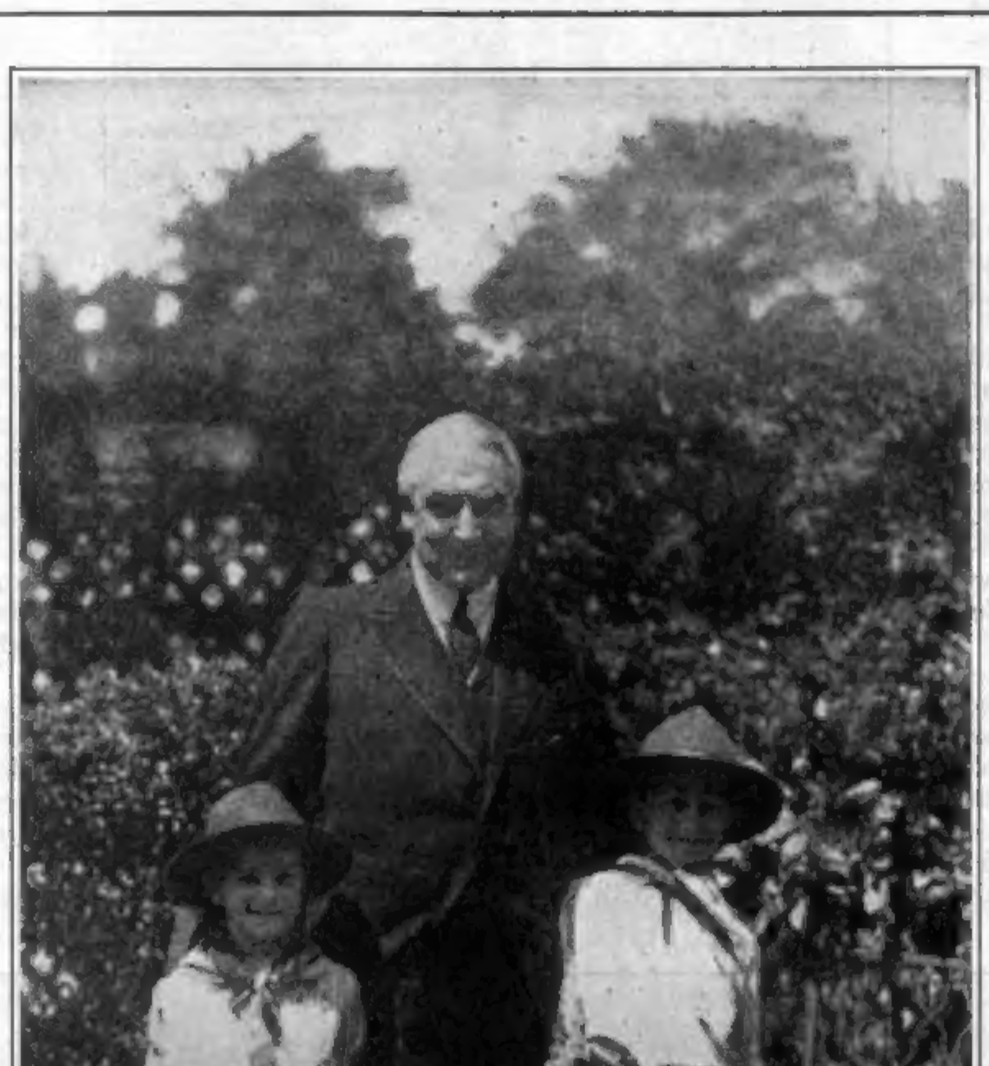
The ball fell in a fairway between the tee and the water. He walked up to it, selected his iron for the second shot, took his stance, made his waggles, lifted the presidential head and removed the presidential eye from the ball at the moment of the stroke, just as legions of his fellow countrymen do in similar circumstances; which, by the way, might be used to illustrate the innate democracy of the man. That is typical common-people stuff.

Marvelous Self-Control

GOLF balls are democratic also. They act in the same manner for the high, the middle and the low. It meant nothing in the life of this particular golf ball that the Chief Executive of the greatest republic on which the sun ever shone was making the stroke. The Chief Executive of the greatest republic on which the sun ever shone took his eye off the ball, and it didn't go over the water and up to the green. It went into the water and sank.

The President looked contemplatively at the ripples in the water. He said nothing but took another ball, dropped it on the turf, and set himself for another try. He tried. The ball went into the water and sank. There was another period of contemplation. With that unstudied calm that has been commented on, another ball was dropped and another stroke made. That ball followed its fellows. It dropped into the water and sank. The presidential eye regarded the water with a fixity that was entirely absent as to the golf balls, and the presidential hand dropped another ball. This ball, not to be outdone by the others, foozled nauseatingly into the water also. That made four that were nestling in the mud.

Nothing had been said. In such cases there are but two courses open to the golfer. The first is to say nothing. The second is to say everything. The latter is the usual course of procedure. Not with the President. He calmly dropped another ball. This time he hit it, but he hit it too hard.



COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Jack and Robert, Sons of Assistant U. S. Forester Leon F. Kneipp, Obviously Came Out of the West to See the President

The ball sailed over the green and landed nearly at the next tee. Some men playing ahead of the presidential party were standing on this tee, watching with commiseration and deep sympathy the tribulations of the Chief Executive. He came slowly and non-emotionally to the spot where his ball was waiting—his fifth ball.

"Well," he said to the watchers on the tee, "that deserves some consolation."

He laid down his iron, took a tobacco pouch from his pocket, and a pipe, slowly and carefully filled the pipe, lighted it, puffed at it until the tobacco was well alight, and then made his next shot. The ball dropped fairly on the green.

"That's better," he said, and proceeded methodically to his putt.

Golf is variously a disease, a diversion, a disaster, a delight, a damnation, but always it is a delineator. As a man golfs so he is. Fancy any person, any set of persons, any patriots, publicists or protagonists, trying to rush off his feet a man who puts four golf balls, one after another, into a water hazard, makes a bad fifth shot and doesn't bat an eye; doesn't even shout a "Dammit!" It can't be done; and that fact is becoming increasingly apparent as the days go on. He may be coaxed, or expediencized, or party-gooded, or argued into a position; but rushing and shoving stuff won't work very well. The one thing about the President that most people have not yet learned is that though he is genial and smiling and affable and glad-handed, there are times when he puts down those 10½-D feet and keeps them down.

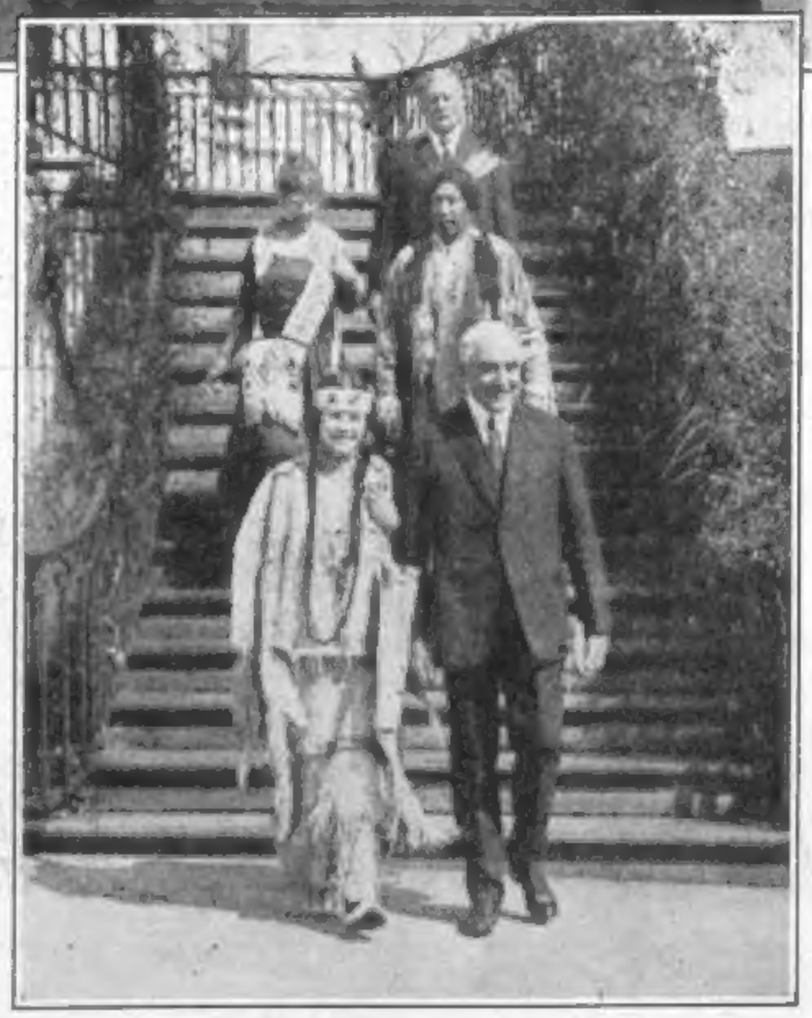
Stop, Look and Listen!

A CERTAIN eminent Ohioan who golfs himself, and who was recently in a position where the personal attributes of Mr. Harding meant a lot in his life and prospects, discussed the President in golfing terms.

"You watch him operate," said this Ohioan, "and you will see how his general theory of golf works out in his White House functionings. He is normally the sort of a golfer who prefers to play up to a bunker and hop over it with another shot rather than slam away at the ball in the hope of carrying the bunker. That's his general theory, and it applies to his politics as well as to his golf. If we should need a new motto for the present Government the best possible one would be: Stop, look and listen!"

There was a congressional trip somewhere a time back, and two members of the party were the then Senator Harding and the now Speaker Gillett, of the House of Representatives, two antithetical types of men—Harding, calm, good-natured, affable; and Gillett, fidgety and fussy. They played bridge whist to pass away the time, and at one table Harding and Gillett were paired as partners. Harding played a card in a way that displeased Gillett, and Gillett was somewhat censorious about it after the hand was completed. He fussed and criticized; reprobated his partner for the loss of the trick and held him responsible for the triumph of their adversaries.

Harding listened patiently and calmly. He regarded his fussy partner with a tranquil tolerance, and said nothing. He made no excuses nor attempted any justification. He sat there and looked placidly at him. Not long afterwards practically the same situation arose in a hand. Harding dispassionately played his card exactly as he had played it before, and during the remainder of that trip he maneuvered himself into partnership with Gillett and every time he had an opportunity he made that same play. And he never said a word—not a word. He was imperturbable as a Buddha, serene as a summer sea, but he played the card his own way.



President and Mrs. Harding Escorting Their Indian Callers About the White House Grounds. Above—President Harding Paying the Admission Fee of Twenty-Five Cents to the Public Golf Links of Washington

Man displays his temperament and details his disposition of mind more directly in his diversions than elsewhere. He is off watch when he is playing, and more nearly himself. In his senatorial days in Washington Mr. Harding occasionally played poker with some of his colleagues. It was a friendly game and a relaxation from the hard work of the Senate. In this poker game there were one or two players of the sort known as hard-boiled—technicians, fellows who look after the ante and always know when the pot is right and whose bet it is, and so on, pests in a friendly game and no exception because they are senators.

Frequently in these games the hard-boiled would tangle up the play with disputes as to what had happened, what might happen or what couldn't happen. Invariably Harding would say, "Well, let's settle it by dealing a hand of stud," and he'd deal it, and by the time the hand of stud was played the dispute was forgotten. You watch the great political, governmental and national poker game that is played at Washington during these four years. The President of the United States will compose many a situation by dealing a tranquilizing hand of stud.

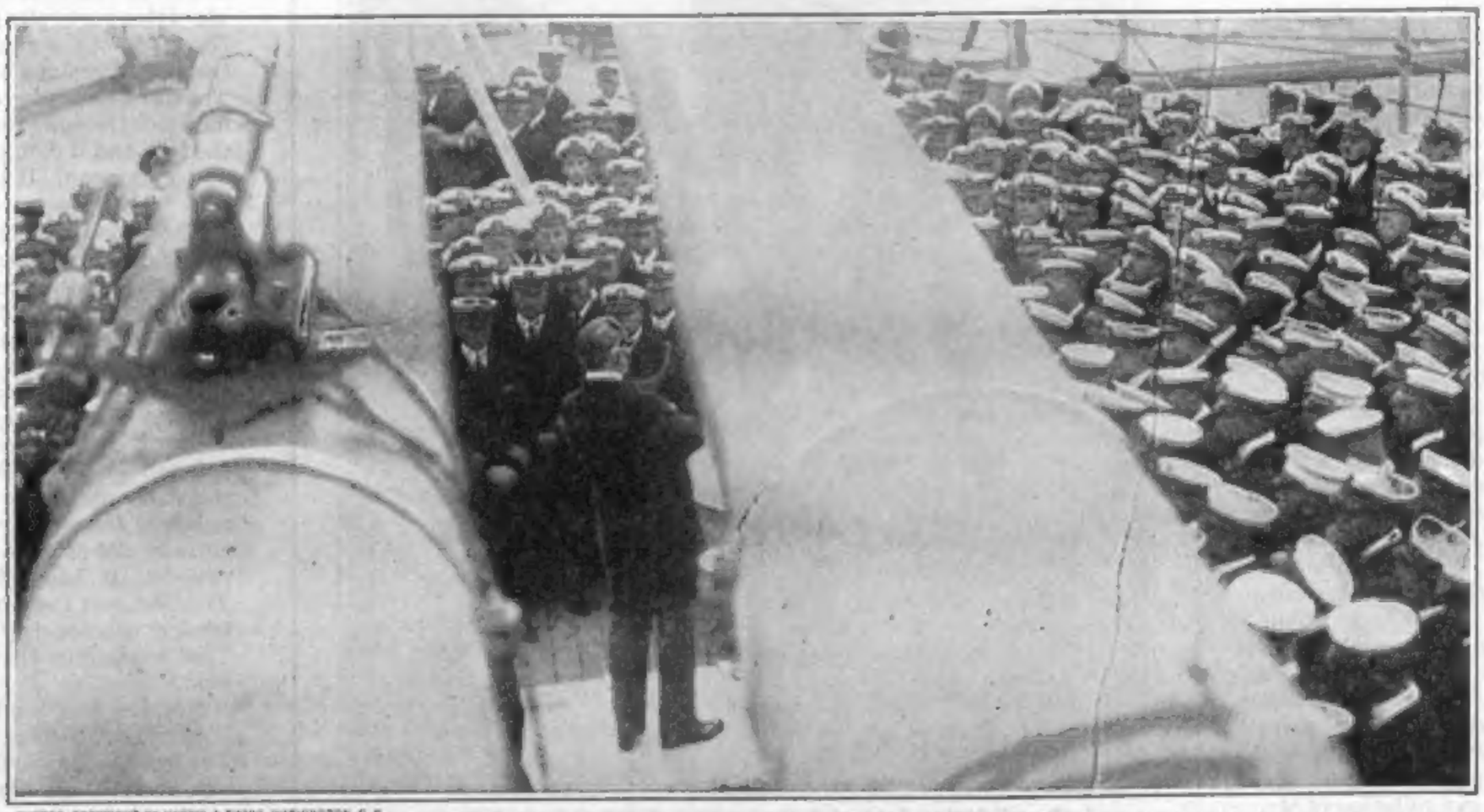
Ohio's Different Meanings

IT IS a lamentable corollary of our system of government that the President must not only be a politician but a party politician. To be sure, when the politician is made the candidate he is immediately blazoned forth as a statesman, but that dazzle painting fools nobody who knows enough about the game to know that all statesmen are politicians, all statecraft is politics, and that the greater statesmen are the greater politicians. Moreover, politics in the White House is no whit different from politics in the ward; bigger, broader, more general in application and with greater goals, but essentially the same. The ideal candidate for President would be nonpartisan, but there are no idealists in control of the nominating machines, and as nomination is an imperative prerequisite for election and service in the White House a President always is political; and usually a politician of whatever sorts may be.

Thus, the important question concerning any newly elected President is: What sort of politician is he? Answering that on the basis of three months' observation of President Harding the reply is that he is a pretty fair politician of the well-known Ohio brand, and that he runs true to type in most of his manifestations. "O-hi-o" means "Good day" in Japan, but "Ohio" means "Good night" in Washington to many a political plan conjured by political persons who have the misfortune to reside without the borders of that incubator of Chief Executives.

History repeats itself, as the saying was until Max Beerbohm tacked the completing "and historians repeateachother" on it, and history is repeating now. So is Ohio. Every so often Ohio swarms the governmental works for one of two reasons: Either the Ohioans, who periodically get the plum-passing privileges, love their fellow toilers in the vineyards back home so tenderly they pass the plums to them

(Continued on Page 65)



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President Harding Standing Beneath the Big Guns of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania as He Addressed the Officers of the Atlantic Fleet Following a Review in Hampton Roads

JASON AND THE FLEECE

"Well, Dearie," Said Aunt Mabel, Laying Aside Her Sewing and Most of Her Southern Accent—"He's Gone?"

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN young Jason Gray became entirely too much of a man about town—and the less desirable portion of the town, at that—his father made him a present of some land that he owned in Montana and bade him go west and raise mules. Since there was no alternative, Jason went; but before going he spent his last five hundred dollars on a farewell banquet to his Broadway friends. It was held in a large private room at the Café de Rabelais, just east of Sixth Avenue, and there were present a bookmaker, a professional dancer, a state senator, a prize-fight promoter, a low comedian, a leading juvenile with a permanent wave, a very tired young business man, three girls from the Frisk of 1920, three from You'd be Surprised, and Vivienne Vincent.

Vivienne, unwittingly no doubt, was the direct cause of Jason's departure from New York, for Vivienne was altogether too conspicuously prominent a person for any son of old Caleb Gray to be seen with; and Jason had been seen so often in her company that the humiliating news had reached even the cloistered, ascetic ears of Caleb. Hence the proposed hegira to Montana.

"You've been flaunting a disreputable woman of the stage in the face of all decent society!" old Caleb had thundered from his library armchair.

"Never east of Fifth Avenue, sir," corrected Jason. "Besides, Vivienne's not disreputable. She's a very well known and very successful—er—singer."

"Singer!" snorted Caleb in the deepest disgust. "Singer! What does she sing?"

"Well," replied Jason confidently and cheerfully, "she created the Wedding Bell Blues on the Roof—absolutely made the song—personality, you know. She's an artist to her finger tips. Ask anyone—ask any manager if you don't believe me."

"Ugh!" said Caleb Gray, as if he had just swallowed some unpalatable medicine.

Jason regarded his father with some astonishment. It occurred to his twenty-three-year-old brain that possibly his father had not heard the song. Such a supposition seemed absurd, of course, but he realized that his father had led a very sheltered life; so sheltered, indeed, that he himself scarcely ever saw him. He endeavored to think of something more classic that Vivienne had created.

"Last year," he said tentatively, "she put over a knockout. She was the girl that sang He Left Me When Twilight Was Streaming. You know, the big song hit in Squads Right! That was a great show," he added reminiscently—"the first show I saw after I got back from France. Don't you remember the chorus to that song of Vivienne's? It goes like this."

And Jason, in a very acceptable tenor, and supplying his own drum and horn accompaniment, insisted on rendering the chorus for his father's enlightenment:

"He left me when twilight was stream-ming,
He left me to go to the war;
(Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat-tat)
He left me alone to my dream-ming;
I never so loved him before!
(Turuloo-oo-oo Turuloo-oo-oo)
And now though I'm sad and I'm sigh-ying,
I still have to laugh and to dance;
(Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat-tat)
My sweetheart's a nave-yator fly-ying—
My sweetheart—is flying—for France!"

Jason finished on a high note that left him pink in the face, but—to his chagrin—there followed no applause.

Instead his father merely said, "That's over, I hope." There was an awkward silence. Then, "You leave for Montana next Monday," said Caleb. "Have Sampson pack your things. You won't need much."

Jason stared at him incredulously. Montana! Montana? Why Montana?

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "What did you say? I didn't quite get it."

Caleb repeated the edict grimly.

"I'm giving you the land out there," he added, "in return for cutting you out of my will. As long as you choose to live there you will receive eight thousand dollars a year from me. Otherwise you receive nothing. But you will have the land, and if you possess an atom of ambition or energy you will be able to make it pay in time. At present there is nothing on it but a few mules and a house where my agent and his assistants live. You will have to live with them, of course. I shall continue to pay their salaries, but they now become your employes. That's all, I think. You'd better start your packing—that is, if you own anything that will be suitable for the sort of existence you are about to enter upon."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Jason soberly.

"I am not given to joking. You did not inherit your levity from me."

"No, I suppose not. What if I refuse to go?"

Caleb Gray threw out a hand in a gesture of complete indifference.

"Do exactly as you please," he said. "But—well, I don't think you can afford not to go."

"Why not? I can get work here in New York."

"Very well, why haven't you then?"

"I did—for a while."

Caleb nodded slowly.

"Yes, I remember. You lasted a week. You resigned before you got fired. I remember, too, that it was a ten-dollar-a-week job. You earned, or rather you were paid, exactly ten dollars. Let me see—that would enable you to eat about one good meal at your favorite restaurant."

"And you won't give me a cent—you won't help me at all?"

"You heard my proposition," answered Caleb sharply. "Not a cent unless you go to Montana and stay there. Not a cent in my will in any case. Moreover, after Monday next this house is no longer your home. I hope I have made myself clear. I hope so, I say, because I have no intention of making any further explanations. Dinner is ready. Are you dining here? No? I didn't suppose so.

Good night, then, and when you return kindly try to negotiate the stairs more successfully than last night. I don't relish being awakened at four o'clock in the morning."

Jason, left to himself, was reduced for the first time since his return from France to taking sober thought for the morrow. He knew his father well enough to be convinced that he meant absolutely and exactly what he said; but he did not know his father well enough to understand the motives that had prompted him to say it. To Jason's insouciant mind there appeared nothing blameworthy or even abnormal in the existence he had been leading. The son of a millionaire sowing a few oats! What, in truth, more natural? And it wasn't as if Vivienne were a mere fluffy chorus girl of no intelligence or—well, or breeding. She had read a great deal of Kipling and O. Henry, and even, in a literal translation, certain volumes of Balzac and of Maupassant. Classics, all of them—names mentioned in literature courses at college. As to her breeding—why, Vivienne had herself told him that her grandfather had been a Confederate general and her mother a clergyman's daughter and the belle of Tennessee. Intelligence, breeding, undoubted beauty—then what more could even old Caleb Gray demand in a woman? Jason was sincerely perplexed, for he was of an age when a young man judges a woman according to the manner in which she is judged by his friends and companions; and Jason's friends and companions at that time were, as I have intimated, inhabitants of Broadway. To them Vivienne was a paragon, and Jason, whom she permitted to monopolize her spare hours, earnestly to be envied.

However, it was obvious that old Caleb dissented from the general verdict. Unfortunate—most unfortunate, for old Caleb held the purse, and without the purse Jason was lost. He at least had sense enough to know that. Well, there was Montana and a mere eight thousand a year staring him in the face for the rest of his life. No one, he reflected, could live elsewhere than in Montana on eight thousand a year. It simply couldn't be done. Doubtless that was why Montana existed—that people who had only eight thousand a year might still exist. And mules! What did he know about raising mules? And, moreover, who wanted a mule, once it was raised? He recalled unpleasant experiences he had had with army mules—most unpleasant.

He sighed deeply. Then he drew out his check book from his pocket and computed his balance at the bank. It amounted to something more than five hundred dollars. Then he called up the head waiter of the Rabelais on the telephone and ordered a large private room, a magnificent supper and a jazz band for Saturday evening. He was determined, you see, that his exit from Broadway should be a cheerful one.

II

HIS exit was a cheerful one. The head waiter at the Rabelais spared no pains to make the supper party successful and expensive, and Jason brought with him a case of champagne and the remainder of his stock of gin, vermuth and whisky. He had no intention of leaving anything so precious behind him in his father's wine cellar while he parched in the wilds of Montana.

Shortly after half past eleven his guests arrived at the Rabelais. When they perceived the array of bottles that stood on the service table in the private room their faces visibly brightened—the men becoming very cordial and the women almost human. The prize-fight promoter slapped Jason on the back and called him Old Man, and the leading juvenile with the permanent wave put his arm on his shoulder and said, "Hello, Jason, you old sinner!" As for the girls from the Frisk and You'd be Surprised, they forgot their off-stage dignity to such an extent that Jason's dinner coat was covered with talcum.

"Good fellows, all of 'em," thought Jason in the enthusiasm of his youth, and commenced shaking cocktails.

Vivienne Vincent, being a leading lady, was the last to arrive, and her entrance was as effective as any that had been stage-managed for her. When she appeared in the doorway the orchestra, with the tactfulness of orchestras, immediately struck up her song hit of the season, The Wedding Bell Blues. She threw back her cloak with a graceful gesture of her arm, thus revealing not only the very desirable pearls at her neck but also the very desirable emeralds and diamonds on her hand. And, moreover, Nature had been as generous to her as had man.

She was slim and dark and a Gentile. Her lips were thin and her nose was straight and she did not make up her eyes. Indeed, off the stage she scarcely made up at all, for she was still young and healthy. Strangely enough, there was something fine about her—in her face, I mean, and in her narrow white hands and her graceful ankles and feet. Had she been able to live up to these she would have been a gentlewoman and worthy of her fictitious ancestors, the Confederate general and the clergyman's daughter. As it was, however, such was her ability to play her part that she could deceive women for half an hour and men for half a year.

"Old dear," she said to Jason as she sipped her cocktail—"old dear, why the celebration?"

"It's a surprise," said Jason. "I'm going to make a little speech at dinner—a speech that will explain it all."

"Singer!" snorted Caleb. "What Does She Sing?"
"Well," Replied Jason Confidently, "She Created the Wedding Bell Blues"

Vivienne eyed him closely, perplexed and a little worried by Jason's tone. For once she detected a trace of seriousness—almost, in fact, of despondency—in his manner. The suspicion flashed unpleasantly across her that Jason was possibly about to announce his engagement to some eminently suitable and respectable wise young virgin. That, she figured, was cause for despondency. She had known the most dependable young men—men whom she would have been glad to marry herself—do that very thing, and it had always hurt her feelings severely. She wanted to marry. Not, of course, any second-rate actor; not even some prosperous manager; not some successful plunger on the races or the market. No, she aspired to greater than these. She wanted to marry what she would have called a society man, and Jason seemed to answer the description. She put her slim white arm through his.

"Tell me about it before you do the others," she said, and drew him aside to the deserted corner of the room farthest from the liquor supply.

"I'm leaving New York," Jason answered her bluntly.

"For a long time?"

He shrugged. He tried to be flippant, but failed, as he said, "Forever, amen!"

She was silent for a space, keeping her eyes on him. She was not sure yet whether she had lost him or not, and naturally enough, with the doubt came an increase in her desire not to lose him. For perhaps the first time in her life she experienced an honest, human emotion—an emotion which less sophisticated women than she would have called love.

"Why," she asked at length—"why are you going?"

"Orders," he replied.

"Whose orders?"

"My father's. He's shipping me to Montana to raise mules. Probably he thinks it's better for me than raising hell in New York."

"Oh," she said slowly, "I see!"

And she was both relieved and disturbed—relieved because he was not leaving her to marry someone of his own class, and disturbed because she suspected that she herself was responsible for old Caleb Gray's ultimatum.

"I wish," she said, "that you would come to see me before you leave. I want to say good-by to you properly—not before all these—well, all these rather useless people. We've been friends, Jason, haven't we?"

She looked up at him from large dim eyes. He thought he saw her childish lips tremble. And he answered a little huskily as he squeezed her hand: "Yes, Vivienne—yes, we've been good friends. I—I hope it needn't end at that. I mean, I had hoped. Of course, now, I don't know. I haven't a cent—and no prospects. I don't know. If you'd wait, perhaps ——"

"Come to-morrow afternoon," she said quickly. "Don't let's talk about it now. Besides, supper's ready, and they've drunk up all your cocktails. You'll come, won't you, Jason, to-morrow?"

He vehemently said he would.

III

AND he did. Awakened late the next morning by the clamor of church bells, he opened a pair of rather bloodshot eyes, and sitting up in bed rubbed an aching head. His farewell party, he reflected, had been perhaps too successful. And then a great wave of melancholy swept over him, and he felt very sorry for himself—and very lonely. That was it—lonely and unloved. His father was turning him out of the house; his friends cared for him only because of his parties; indeed, they had been just as happy and cheerful at his farewell party as at any of the others. They didn't care whether they ever saw him again—whether he died of thirst in Montana. Nobody cared. Oh, yes, Vivienne Vincent! It was possible that she cared—a little perhaps. She at least had said she cared. He wondered. Dear old Vivienne, the only person in the world who really sympathized with him, who really understood! And what a truly wonderful thing a woman was! He blessed women—understanding women, of course—and even went so far as to request God to bless them too.

Then he dressed himself with great care in a morning coat and top hat, remembering bitterly that he should never again have occasion to wear them. And he rang for his father's valet and bade him get him a gardenia for his buttonhole.

By this time it was noon; so when he reached Fifth Avenue on his way down to Delmonico's for lunch he found the sidewalks crowded with well-dressed people coming home from church—fathers, mothers and little children, all radiant with that smug satisfaction that comes from duty accomplished; all exuding a rather unpleasant Christian spirit. Jason decided, not for the first time, that he disliked Sunday, and that he especially disliked the people who pretended they liked it. Vivienne, for example, never allowed Sunday to disturb her routine. Yes, assuredly, he would go to see Vivienne immediately after lunch.

He rang the bell at her apartment in the West Forties, and Anna, the colored maid and an old friend of his, greeted him with a cordial display of white teeth.

"Yaas, Mistah Jason, Miss Vivienne's waitin' fo' you in the parlah along with her Aunt Mabel."

Aunt Mabel was, as many suspected but none dared aver, an elderly woman whom Vivienne hired by the year to be her aunt. She was not related to Vivienne, but coming from the South she was able to affect when necessary an accent suited to the part of a kinswoman of that mythical Confederate general, Vivienne's grandfather. So she was accepted as Vivienne's great-aunt, and was treated with friendly deference and called Aunt Mabel by everyone from the elevator boy to Jason.

"Hello, Aunt Mabel!" cried Jason from the hallway. "Hello, Vivienne!"

"Come in, Jason," urged Aunt Mabel in her best Southern lady's voice. "Vivienne's just been tellin' me the news."

"Come in, Jason," said Vivienne in a tone that she carefully made neither too depressed nor too cheerful. "Come in, dear boy."

"I come," said Jason, and he entered with a long sigh of relief. Here, at least, he felt at home; here, at least, he was welcome.

"It was sweet of you to come," said Vivienne, giving him both her hands and both her eyes. "I appreciate it very, very much—and on your last day."

"It's not much of a compliment, Viv, my coming. I wasn't wanted anywhere else."

Then he went to kiss Aunt Mabel's hand. Everyone kissed Aunt Mabel's hand when greeting her and when leaving her—an old Southern custom, doubtless. At any rate, Vivienne imagined it was, and encouraged it, and encouraged Aunt Mabel to encourage it.

"Poor Jason!" murmured Aunt Mabel sympathetically. "It suah is hard on you! We-all are goin' to miss you very,

very much." She laid her hand on his shoulder, and one felt that she should have been standing on a white colonial porch shaded by wistaria. One thought of darkies and banjos and fields of cotton and Robert E. Lee and what not. Oh, she was fine, was Aunt Mabel! She exuded local color.

"Thank you," said Jason. "It's rather a jolt for me, I must admit. Dad seems to have gone crazy very suddenly. I guess he doesn't approve of me—never has."

"He doesn't understand you," interposed Vivienne softly.

She made a faint motion with her head to indicate the door to Aunt Mabel, and the latter, always acquiescent and accustomed to dismissal, retired to her bedroom, remarking that she had sewing to do. Vivienne stood up and moved to the open window. The clamor of the street came harshly into the room—the roar of the elevated trains, the grinding and clanging of surface cars, the croaking of automobile horns.

"No noise like that in Montana," said Jason sadly. "It's a great noise too. I like it. It means a lot."

Vivienne remained silent at the window for an interval, and then, her slim back still turned to him, she said, "Jason, are you never going to come back to—to us?"

"I'm afraid not," said he—"at least not unless I can make some money out there, and I don't imagine that'll be very easy. Mules! Who ever made money in mules? I don't even know how they grow mules—father's a donkey and mother's a mare, I suppose. Something like that anyhow. Well, say I do breed an unheard-of quantity of the things—where do I get off? Who wants 'em anyway?"

"You'll be lonely out there, won't you, Jason?" she inquired irrelevantly.

He paused to glance at her. Then he drew a long breath and crossed the floor to stand beside her.

"Yes," he said seriously, "I'll be mighty lonely. I suppose it's an awful place. Nobody there but the agent and a cowboy or two, so dad tells me. But—well, I'm going to look it over and size it up, and if I think there's a ghost of a chance of making a decent living out of it I'll buckle down and work. That is, I will if I have an object to work for. I mean ——"

He hesitated, floundered round for words, but failed to find them. He was far from being a master of rhetoric. Fortunately Vivienne was willing to help him.

"An object?" she repeated. "What object do you mean?"

"I mean you," he said suddenly. "I mean I want to marry you. I mean—I mean I'd like to know you'd be willing to marry me if I could raise enough money to support us decently. Then I'd work and somehow I'd raise the money—not much, I suppose—we couldn't throw it round the way we do now—not many champagne parties and all that—but say in two years. Will you wait for me two years, Vivienne? Will you give me a chance to see what I can do?"

She turned slowly around to face him. She was surprised—not at his wanting to marry her, but at his willingness to work for two years before doing so. Somehow she had never before put much faith in the seriousness of this Montana affair. She had not been able to believe that old Caleb Gray actually intended to cut his son out of his will. But behold, Jason appeared to believe it implicitly—so implicitly that he contemplated going to work! That was a novel idea—Jason Gray working with his hands, earning his living by the sweat of his brow. Of a sudden he appeared to her in a different light. He touched a romantic chord in her very material make-up. Why, this was romance itself that was laid before her!

Romance! She had had little of that in her life—had had no time for it—had been too occupied making money and making progress in her career. Moreover, the men whom she had encountered and who had admired her had not been romanticists. Far from it. They had been passionate, perhaps, and lustful certainly; but none had ever hesitated to believe that the most alluring thing he had to offer her was money. She did not, in her new burst of scorn, stop to admit that they had all been quite right in so believing. No, rather she looked back on them with contempt, and reflected how cruelly they had misjudged her. What she wanted—what she had always ardently wanted in life was not money or fame, but—I translate her thoughts into words—"A wedding ring, a little home and children, and the love of a poor but honest man." That was it! Poor but honest! The phrase had a familiar, comfortable sound. She had read of such men in poor but honest books. And there he stood before her, Jason Gray, poor but honest, offering his heart and the holy bonds of matrimony.

She turned to him, and suddenly the correct phraseology for her answer came to her lips.

"Jason," said she—head thrown back, eyes steady on his, voice earnest but quavering a little—"Jason, you have asked me to wait for you two years. Jason Gray, if needs must, I will wait for you a lifetime!"

He caught her in his arms; he kissed her; they kissed many times. By rights there should have been soft music off stage—Hearts and Flowers, or Oh, Promise Me, for instance—and the curtain should have descended very, very slowly. But granting that she was silly and theatrical, I think that from that moment Vivienne Vincent was really in love.

IV

AFTER Jason had left her, taking with him the most that could be desired in vows of love and—that rare quality—patience, Vivienne sought her Aunt Mabel.

"Well, dearie," said Aunt Mabel, laying aside her sewing and most of her Southern accent—"well, dearie, he's gone?"

"Yes," said Vivienne gravely, "he's gone."

Aunt Mabel regarded her uneasily. Her niece's manner seemed not quite normal.

"He'll be back soon enough, I guess," she remarked tentatively. "They all come back. Nothing serious, is there?"

Vivienne did not answer. She had stretched herself out on a pink chaise longue and—her eyes half closed—seemed to be indulging in thought. Small wonder Aunt Mabel was unsettled!

"What's the matter, dearie? Won't you tell your old aunt?"

"Nothing's the matter," replied Vivienne at length. "Everything is wonderful—too, too wonderful!"

Aunt Mabel pondered this for a while. Hitherto anything in Vivienne's life worthy to be described as too, too wonderful had been a new contract at an increased salary or an unusually expensive gift from some admirer. Romance had never before fluttered its shining wings within the little pink-and-white apartment, and accordingly Aunt Mabel was taken far aback by Vivienne's ecstatic explanation.

"Life is glorious!" Vivienne sighed. And again, "Life is too, too glorious! And I've been missing it all until now—been missing all the glory of it, I mean." She continued in a musing mood, "I never knew what life could hold! I never knew what love was! I've taken gilt for gold!"

(Continued on Page 77)

"Who Wants the Wind to Whistle Through Your Lungs?" She Retorted. "It's Much Better to Have a Thought Whistle Through Your Brain"

HER MAN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Gee, This is Great!" She Gurgled, and Began to Read in a Voice That Made the Heartstrings Throb

"WHAT?" cried Miss Emmy aghast. "Not to three men at once! Oh, Leila!"

"Shucks, that's nothing! It's easy—ouch, that hurt, Em—easy enough when you know how."

"And I've never been engaged even once!"

"Oh, well," said her friend carelessly, "that's different."

And right there she started something. Mere trifles change the trend of our lives oftener than deliberate calculation. Human nature is loath to break away from the set path, but what reasoned intent fails to effect, a casual word, an accidental meeting, or something we have heard may precipitate.

Leila continued in her soft drawl, "Didn't you ever have a lover, Em?"

What would you have answered under the same circumstances—two other girls present, and Emmy being thirty-three years old?

She gave a frightened look round, paled, gulped "Yes."

And thus began the romance of Emmy Rosser and January Jones. Had the man-slaying Leila not outraged her pride, Emmy might still be watering the geraniums in her mother's home; but that simple yes committed her to a world of trouble, for it provoked amazement that was insulting. Leila, who was lying down while Emmy combed her hair, sat up with a jerk, and a chorus of incredulous exclamations broke out:

"No, never! Sure enough, Emmy? Cross your heart? What on earth was he like? Who was he?"

Note carefully the past tense. A flush of resentment crept into Miss Emmy's pallid cheeks.

"Was he!" she echoed. "He is! I've got him still." And she stared them all defiantly in the eye, so that they were almost persuaded.

"You mean to sit there and tell us you've had a beau all the time and never said a word?" cried Willie May Spivy. "Where've you kept him hidden out?"

"He—he doesn't live here."

"Oh, Emmy," expostulated Annielee Bissell, "I always thought better of you than that!" And Leila added, "Coarse work, Em, and that's a fact."

"Oh, very well," said Emmy, taking refuge in dignity. "I don't care if you don't believe me."

Fearful that they might lose the tidbit, "Of course we believe you, dear. But do tell us his name."

"I—I can't just yet. It's a promise."

A secret love affair! Better and better! The girls had an ecstatic vision of clandestine meetings, passionate vows and weepy farewells.

"Oh," breathed Willie May, her eyes grown big, "I bet I know! He's married! He's got a wife already! Is that it, Em?"

"Willie May Spivy, how can you?"

"Well, I was only wondering."

Then Annielee lost patience. "Goodness to gracious, Em, what on earth is all the mystery about? If you've got a beau why don't you trot him out? Are you ashamed of him?"

Considering that her lover did not exist, the loyalty Miss Emmy summoned to his defense was highly creditable.

"No, I am not," she answered hotly.

"Then who is he?"

"I've told you once that I promised not to tell. We—— It's a secret. Some day you'll know all about it."

They pounced eagerly on this assurance. In wheedling tones, "When'll that be, Em dear? How soon will you let us know?"

A comparative novice at lying, she could not think fast enough to fend their curiosity, and in a weak moment blurted out, "In a month—about."

That settled it; she was bound hard and fast now. But instead of regrets Emmy experienced a curious reaction of wild, surging elation. At last she was one of them! She could discern it in their altered demeanor, in the appraising looks they turned upon her, and she thrilled to the tribute. It was a form of intoxication, making her reckless of consequences.

All her life she had been a passive spectator of other girls' exploits, the sympathetic repository of secrets none of them would have cared to reveal to a less discreet confidante. Always she had been outside, a mere looker-on; now, at one leap, she was within the inner circle, the envied of all because clothed in mystery. And mystery spells power. She tasted it and found it good. Her face glowed and her breath came fast. In that moment Miss Emmy was positively pretty.

"Honest Injun, Em, you promise? You'll show him to us?" Annielee bounced around in her chair.

A last glimmer of caution prompted her to qualify it: "Well, I'll tell you everything, at least."

Upon that they opened a furious bombardment of questions, pressing so close that Miss Emmy feared they would tear the truth from her by force.

"What's his name? Aw, please now, Em, just give his initials anyway. If you aren't the limit, Emmy Rosser! We wouldn't do you that way. Of all the stingy —— Surely you aim to tell us where he lives? Then give us a guess, honey—only three guesses, and you needn't say a word. Just nod your head when we hit it. Aw, don't be a clam! How old is he? Tall or short? Fat or thin? Here I've told you everything time and again, and now you—— Please, Emmy dear, I promise not even to whisper, cross my heart. Then go to blazes! You're the meanest, selfishest thing I ever knew!"

"It isn't my fault," she protested. "I promised."

"But don't you ever see him?" demanded Leila contemptuously. "What's the good of having a beau you can't get your hands on?"

"Of course I hear from him. I get letters—regularly."

Squeals of delight.

"Oh, show us some of his letters, Em! Do! Come on! Be a sport!"

"I haven't got any with me," she answered lamely.

"We'll run over to your house to fetch 'em. It won't take a jiffy."

Here Miss Emmy sparred for time, affirming that it would not be right.

"Not right?" shrieked Leila. "Fiddlesticks! Why, I've read you every rotten one I ever got, and you know it! Just to prove it—Willie May, hand me that letter out of the dresser drawer. It's fierce—Jimmy always was a nut—but you-all can read it, too, if Em will show one of hers."

Retreat being thus cut off, Miss Emmy gazed helplessly at them and said, "All right. I'll show you one, but not to-day. Mother's home, and she—well, wait till to-morrow."

"We'll all be at the picnic to-morrow."

"And there's the Chaminade on Wednesday."

"Then the day after. You-all come to my house on Thursday and I'll let you see one. But only one, remember!"

"You're on!" they chorused gleefully, with never a doubt that they could pry the others out of Emmy too.

"But," one asked, "when are you fixing to get married, Em?"

"That's the trouble. We don't know. Perhaps—never."

"You dear old thing!" cooed Leila, impulsively kissing her on the cheek.

The matter being arranged on this basis, Miss Emmy effected her escape. She walked blindly out of the house and along Crockett Street, her poor head buzzing with the girls' congratulations, their reiterated demands that she keep her promise. A month to find a lover, and she hadn't even a prospect—never had had one—probably never would have!

"I've just got to get me a man," she repeated desperately, over and over. On Thursday they would swoop down upon her for that letter. What was she to do? Not once in all the drab years had an admirer sent her a line even remotely suggestive of tender interest. "I reckon I'll have to go to bed and pretend like I'm sick," she concluded miserably. "Maybe I could work it if I ate a Welsh rabbit."

Evidently she thought better of this idea, for she was up and doing when Thursday rolled round and appeared to her three friends as cool as a cucumber.

She never flicked an eyelash when they breasted close up in greeting, yearning over her with tender solicitude. On the contrary she seemed anxious to meet them halfway and conducted them upstairs to her room that they might be undisturbed.

"Now," whispered Leila exultingly, squatting cross-legged on the bed, "let's have it. No, not you, Em. Give it to Annielee to read. She took elocution and she won't cut out the good parts."

No further time was wasted on preliminaries. Miss Emmy fished a letter from under the tissue paper in a hatbox and silently surrendered it.

"The address has been smudged out," complained Annielee.

"I did that because I mustn't tell you where he lives. The name's smeared out too. But that's all. The rest of it's there."

Recognizing her right to these precautions, they did not demur, and Annielee ran her eye over the missive in order to get the pitch.

"Gee, this is great!" she gurgled, and began to read in a voice that made the heartstrings throb:

"'My beloved: It seems a dream too good to be true, That you should care for a man like me—sometimes I have to pinch myself to believe it. All day long I think of you. You are my last thought at night, the first sweet thought on waking. Do you know what it means to be all in all to a man? Sometimes my love for you makes me almost afraid.'"

"Help!" it was the unregenerate Leila. "Throw me a rope, somebody!"

"Hush up!" blazed Willie May in a white heat, and the reading was resumed:

"'Who are Leila and Willie May and this Annielee you keep telling me about? Are they really so very beautiful?'"

"He is perfectly wonderful!" whispered Willie May in a religious tone.

"The best ever! Oh, boy!" Leila agreed, and Annielee went on with deepened sympathy:

"'Keep telling me about' —— Where was I? Oh, yes! 'Are they so very beautiful? Ah, that is only your sweet modesty. For you are the sweetest and the best, the cleverest and the most beautiful thing in the world. God bless you, my Emmy.'"

The veriest clods would have required some soul communion at this juncture. Annielee laid down the letter and the three visitors indulged briefly in wordless ecstasy. Leila was first to come up for air. "Law, but he's got it bad! What have you done to him, Em? The poor boob's in a trance."

Miss Emmy's reply was a nervous giggle. She waved to the reader to proceed.

"'When will this cruel separation be over? When will I be able to clasp you in my arms again and claim you before all the world?'"

It was hot stuff. Willie May grew moist-eyed. She was in the seventh heaven.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she crooned, and Leila said, "This is something like. Now we're getting to the mushy part. Hurry up, Annielee."

They bogged down in it at the very next sentence. The poor wretch began to rave. He raved through three long pages, lashing himself into a frenzy of adoration and self-pity, while the audience hung breathlessly on every word, their eyes as big as saucers. When it came to fervor Miss Emmy's beau was a knock-out. The reading over to the last gasp and flop, there fell a silence, while they stared at Emmy as though they had never seen her before.

"If I ever met a man who could feel like that," Leila announced tragically, "I'd just fall down flat and let him use me as a door mat."

"To think," said Annielee, "that this has been going on all the time and we never even suspected! Oh, Em, how could you? Why, it's—it isn't honest the way you've treated us!"

Whether this artless praise was incense to Miss Emmy we can only conjecture. She appeared to be rather flustered, which may have been indicative of triumph, or may not. The reading did one thing, however—it established her securely. Not even the peerless Leila had any such scalp hanging from her belt.

Her triumph did not end there. The following Saturday a box of American Beauties was delivered by express.

"Law, put 'em out on the front gate!" Leila implored her. "You ought to, Em, just to show these big mutts. Every one of them thinks he's going some if he takes you to a movie on pay night."

Followed other letters, each revealing a passion which seldom seemed to smolder but was in constant eruption. Emmy showed them all to her friends. Next came a five-pound box of chocolates from Chicago—a book—more flowers. The pace grew too fast for Lone Oak. Our foremost lady killer fairly gnashed his teeth and dropped a lot of mean insinuations, the way lady killers always do when their records are beaten.

Occasionally the letters would descend from soaring rhetorical flights to a tender anxiety concerning Miss Emmy's health. It is true that her health was excellent, but nevertheless this solicitude proved a master touch. Anybody can be mushy, but only unselfishness can be considerate. As Leila pointed out, he did not merely indulge in hot air. But Miss Emmy's gentle old mother was disturbed and puzzled.

"Honey, what does it all mean?" she inquired.

Her daughter pretended not to understand.

"Where do all these presents and flowers come from?" persisted Mrs. Rosser.

"That's a secret."

"You oughtn't to have any secrets from your mother, dear."

"I'm not a child," replied Emmy with quite unnecessary sharpness. "Besides, I'll tell you about it some day."

The assurance failed to satisfy. Mrs. Rosser first flicked some dust from a table top, then continued: "But you don't know anybody who would do these things for you."

"Oh, don't I? I suppose it's extraordinary a man should send me flowers and candy!"

"Nobody ever did before. Where did you meet him? And when?"

Driven into a corner, her daughter said stiffly, "We won't discuss it any more, please," and left the room.

"Well, I hope and pray you won't be sorry for this and make yourself ridiculous," was Mrs. Rosser's parting shot, which did not improve matters.

After that she took to watching Emmy every minute of the day, and sat at a window each morning and afternoon about the hour the postman was wont to come in order to meet him at the gate. The reward of this vigilance was revealed one day when she produced a pile of bills from her workbasket.

"These," she told her daughter, "have all come for you this week. I felt it my duty to open them. Three hundred and seventy dollars is the total. What've you been doing?"

It was a jolt, but Emmy took it calmly.

"Has it occurred to you," she inquired coolly, "that this is my own affair, mamma? It's my own money I'm spending, you know. And I see they are marked 'Personal.' You missed that, I reckon?"

"Flowers—jewelry—books—and here's one from a business college in Fort Worth for copying. Have you started writing stories again, Emmy?"

"You haven't overlooked anything, I see," remarked her daughter sweetly, and that was all the satisfaction Mrs. Rosser got.

But if Emmy appeared undisturbed, it was due to grit, for the interview filled her with forebodings. Her mother would probably refrain from telling anybody of the bills she had seen, but that she should fail to link up their connection with the fictitious admirer's attentions was beyond the possibilities. Moreover, it hurts most when your nearest and dearest learn of a false step. And keeping up the sorry pretense was getting on her nerves. Leila and Willie May and Annielee every day grew more insistent on thrills. The more surprises she fed them the greater their demands. Emmy had long since smashed all local records in warmth of love letters and prodigality of gifts, so that she became the wonder and envy of her friends; but she also became the object of thinly disguised suspicion. The original confidantes of her affair remained unshaken in their faith, but some of those who had heard only the rumors flying about soon grew skeptical and began to drop insinuations. To meet them, and to keep her three friends satisfied, Miss Emmy had continually to invent new forms of adoring attention.

Having done so, she discovered that, beyond the momentary triumphal effect, they resulted only in fresh difficulties. Deceit is a web of quick growth, and she was soon hopelessly enmeshed. Each day seemed to bring unforeseeable complications necessitating further subterfuges, so that she lost track of her shifts and made a number of false moves. These worried her terribly. She began to show the strain, became jumpy and irritable. The situation was rapidly heading to a show-down, when she must either produce her lover or face public conviction that the whole thing was an imposture.

"Child," said her mother, who could never get it through her head that Emmy was thirty-three, "what ails you? What're you worrying about? I declare you look ill, and I know you don't sleep like you used to."

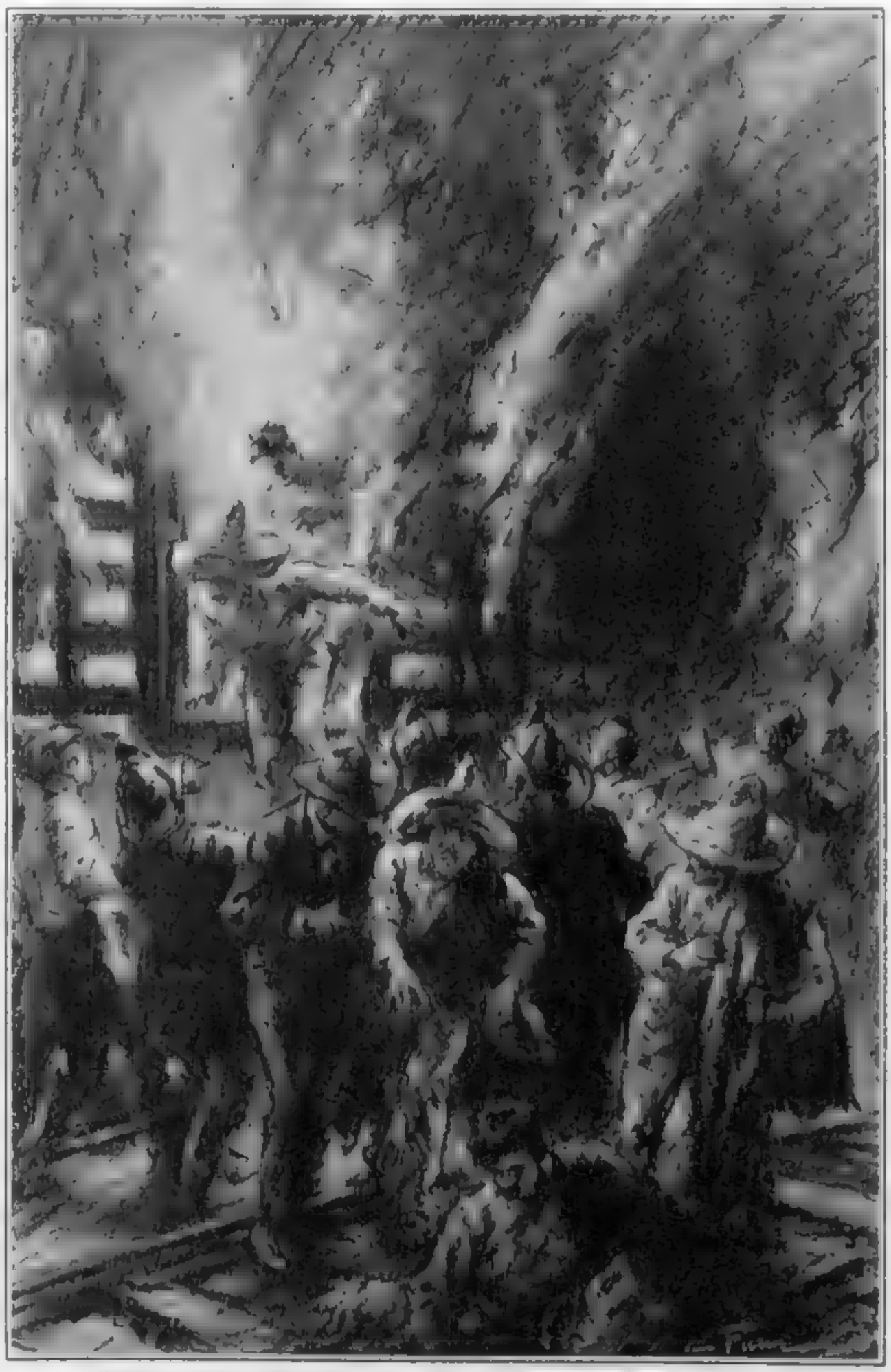
"It's nothing—just my nerves, I reckon," returned her daughter, and then dismayed Mrs. Rosser by bursting into tears.

"Now," said the latter firmly, "I want to know what all this means. You've just got to tell me. Something's the matter."

But Emmy hurriedly dried her eyes and said, "There's nothing to tell you, mamma. Not yet, anyhow. I haven't done anything to worry over. But I need a change. I think I'll go and visit Aunt Nancy in California. She's been after me so often to go out there, and I believe it'll do me good. I'm—I'm all run down."

"Emily Rosser," answered her mother solemnly, "you aren't fixing to run off and meet a man?"

(Continued on Page 90)



"Jan!" Shrieked Kelly. "Come On Out! Jump, Man! Leave 'em and Jump!"

Cupid Takes Up Advertising

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THIS is a story of advertising, the kind of advertising that has made the violet what it is to-day. What had the ordinary wild violet to start with—a small, insignificant, odorless flower, difficult to find at all? Some advertising agencies, given this violet to exploit, would have endeavored to convince the ultimate consumer that the insignificant blue flower was as glowing as the rose, as fragrant as the narcissus, as prodigal as goldenrod. Not so the poet who first saw the possibilities of the violet!

He belonged to no agency, but he had the makings of a star copy writer. He went straight to the one quality of the violet which other products of the same class do not possess. He wrote of the modest violet, the shrinking violet, the violet by a mossy stone. The fact that the violet is often difficult to find was changed at once from a liability to an asset. Its scarcity was no longer an apparent error in the department of distribution; it was the proof of modesty, the cachet of exclusiveness.

The ultimate consumer has responded quite as was to be expected. Countless people, who but for this clever advertising would not have walked around a sturdy oak to find a whole bunch of violets, now trek their way over damp spring lowlands, climb steep hillsides, bend backbreakingly to pry among dead leaves, ignore marshes golden with cowslips and highlands white with wind-flowers. They hold an afternoon spent this way to have been a joyous triumph if they come home with a dozen of the shy blue flowers dangling limp and withered from a buttonhole. Verily, it pays to be advertised.

This brings us around to a certain young man to whom advertising was business and pleasure, study and recreation, vocation and avocation, a pay check and a hobby; and to a certain girl who, like the violet in some ways, was unlike it in having no poet to exploit her charms.

It was because Brian Dunn found in advertising both the beefsteak and the French pastry of his life that he was teaching the all-satisfying subject to a university-extension class every Monday evening from seven to nine. The salary that the university paid was almost too small to count, even though Brian was going to open an agency of his own one of these days and every dollar helped. But there was the fascination of finding once in a while a grain of true wheat among the chaff that for some baffling reason known only to itself elected to study advertising in the university-extension course.

"If the Woman You Were Speaking About Doesn't Want the French & Goodson Position, Won't You Please Let Me Try It?" She Asked

The chaff, when asked to suggest for study purposes some clever new illustration to be used in advertising an imaginary breakfast food, would ponder and at last triumphantly bring forth as original the idea of a child in a highchair gleefully finishing a bowl of cereal. The chaff considered using a picture of Father Time and a New Year's baby in January, painted eggs and bunnies at Easter, and firecrackers and flags in July to be snappy, timely advertising.

But among the chaff of Brian's first class had been three grains of wheat—three clever, original young men. Brian had delightedly taught them as much as he could of his hobby, had sharpened his wits against their young originality, and eventually found them each a good job. It had been pleasant and profitable all around.

Brian had approached his second class with interest and enthusiasm. He was mildly disappointed to find that there were a dozen girls sprinkled among the young men in this new class. He shrewdly suspected that it was the class of ambitious, intelligent young men which had attracted the girls quite as much as the art and science of advertising. It was a thankless task, anyway, to teach anything of a business nature to girls. If they proved to be any good they usually married and dropped their work before they had had time to attain any real distinction.

The first three lessons had been merely lectures, but on the fourth Monday night Brian prepared to separate the grain from the chaff. He asked each student to write a sample advertisement.

"An advertisement of anything," he ordered. "Make your whole paragraph as interesting, as convincing, as readable as you can. But concentrate on your heading. The first function of a good advertisement is to attract attention—you've got to do that with your caption. But it must link right up with what follows—remember that. It must be part of the paragraph, but the most gripping part. Make it brief, make it snappy, make it arresting."

The methodical among the listening class carefully jotted down in their notebooks "Brief—snappy—arresting." And the next Monday evening the entire class, methodical and otherwise, left sample advertisements, neatly written or typewritten, on the teacher's desk as they filed out at nine o'clock.

At ten, beside his own reading lamp, Brian was going through the sample captions. A year's experience with chaff had taught him what to expect. There they all were—More for Your Money, What We Can Tell You About Tires, From Factory to Consumer, Let Us Solve Your Heating Problem, Let Us Solve Your Flashlight Problem, Let Us Solve Your Clock Problem, Let Us Solve Your Gum Problem.

"Gum Problem!" repeated Brian. "Hell!"

And so on. Occasionally he laid aside a paper as having possibilities. The Kind Your Boss Wears. It's a Disgrace to be Fat. You *Can* Buy Beauty in Bottles! Then on again through the factory-to-consumer, let-us-solve-your-problem chaff. The last half of the papers started with low mediocrity and grew slowly, steadily worse. Why people with minds like these should elect to spend two hours a week in the study of advertising! Brian reached the next to the last paper with a sigh of relief.

It was typewritten and he glanced at the row of capitals across the top with the weary eye of one stubbornly hoping for the best while confidently expecting the worst. He read the line, blinked, and reread it. It was the caption he had ordered—brief, snappy, arresting.

I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU

Interested, curious to see how this startling sentence could be made to link up with a commercial paragraph, Brian read on:

> Well, not exactly "in love" perhaps though it makes such a nice startling caption. But I easily could be in love with you, given just the least encouragement. I like everything about you, the nice serious way you answer the stupid questions that the most stupid people in the class ask you, the interested way you narrow your eyes when one of the men makes a really good suggestion. I like your hair with the one stiff little wisp that stands straight out in the back; I like your voice and your smile, and the way you used to play halfback on the Minnesota team, eight years ago.
>
> I like every single thing that I already know about you, and I'm sure I'd like all the rest, too, if I just knew them.

That was all. Bewildered, Brian read the paragraph through again. Then slowly his bewilderment gave way to indignation. Somebody was kidding him. He wondered if one of the boys in the class —— He read the page again and decided against that. No boy, however facetious, would have written in exactly that way. There was an unmistakable flavor of femininity about it.

With a fine gesture of amused indifference he tossed the sheet into the wastebasket and went on to the next and last advertisement. It was sadly dull, something beginning "Think of the way your grandmother had to do." This sheet, too, was typewritten, and Brian wondered if it and the last one had been pounded out on the same machine. His dignity compromised with his curiosity sufficiently to allow him to count the advertisements submitted. There were forty-two; one for every student in the class. Whoever had written the one in the wastebasket, then, had written another too. Brian wondered which one.

Curiously he separated the dozen girls' papers from the rest of the pile. Seven of them were typewritten and he looked carefully at these. Then he drew the sheet out of the wastebasket. Typewriting had evidently appealed to the writer as a safe medium for anonymity. She had reckoned without the fact that every young man secretly fancies himself a detective.

The paper from the wastebasket was written in blue. That eliminated at once two papers which bore black typing. The typing on the rescued paper was legible but slightly faint.

"Ribbon worn a little thin," Brian deduced of course.

This eliminated two more of the advertisements. Three were left, three blue-ribbon, slightly faint copies, which might all have been made on the same machine. Mary J. Heidwig, Betty Smith, Dorothea Camden, these three were signed.

Mary Heidwig's was the dull paper beginning "Think of the way your grandmother had to do." Brian discarded that possibility too. Some way, one could not picture a dull girl's having written "I am in love with you." Betty's was the one beginning "It's a disgrace to be fat"; Dorothea's was a rather clever appeal for a certain kind of tea cart.

"Fresh little thing, whichever she is!" Brian decided.

But he determined to find out which of his dozen girl pupils were Betty Smith and Dorothea Camden. He had an idea that Miss Camden was the pretty girl in blue who had sat in front that evening.

She was. He watched closely for answers when he called the roll the next Monday evening. Betty Smith was a homely little thing with a wide, humorous mouth and clever eyes. One could easily picture her perpetrating a joke like the mysterious advertisement. Some way, it did not seem quite to fit Miss Camden's type, but Brian, being masculine, decided that a joke of such piquancy would be infinitely more piquant if written by the pretty Dorothea rather than by the clever Betty.

However, Brian at once began the week's lesson, and in competition with his fascinating subject neither Betty nor Dorothea held up in interest. They lost out in the first five minutes to the girl who had advertised a tonic with "You *can* buy beauty in bottles!" and the young man who had undertaken to sell belts to men who had always worn suspenders.

In giving instructions for the next sample advertisements to be submitted Brian explained, "The old style which tries to reduce advertising to a formula and says that every advertisement must cover five definite points, is lacking in imagination. There are certain things, though, which every advertisement must do in order to get results. After it has attracted attention it must interest the reader. Anything startling will attract attention. Now, assuming that you've got your reader started, let's see how you intend to hold his interest."

Brian had practically forgotten the blue, slightly faint typed page of the week before when he was going through the new batch of papers. And there, between a piston-ring advertisement and an argument in favor of eating more pickles, he came upon this:

I DANCED WITH YOU EIGHT YEARS AGO

You were a senior and the best halfback Minnesota had had in years. You may remember the party—in the armory the night after the Chicago game. There were hundreds there and I was the littlest, greenest, most excited of them all, just a high-school youngster so thrilled at having a close look at the great Brian Dunn that my arms were all gooseflesh.

The miracle happened in an old-fashioned circle two-step.

When the grand-right-and-left began I was half across the huge circle from you. And I prayed—it didn't seem at all sacrilegious—that the whistle wouldn't blow until after I'd passed you. To have you touch my hand as we swung past! I was ten girls away from you when the leader raised his whistle. If ever there was a demonstration of the power of mind over matter, it was the way that whistle poised, halfway to the leader's lips.

Ten girls, nine girls, eight—four, three, two, one—and then, just as I had turned toward you, before I had touched your hand, the whistle blew. A perfect nausea of disappointment swept over me.

You turned to the girl whose hand you were still holding, she paused a second between you and the man behind her, who still held her other hand. Then you dropped hers and turned to me.

The music began, a gay, jiggly two-step, you smiled and held out your arm to me. I know exactly how a person must feel to die and come to in a blinding heaven after having felt pretty sure he was headed the other way.

It was the shortest dance—or maybe it just seemed so short. When the music stopped you clapped and looked down at me and smiled—smiled at me, the littlest, greenest, least important girl in that huge armory; smiled just as though you would as soon be dancing with me as with anybody else.

"That was a good one—wasn't it?" you said.

I hadn't seen you from that night till the beginning of this course, though for a while I used to hear things about you. I had no idea that the B. W. Dunn who was to teach advertising way down East here was the great Brian Dunn.

I wonder if you really can be as nice as I used to think you were, as nice as you still look and sound. It hardly seems fit in the scheme of things to give as much niceness as that would be to any one man. Still, you see some people who aren't nice at all—maybe it takes somebody like you every once in a while to keep up the human average.

You told us that this week's papers must hold the reader's interest. I'm sure this will hold yours because it's all about the one thing that's most interesting to any man, woman or child—yourself. And, as you warned us that the days of fake advertising are numbered, every word of it's true!

The unknown writer had interested the reader, there was no doubt of that. He read the two pages through again and again. Then the normal man's natural taste for detective work sharpened by a lively curiosity, he drew out the two advertisements submitted by Betty and Dorothea and compared their typing minutely with the writing of the unknown.

Most typewriters, like most people, have their own little peculiarities—a clogged letter, a bit of faulty alignment, some trick of irregularity. Keenly Brian went through the three papers looking for these.

He found very few; the three typewriters apparently were all nearly new. One or two little mechanical peculiarities of the writers, however, rewarded his search. Dorothea was likely to transpose letters, writing "thought," for instance, "thuoght." So was the unknown. But on the other hand, both Betty and the unknown crowded their letters at the end of the line in a jumble which would suggest a machine with no margin release. It was baffling.

In class Brian regarded the two girls with a carefully veiled but very acute curiosity. The dance in the armory furnished no clew at all; he had attended dozens held there, and the special one when he was a senior, the one after the Chicago game, Brian could not recall at all. He had had a vague impression that that particular game had been celebrated with a box party and a frat smoker.

"Miss Smith"—he consulted her paper on the desk before him professionally—"suppose now that you wished to widen out your appeal for your correspondence gymnastic course, have you considered how you would go about it?"

"Yes, indeed. I should ——"

And in her crisp explanation Betty Smith killed forever Brian's suspicion that she might be the unknown. She was so clever, so at her ease, so convincing, so cocksure of herself. One could not imagine her longing to touch somebody's hand in a circle two-step, weaving a silly dream about somebody and cherishing it through long years. One could not fancy her wistful, tremulous, young a brief eight years ago. Eight years ago—Brian could see Betty Smith breezy, pert and surer of herself, if possible, than she was to-night.

At the close of the class Brian was delayed. He had asked the girl who had chosen the beautifying tonic and the young man of the belt-versus-suspenders campaign to wait a moment. Four others waited, too—two young men with vital problems to discuss, an aggressive woman in the early thirties who wished to continue an argument ruled out in class, a middle-aged man of the chronic-questioner type.

It was an hour before the last one had gone and Brian, putting out the classroom lights, started down the dim corridor. The regular night lights burned in the deserted university building, his steps echoed loudly in the silence. Just before he reached the outer door it was pushed open by Dorothea Camden.

"Oh, I'm so glad I caught you!" she gasped. "I saw the light go out when I was clear down at the corner, and I simply ran. I've left my hand bag on the arm of my

(Continued on Page 69)

Then Dorothea Began Flirting With Him a Little, in a Dainty Windflower Sort of Way

THE OTHER VOLABIA

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE hot afternoon sun smote the store windows of Front Street until shades were drawn like eyes which no longer could stand the blinding light. Even Morpet's Up-to-Date Hardware Establishment had dropped its awning as if to keep the hammers and drills, the plumbing fixtures and the brass curtain rods from melting down into a shapeless mass of metal.

The stranger in town passed from this window to the next. Above it was a new black-and-gold sign, Millinery, and the dainty colorings and curlicues and drooping ribbons and tinted straw gave forth a freshness and pleasant garden appearance. The window was like a pretty lady wedged in between many grim men of business.

The young man was tall and straight, with regular features and a slight pallor of skin. About his excellent nose and firm mouth, about his gray eyes and his square chin, there was an attractive mingling of calm and humor, of good breeding and love of life which would make a person say "There goes a lovable rascal." No doubt the average healthy young woman would wonder sympathetically why this well-attired young stranger walked with a limp, holding one leg quite straight and his body erect, as if to hide his infirmity as much as possible.

"That's funny," he said, looking at the seven beautiful summer hats. "Too bad to let them get sun-struck. That black bow, for instance, ought to be tied in all its coquetry under some pink and velvety chin."

Saying this, he opened the narrow door. A bell attached to its top, so arranged as to call someone from behind the wide green curtain at the back of the exhibition room, gave forth an alarming "Cling!"

Having paused, and hearing nothing, he walked slowly toward the green curtain. Pushing this drapery aside without hesitation he found himself looking straight into the startled eyes of a girl who apparently, aroused from sprawling slumber upon a covered couch, had suddenly sat up in terror. "Go away!" she said vehemently.

He was not astonished to find that the little person had blue eyes the color of shadows on the sunlit snow and golden hair with the lightness and sheen of thistledown. He was sure that the hats in the window had told him of her already.

"Go away?" he inquired. "Are you the boss?"

"Yes," she said firmly, "I am him."

She had a handkerchief rolled up into a pellet of fine linen the size of a dove's egg and clenched in her hand. Now, making a gesture of command, she dropped it. The man stooped more quickly than she.

"Give it back to me," she said.

"It is wet," he said accusingly.

She glowered at him.

"I am Miss Florida Tennyson," she said. "I own this shop. I was—asleep."

"I think you have also been crying," he replied with a low bow, returning her handkerchief. "I feel that particular dampness characteristic of a beautiful lady's tears."

"Do not speak of it!"

"I go," he said with a mock shiver of terror.

As he started away, however, she saw, as one with sentient insight might see, something she might be sorry to have go out of her life forever.

"I am sorry I was rude," she said. "It was because ——"

Turning, he came back, sat down in the white chair before one of the two long mirrors and stared at the floor.

"Partly my fault, Miss Tennyson," he said at last. "I am a stranger in Volabia. I am only one Holbrook Gray—a wanderer. I came to Volabia because I was told to go somewhere where there was nothing to do. I find there is so much progress and push and bustle about this booming little town that I have filled the prescription. A stranger would be exactly like a ghost were it not that he is less than a ghost. I try to haunt Volabia and I can't even make anyone see that I am haunting. You will forgive me if I haunt you?"

She smiled.

"I think you better go."

"I will," he said. "But why were you crying? Tell me that and I will go content to the end of my days."

She said, "They—they dare to say ——"

"Stop!" he commanded. "I know the rest."

"But Why Were You Crying? Tell Me That and I Will Go Content to the End of My Days"

"But I have told you absolutely nothing. Indeed, I could not!"

"May I repeat that I know all?" he said.

"Impossible!"

"Then let me disclose to you. You are the daughter of a family which has met with misfortune. Perhaps a death has dislodged you from your surroundings. Though used to nice people and nice surroundings, you have had to face earning a living. Finally you come to a place which is growing, where the hope of new business is good. You open this store—recently. You attend a church on Sundays. You are asked into one or two social affairs. You are welcomed with a crash of Christian duty. Then the young men begin to admire you; their fathers also, but with less courage. Whereupon the women of the town call meetings of their union. In executive sessions and hardly with a spoken word they tip you the black spot. You are barred. The frost is on. The silent rival-and-competitor extinguisher begins to work. Then someone—some daring young man or some equally crazy and indiscreet person asks why. There must be an answer. What is it? Always the same. Sweet libel. Gentle slander. In strictest confidence Mrs. So-and-So says that so and so. The town buzzes with it. You hear of it. You—you weep. Cling! There is your bell, and behold, it is I!"

"Who are you?"

"Just Holbrook Gray," he said, smiling.

"How did you know—everything?"

"Gasp not," he answered. "I was once in military intelligence. I got this leg and a touch of shock some time ago trying to be a mind machine about the location of an enemy battery. I would not disclose my methods to many. To you I would disclose anything except the extent to which my emotions are stirred in your presence. That remains my sweet secret. I saw that your sign was new, that you had put up a mail box in a town where there are no deliveries. I saw you, heard your voice. The rest is easy."

"How can you say so?"

"It is not only easy—it is practically inevitable. No young woman who is—well—er—like you could go to a town of this size and kind and escape the experience in any but one way."

"And how?"

"Join the woman's union. Rule One: No newcomer shall take notice of any male whatsoever until all former members are properly provided for. Rule Two: No member who works for a living shall compete with a member who does not. Rule Three: No new member shall receive love from any him except on express order from said him's mother."

"I will see them all in ——"

"Guinea first!" he finished. "Good for you!"

Gray rose, yawned, stretched, and then said: "I take it that the men—well, aren't seen with you now. No. What a powerful lot of cutthroats the woman's union is! What cowards men are! Bless my soul, Volabia surely needs a spiritual reawakening! I'll come in again tomorrow if you'll let me. I think we can plan a restoration of Christian humility in Volabia." He strolled toward the door. "Good-by, beautiful Miss Florida Tennyson," said he. "Surely you think no ill of me."

"To be frank with you, as they say in this town—to be frank with you, I think you are the nicest thing I have seen for a long time."

He bowed.

"I believe that you and I can water the drooping spirit of Volabia with the flower pot of evangelism. What do you know of Volabia?"

"This town?"

"No, Volabia—the country—the nation—one of those dozens of little countries—Albania, Bessarabia, Montenegro, Thrace, Transylvania, Volabia—those who poured their woes at the clay feet of the peace conference."

"I fear that I ——"

He laughed.

"I am a stranger, too, but even I know what most of the people do not—that this town was named for the ancient little dynasty, the seat of the Slovenian sovereigns. Look at the atlas, Miss Florida Tennyson. Americans are still sadly behind on their geography. Look at the atlas and dry your tears, for I will return anonymously."

The truth is that few Americans, in spite of the fact of the upheaval of boundaries and alliances, have ever correctly placed Volabia. Most of them, indeed, have never heard of it at all. Like those who are unable to name the capital of the province of Grekovina, they need feel no particular shame. Even in Volabia, this progressive little city, with its chamber of commerce, its famous Eggleston Park, its residential development on Bowman's Hill and its dye and chemical and textile plants, there is no particular reason why the citizens should be charged with memory of the origin of their municipality's name. Safe to say that Mr. Charles Been, the head of the dye works, Edward Roscoe, the capitalist and banker, Boardman Cox, the state senator, and all the lesser lights had lived without a thought of the other once-famed and now ancient Volabia, far away, a bleeding little ethnological and political unit, still being ground into misery between the intrigues and the armaments of great exploiting powers. No one who is unfamiliar with the position of Volabia on maps of the last century may now rise to say that the citizens of

the city of Volabia in the United States were to blame for their unenlightenment.

Holbrook Gray, when he visited Miss Florida Tennyson for his second sentimental sitting, brought with him literature on Volabia.

"I once thought I would see the mountains of that unfortunate country," he told her. "The fact is that I might have crossed the great pass and descended into the war-torn valley of the little Slovenian civilization had not the better half of a shell bounced upon my tender shin."

She blushed. She said, "You have seen so much! My ignorance makes me feel like a one-piece bathing suit."

He pointed to the magazines and pamphlets he had brought in.

"There's the cure for your trouble," he told her. "But I do not hold your ignorance against you, Florida. Your eyes acquit you, your almost-natural complexion makes forgiveness a pleasure, your flexible lips are better than a college degree."

"I could have had a college degree," she told him, "if I had had the money for tuition."

"Never mind," he said. "Be benighted for all of me! Your smile gives you the freedom of the city."

"Thank you, Holbrook," she said mockingly. "You are no Caliban or Cyrano yourself. What are these?"

They were a stack of copies of the Volabia's Freedom, Volume I, Number 7. There were photographs of Volabian hillsides with the shepherds of that stock-raising little principality in their characteristic native peasant dress. There was a stirring appeal for the independence of Volabia written by the famous Gen. Constant Amerain, who led the Volabians when they were brigaded among the French at Verdun. One of the assistants to an American commissioner at Paris told in a long article the true story of how the claims of Volabia were shelved by the peace negotiators. There were letters of appeal from ruined merchants who had been obliged to flee when Mackensen had devastated their country.

"America will not fail those whose aspirations for democracy and freedom are like her own," said the cable sent by the high commissioner, Demanscheki.

Already one and a half million for the relief of the starving peasants huddled in Anchanda had been subscribed by Americans who understood the need.

"The magazine is a nice magazine," said Florida, allowing her fingers to touch Gray's lightly and almost caressingly as she handed it back to him. "It is on coated paper—a nicely dressed magazine."

"That is recognized by the enemies of Volabia," he said gravely. "The oppressors of that little country have already started a counter propaganda all over the United States."

Florida sighed.

"In America everybody's ax is being ground, isn't it—except America's?"

"Nevertheless, I have asked the Chicago office of the Volabia Autonomy League to send a copy to any selected list of citizens here. Also a copy of this pamphlet by Anisigo Warcas, the poet of Anchanda. It is called Justice and Currency Inflation in Volabia."

"And you propose ——".

"—— to awake the conscience, or whatever you call it, of this unregenerate town."

Florida bit her lower lip in meditation. Finally she said: "You won't have much trouble, dear stranger. It is one of the most ostentatiously benevolent places I ever lit in."

"For those few words I could kiss you!" he said.

"Nay," she replied.

He arose sadly and strolled forth. When he was at the door she looked up and added, "In any case—not yet."

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "Haven't we got each other psychoanalyzed!"

The literature from the Volabia press bureau made a profound impression upon those who were put upon Holbrook Gray's selected list.

"I trust you will understand that enemies of Volabia would stop at nothing to prevent any interference from America in Volabia's behalf," he told those good people, men and women, of the little city upon whom he called in person and to whom he gave his confidential printed matter. "Until the local committee is formed, please let this matter be between us."

"My husband rather wondered what you were doing here in our town," Mrs. Boardman Cox said to him. At fifty she still tries to make her eyes look starry and curls her legs and feet under her girlishly whenever she sits on a divan.

"Now, of course, I understand perfectly. You began your love for this—this ——"

"Volabia," said Gray.

"Yes, during the war of course. You were wounded—yes? Near—where did you say?—Anchanda. An—yes, Anchanda of course. How interesting! How very, very interesting!"

"Yes, quite," he said, repeating the English accent. "Prince Donysius gave me a decoration, as a matter of fact. I never wear it. It seems rather improper in a democracy. You know—the badge of kings, a bauble of royalty, and so on."

"I certainly wouldn't hesitate myself," replied Mrs. Cox. "You know, I did work myself during that time. I was chairman of our drives for the war chest. But then I suppose that kind of effort is not recognized."

"It should be," said Holbrook, reaching for his hat.

"You spoke of a committee?" she asked with a high-rising inflection.

He appeared quite embarrassed.

"Yes, the head of the committee for the Volabian fund—well, we had thought of asking Mrs. Roscoe, the wife of the banker. You know her?"

"Yes"—with a frost. Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Roscoe were old rivals for the social leadership of the town.

"Of course, if we had dreamed that you would take it ——"

"I would."

"Sign here," said Gray, quick as a whip.

"And may I ask who else ——"

He showed her the list.

Mrs. Cox's brightly polished nail stopped at the name of Miss Florida Tennyson. She said, "I was just wondering ——"

"Yes?"

"I wonder whether I may speak to you in frankness and in confidence. I am wondering about this name."

"Is the person disqualified by lack of interest in justice to the smaller nations?" he asked.

"Well, no. But of course, after all, don't you think, Mr. Gray, that there is a certain social tone ——"

He smiled encouragingly and said, "Even in charity? Well, yes."

"She is not of our set," Mrs. Cox asserted, resting her hand upon a pile of English reviews, "if you know what I mean."

"I know—exactly." He took a pencil and ran a heavy black line through Florida Tennyson.

Mrs. Cox smiled. She said, "I don't know how it may be elsewhere, but somehow here in Volabia all the worthwhile movements seem to fall into the proper people's hands, as it were."

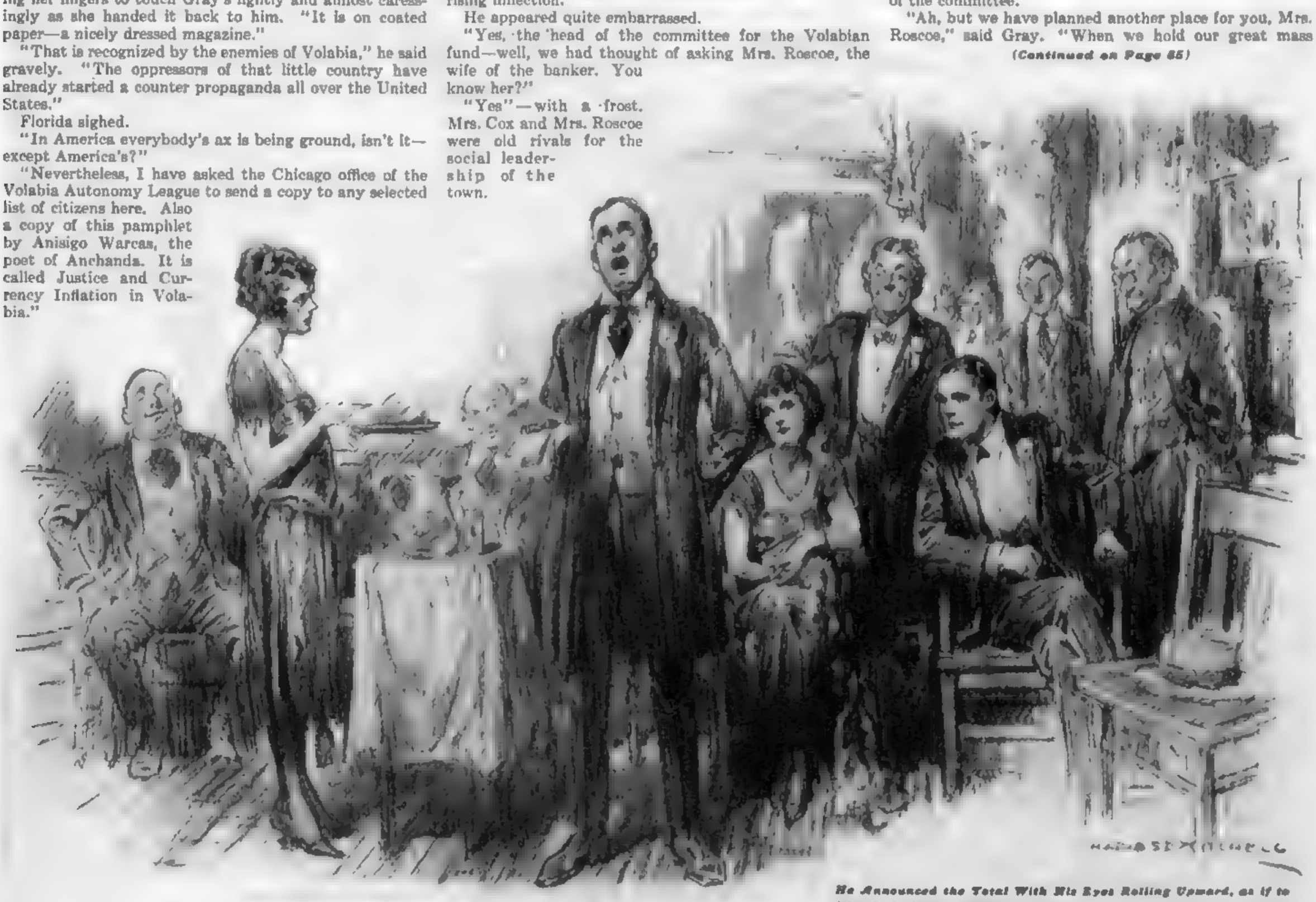
"Quite," said he, and pressed a good-by around her scented fingers.

Mrs. Roscoe's house was not far different from that of Mrs. Cox. One leaned a little to the French château, the other a little toward the Spanish mission. Each had twenty-odd childless rooms, each had plate-glass exhibition windows for the dining room and drawing-room, not only for a view of the river by those inside, but for a view of those inside, and their possessions, by the casual and envious looker-in from the outside. But Mrs. Roscoe herself was different from the girlish Mrs. Cox. The former was of the type which Holbrook Gray called the Queen Damager. White and curly of hair, florid of face, heavy of weight, and her overfed fingers clicked and twinkled with rings. She would have puffed out additionally if she had heard someone call her *une grande dame*. She was a tufted surplusage.

She was quite put out to find who was to be chairman of the committee.

"Ah, but we have planned another place for you, Mrs. Roscoe," said Gray. "When we hold our great mass

(Continued on Page 65)



He Announced the Total With His Eyes Rolling Upward, as if to Thank the Venus Painted Upon the Dome of the Imperial Theater

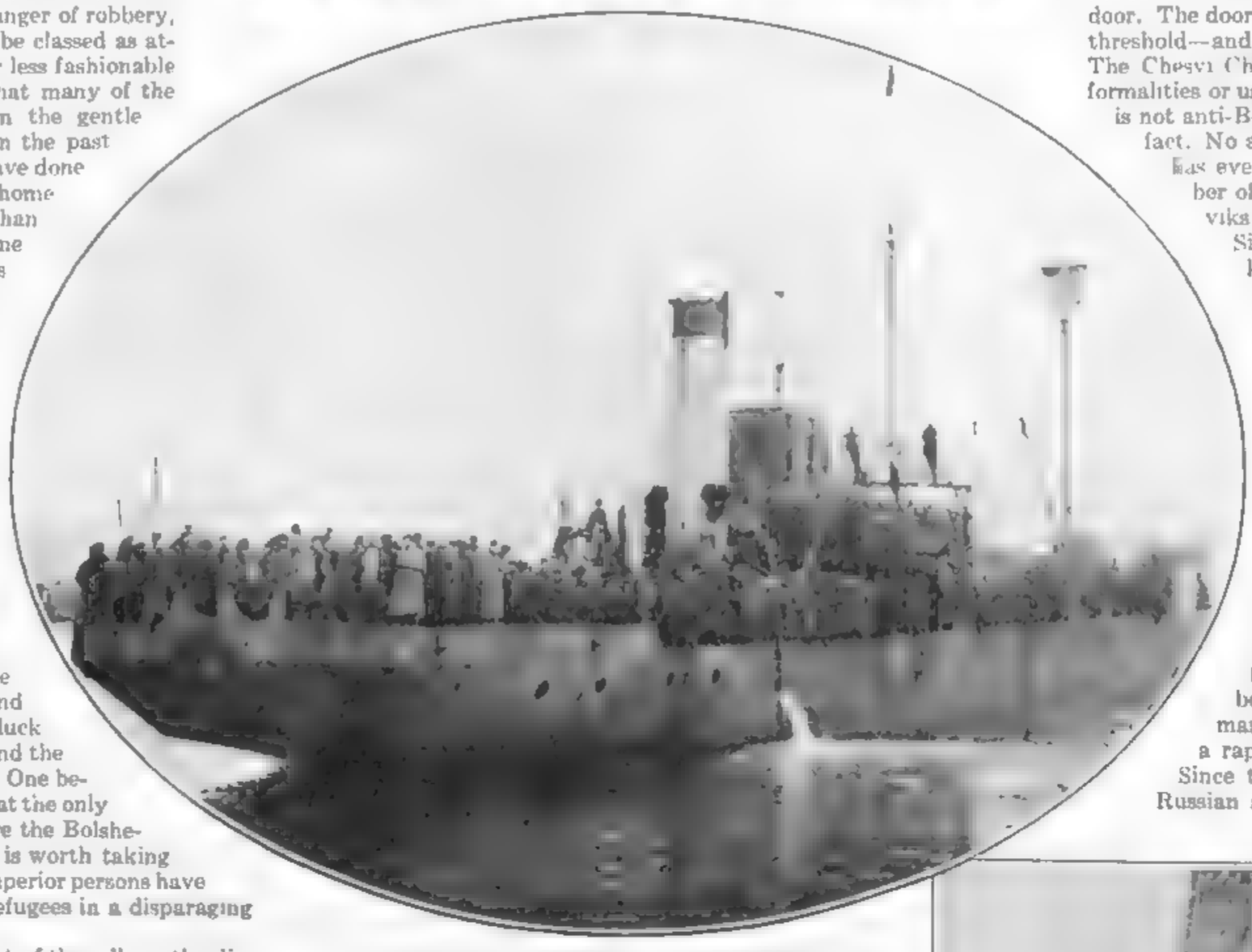
WAIFS OF AN EMPIRE

By Kenneth L. Roberts

RUSSIA, since October, 1917, has presented few if any attractions for Russians of birth, breeding, education, wealth or unusual talent—unless the constant danger of robbery, torture and sudden death can be classed as attractions. It has been more or less fashionable in certain circles to declare that many of the Russians who have fled from the gentle attentions of the Bolsheviks in the past three and a half years would have done much better to have stayed at home This may be true. More than 3,000,000 of them have come tearing out since the Bolsheviks broke loose; and it is more than likely that several of them would be more conveniently situated if, after the Bolsheviks had appropriated their houses and their lands and their jewels, and stood a few of their relatives in front of open graves and turned machine guns loose on them, they had continued to linger around the old homestead and trust to luck. It is not natural, however, so to linger; and after one has observed the working of the Bolshevik mind one is inclined to trust less in luck than in a set of false whiskers and the rapid motion of one's own legs. One becomes thoroughly convinced that the only place to be is some place where the Bolsheviks aren't, and that any risk is worth taking in order to get there. Several superior persons have spoken to me about Russian refugees in a disparaging manner.

"The great trouble with most of them," say the disparagers patronizingly, "is their tendency to become panic-stricken and run away before they need to."

I can only say that I have talked with great numbers of Russian refugees in every part of Europe, and it is my sincere belief that if those who disparage them had been subjected to the same threats and the same indignities and the same horrors and the same shadow of death lurking in the background, they, too, would have gone into the profession of refugeeing with such unparalleled enthusiasm that in their progress from one country to another they would have touched only the high spots. That, I am sure, would have been my simple but comprehensive program if I had been in their position; and I am also reasonably sure that it would have been the program of anyone who possessed his health and who was not a hopeless idiot.



One of the Many Crowded Cargo Boats That Slipped Out of Sebastopol Harbor During the Crimean Exodus

Those who disparage the refugees have an odd habit of forgetting the enormous numbers of Russians who have been killed by extraordinary commissions and other Bolshevik agencies. These extraordinary commissions are known to the Russians as—I spell the words phonetically—Chesvi Chaika. Every city and town under Bolshevik control has its Chesvi Chaika. Any person suspected of working against the soviets is haled summarily before the Chesvi Chaika and given a drumhead trial. If he is found guilty he is led from the judges' chamber to a closed door. The door is opened. He walks across the threshold—and is shot or clubbed to death.

The Chesvi Chaika wastes no time on empty formalities or useless delays. This, by the way, is not anti-Bolshevik propaganda, but plain fact. No approximately reliable estimate has ever been made of the total number of bourgeoisie whom the Bolsheviks have murdered in Russia and Siberia; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, from information which I have collected in Siberia, the Balkans and the western fringe of Soviet Russia, and from reliable observers in Bolshevik territory, the number cannot be less than 400,000. It is probably very much larger; but it is certainly not less. At any rate, a great number of people of the same type as the refugees have been killed by the Bolsheviks, and the person who would find fault with a refugee for being a refugee might also be expected to look askance at a man for getting out of the path of a rapidly moving automobile.

Since the Bolsheviks took charge of Russian affairs back in the autumn of

PHOTOS BY AMERICAN RED CROSS

Russian Refugees Received by Turks at Prinkipo Island, Near Constantinople. A Medic is Pleading for the Homeless

1917 more than 3,000,000 Russians have poured out of the country. For the most part they have consisted of the so-called intelligentzia of the nation—people of noble birth, people of wealth, people of education, people who held high positions under the old imperial government. They have poured out on foot, in carriages, in rowboats, in trainloads, in shiploads, on camel back even. They have poured out of the north into Finland. They have poured east through Siberia and into Japan and Manchuria. They have poured west into Poland and Germany and the other countries of Western Europe; and they have poured south across the Black and Caspian Seas, into the Balkans and the Mediterranean countries. Sometimes they were able to carry jewels with them; sometimes they were able to take a few extra clothes; but usually they emerged from Russia with the garments in which they stood and nothing else. And there they are, 3,000,000 of them and more, penniless and friendless and helpless in communities which—as a result of after-war disorganization and depression—are unable to provide work for even their own people. There they are—admirals working as janitors, colonels chopping wood; princesses waiting on table; generals presiding over restaurant coat rooms or selling paper flowers on street corners; countesses sewing on piecework in attic bedrooms.

Those are the fortunate ones, for they have work. Then there are the other thousands—the other millions—who have no work and who can get no work; the erstwhile generals and admirals and barons and princes and counts; the one-time governors of provinces and mayors of great cities and university professors and merchant princes who sit all day and twiddle their thumbs and subsist on the bounty of others. Hundreds of thousands of the refugees have suffered such a moral breakdown that they refuse work when work is offered to them. They ask nothing but a little food and a little tobacco and a warm place where they can doze and talk and argue. But most of them want work, something to do, anything to do that will give them a few pennies and freedom from the horrible and unbearable monotony of doing nothing.

The streams of refugees which have poured out of Russia's human reservoirs have never entirely dried up at any time, because of the perpetual activities of the so-called extraordinary commissions for combating counter-revolutions. These commissions might more appropriately be called extraordinary commissions for the extermination of decent Russians. Soviet representatives in various European countries smile deprecatingly and pityingly at the mere suggestion that members of the old nobility or the old imperial army who have fled from Russia would be treated cruelly if they came within the jurisdiction of the soviets.

Refugees Drying Out in the Sunshine on the Beach of Prett Island

A Group of Upper-Class Refugees Just Landed at Gallipoli Village

The Fate of the Nobility

YET the heads of the extraordinary commissions have an unquenchable hatred for the Russians who had held positions of power and authority in the old empire. When persons who had held such positions were called before some of these extraordinary commissions they were practically certain to be sentenced to death after trials which were the merest travesties on justice.

The extraordinary commissions are absolute in their judgments and in their powers. A soviet representative in Constantinople might sweetly declare that Prince Galitzin was at perfect liberty to return from Constantinople to Moscow without danger of interference. Yet the first extraordinary commission that discovered Prince Galitzin's whereabouts, in case he did return, would be quite free to run him into a dark room and drop a crowbar on his head—and the chances are excellent that it would do so. Many members of the so-called bourgeoisie have remained hidden or living quietly in Russia until the extraordinary commissions discovered their whereabouts and summoned them to appear.

When this happened they fled as rapidly as they could to the outside world, just as you or I would flee.

This accounts for the perpetual flowing of the refugee streams. During a counter-revolution or after a counter-revolution, or after any unusual anti-Bolshevik demonstrations, the refugee streams increase to roaring torrents, and adjacent countries are flooded with princesses and former governors of provinces and ex-army officers and erstwhile owners of large estates. If one's imagination is insured against strain one can get a faint idea of the present Russian refugee situation by imagining the Government of the United States taken over by a class of people who loathed with a deadly loathing the persons who formerly occupied all positions of trust and authority.

If Russia Were America

IMAGINE all our army and navy officers fleeing to Canada or Mexico or to Europe to escape death at the hands of these people; imagine our ex-Presidents and our legislators and our supreme-court justices, our governors of states and mayors of cities and present and past cabinet ministers, our college professors and railroad presidents and big manufacturers, our bankers and merchants and hotel proprietors and newspaper owners and gentleman farmers—imagine all these people and everybody tainted by association with them or relationship to them, with their wives and their children, pouring out of New York and Chicago and Cleveland and St. Louis and every other American city in panic-stricken streams, traveling in freight cars, traveling on foot and hiding in ditches at night, traveling on horseback and in motor boats and in rowboats, traveling for weeks and months and even for years through sections of the country where all transportation had broken down, and finally escaping to another country with nothing of their own except the clothes on their backs. Imagine all this successfully, and you will have a hazy notion of what happened when the Bolsheviks got after the bourgeoisie.

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PHOTOS BY AMERICAN RED CROSS

A Refugee Camp at Prett Island Near Constantinople. There is Canvas Covering for the Women and Children Only

TELEPHONE TIME

The Tall Man Said in a Low Voice to Clemente, "Run"

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

TWO months after the arrest of Corcoran, Annie and Policeman X had their first quarrel; over the arrest, in fact, or rather over the singular part that Policeman X had played. Whether, during the preliminary examination, some chance remark of his had excited her ever sensitive suspicion, or whether it was mere instinct on her part, she had not rested until she had drawn the story out of him. Having obtained it, her scorn knew no bounds.

"And you saw him come out of the house; and you trailed him, saw where he buried the stuff, and met him and took him to the inspector and didn't say 'Here's the man you want, and I'll tell you why.' God help you, Michael! No; you said ——"

"But, Annie," Policeman X interrupted, "I liked that lad, and I wanted to give him the chance to come clean—see?—instead of telling on him. It would be so much better for him, the one decent thought he'd have to take up the river. I believed he would; and he did—in spite of that girl of his, that yeller cat!"

Annie flung out her arms.

"What do I care what happens to him? It's you! Why can you never take advantage of your good luck?"

"And another man's bad luck?"

"Everyone does. It's the only way people get on." She was breathing as if on the point of tears. "You're always thinking what's going to happen to other people, and never what's going to become of you—and me. Always getting mixed up in someone's fool scrape that would bring you in for a call-down at headquarters; yes, or worse. What d'yer suppose would happen to you in this case if they knew you'd suppressed evidence? You'd be broke!"

"Well," Policeman X suggested, "why don't you step down an' tell 'em?"

It was the first time he had treated her to sarcasm. She froze. Her rejoinder was that if he thought so much of thieves and murderers he couldn't be interested in decent people.

Policeman X was very angry—sore, he put it to himself. He had unburdened his conscience in the hope of sympathy and this was the result, this explosion of criticism!

As he plodded home across the park he reflected bitterly on the unreasonableness of women. You couldn't conceal anything from them. They would find out; and then, when they had, they were always saying, "How did you come to do that?"

This question had been a poser for Policeman X more than once in his career. He didn't always know. Certain occasions had seemed to require at the moment certain behavior, perhaps not strictly practical. A man had his feelings about these things. She was right, of course, in saying he had been on the unofficial side of one or two incidents—safe enough, as it happened; still, you never knew. And a man expecting to marry—that was, of course, if Annie would ever speak to him again —— He squared his shoulders. He'd show her. He'd be official, if that was what she wanted. He could stick to the letter of the law as well as anybody! The thing that really rankled, that he couldn't shake off, nor walk off, was that parting shot of hers about thieves and murderers. She must know he thought more of her than of anyone else in the world. Of course she knew it!

Nevertheless the desire to explain it to her was growing very strong, and it had become a positive obsession by the time he emerged into the wide thoroughfare of Broadway. He went into a cigar store on the corner and surveyed the telephone booths. All three were filled, and the tradition that men are brief over the telephone was not well substantiated. They were there, it appeared, permanently. One, with a corner of his mouth at the transmitter, talked steadily, inaudibly, leisurely, exactly as though he had settled down for a discussion in the office. The dark, blue-shaven young fellow in the next cubicle was carrying on a conversation, loud, ardent, and so exceedingly intimate that even the clerk behind the counter—weary and disillusioned as he was—paid attention. The third occupant gave out at moments his tireless plaint—"Operator? Operator? Operator?"

Policeman X left this place, crossing a pavement through whose gratings rose a draft as if from infernal regions, threaded the traffic and arrived on the opposite corner before a building whose windows displayed white letters two feet high on a blue background. Entering he was enveloped in a wave of warm air. Odors of vanilla, antiseptics, perfumes, the smell of fur against flesh assaulted his nostrils. The emanations of the crowd mingled with the emanations of the bottles and boxes on the shelves. He pushed himself between the lounging youths and chattering, sipping girls, and glanced doubtfully at the row of glass doors that entirely crossed the back of the shop.

All closed. All women! All talking! "Lord!" He uttered a faintly audible groan; consulted his watch. Of course. It was ten after five. He resigned himself, leaning against the corner of a counter, watching the row of figures behind glass, like portraits in a lit gallery, done by the most unsparing of all modernists. A boy was waiting outside one of these cubicles, the door of which was slightly ajar; the voice of the girl within was audible.

"Jeannette wants me to go to a concert with her. You don't mind, do you, mother? . . . What? . . . Oh, we'll have a bite at some little place around here. . . . Oh yes, some dairy place. . . . What? . . . Perfectly respectable! . . . Yes; I'll be home by ten. Sure."

"Concert! Dairy place!" the listener reflected cynically. "A musical comedy for theirs!"

The girl came out with a triumphant smile, joining the boy; and Policeman X established himself in the booth. It was resonant of the voices on either side.

"Listen, dearie. You go to the butcher's and get a nice porterhouse steak, the kind papa likes, and put two bottles of beer on ice; and when he comes home tell him that mamma's been detained downtown, unavoidably detained, but not to wait; I'll be home as soon as I can. I've got my key, so he needn't sit up."

Waiting impatiently for his number, Policeman X grinned in spite of himself. So they were all telling little lies and slipping off somewhere. Well, it was Saturday night, and he didn't know as he blamed them.

A voice on the other side struck in here, and he listened with a vague interest, because this voice was of a quality that is seldom heard in public stations. It said merely, "Call me at the Lafayette at nine and I'll tell you then what I'm going to do. . . . No, I can't. I'll tell you then." There was a sharp click as the instrument was hung up. He had a glimpse of a tall blond woman, slender, wrapped in gray fur, first her profile, then her back, as she emerged and passed through the crowd. The shop door was opened for her by a man in chauffeur's livery.

"Funny," the man at the telephone philosophized. "She's the real thing, as they say; you'd think she could sit in her house and telephone to anyone she wanted to, but here she is at it like all the rest. Hullo, hullo? Is that—is Annie there? . . . Miss O'Farrell? . . . Out?" His voice fell at least half an octave. "Do you know when she's coming in? . . . I see. . . . No, it's of no importance."

He put the receiver back with a slam—the more vicious because a new voice in the right-hand booth had begun to whine with a thin West Side accent, "Don't you love me any more, dearie?"

This was at five-fifteen. Telephone time is longest on Saturday night. Other evenings it extends from five to six-thirty; but on this last one of the week nine is the hour when the final voices of ardor, argument, explanation and reproach are heard. At nine the chorus must dwindle, for then couples and groups are crystallized, dinners are drawing near an end, and dancing is on.

At half past eight the windows of a restaurant in a side street shone golden through their curtains; an old brick building painted white, solidly planted on a corner of this short backwater of traffic, the only vehicles that moved being the motors that drove up or away or were parked, waiting. A flight of stone steps mounted to its doors. From here one passed into a narrow hall flagged with white and green, on the left a maze of little offices, on the right the dining rooms, high ceiled, mirrored and crowded. It was a gayer crowd, queerer, more distinguished and more sharply contrasted than the vast tepid horde that surged in and out of the caverns on the upper avenues. The young man who occupied one of the small tables beside the wall seemed to find it interesting. He looked at it as though across a distance, across footlights, perhaps; and regularly as his gaze returned to his companion's face this interest quickened to a more vivid emotion.

If the crowd was the play, then his companion was the leading lady, the flower, the quintessence of the show. Nothing could have been more engaging than this face. Beneath the brim of a small, darkly purple hat appeared a dark orderly mass of hair, cut square like a child's and curly. Dark eyes danced under curly brows. Her mouth curled down, and then up unexpectedly at the corners. Her thick throat rose white from the neck of a collarless, plain velvet dress. She was small, but there was nothing of the doll about her; too much vigor, too much expression in the vivid, alert head, too little self-consciousness in the attitudes of her body. She had the aplomb of an animal, the frank, fearless curiosity of a boy, and something warm and sturdy in her vitality as if it were veritably of the soil, a primitive growth. Only an acute student of human beings might have detected in her face the glint of humorous observations never to be found in the true primitive.

She, too, looked over the room, not as her companion did, vaguely speculative, but familiarly, with a relish of observation, recognizing this or the other situation, seeing more in the turn of a glass than he in the flourish of a pistol. Occasionally she recognized individuals. Someone coming in stopped, leaned over her chair; exclamations and elliptical sentences flashed between them. Someone had just come back from the ends of the earth or was just going or had just experienced something awful or wonderful.

"You know a lot of people here, don't you?" he inquired a little jealously.

"Not many. I used to know almost everyone in the room"

"Did they come from this neighborhood?"

"From all over. It's an old place, and the food is good. Everyone knows it."

"Everyone?"

"Well, everyone who's lived here any length of time."

"I see; that's it." Then as she looked at him inquiringly he continued: "That's why they're different from the uptown crowd. There's something—I can't make it out. What do they mean?"

She laughed. "New York."

"But what's that?"

Still smiling she looked away from him over the room. A bell hop was wandering among the crowd, intoning a mysterious chant. Her glance followed his progress, paused, rested a moment at a certain table and reverted again to her companion.

"Why is it," she demanded, "that people who are paged in restaurants never answer their calls?"

He made a sound of mingled amusement and exasperation. "You do say the most extraordinary things."

"But do they?" she insisted.

"What do I care? I ask you what is New York's characteristic, and you reply with a thing like that."

"But I haven't the least idea. Oh, well, I suppose it's pep and go; and being awfully onto everything."

"Yes, and into," the young man supplemented. "I'll say! You're all of you like your favorite words, 'awful' and 'wonderful'; and you're more awful and wonderful than any of them."

"You don't like it?"

"I like you, Clem; I don't need to tell you how much."

She gave him one of her warm, direct glances.

The color came up under his fair skin. "All the same, you know you're a terrible proposition."

"I'm glad you didn't say 'problem.' How am I terrible?"

"You're impenetrable."

"Why, I've told you everything about myself."

"Oh, yes, card-catalogue stuff: 'Field, Clemente; widow; profession, house decoration; address, so-and-so; height, five feet one, mole at corner of left eye.'"

She smiled. "What more can you want?"

"What you feel!"

It was evident what the young man felt. His face was pale with emotion. She observed it for a moment attentively—the square, bold, clean outline, the supersensitive eyes, the stubborn chin.

"And what was it that you told me a little while ago? That you were going home?"

"I'm not going because I want to," he returned a little sullenly.

"You're going because you hate it here."

"I don't hate it. You wouldn't say you hated a mountain because you couldn't get a foothold on it."

She was serious now. "Can't you get a foothold?"

"I might if I could hang on a little longer, but I can't."

"Can't you get a job?"

He gave his head a sharp negative movement.

Her beautiful speculative eyes held his for a moment. Then she suggested tentatively, "Perhaps I might know someone."

He rejected the offer almost fiercely. "No, I can't take that sort of thing from you."

"But if you could take it from anyone," she began eagerly, "I should think ——"

"Then say I can't take it from any woman. Least of all from you! Why, I ought to be giving you things."

"You have. You've been giving me far too many—flowers and books and parties."

"Oh, those! They're nothing."

"And then taking me to an expensive place like this to eat!" She looked at him indignantly. "If I'd had any idea ——"

"Don't worry," he retorted grimly. "I've got the price of the bill—and my ticket home."

"And how much besides?"

His glare provoked her to laughter. Still coaxing, leaning across the table toward him, she murmured, "Please tell me."

He attempted in vain to retain his fierce expression. His face relaxed into a grin.

"I shall tell you nothing. However little it is, I'm going to blow it to-night on our last celebration."

"Not on mine."

"Oh, yes, on ours! You surely won't refuse to have a party this last night?"

"I won't refuse, no; but I want you not to spend all that money."

"All that money!" he echoed derisively.

"I've a very particular reason," she insisted. "It's not what you think. I'm not advising you. You've a perfect right to blow every cent of it, if you want, and go home in a box car. Only, I'm asking ——"

"What is it?"

"Tell me first how much."

The very evident anxiety in her look won.

"I've seventy-two dollars and eighty-five cents," he declared. "Now, then, what's the reason?"

"It's a favor," she murmured, looking down into her empty coffee cup.

"Well?" Then, as she still did not speak, he burst out: "Clem, that's not fair! You get anything you like out of me, and then you won't ——"

"I'm embarrassed."

"You? You couldn't be. Why should you? You can ask me anything in the world."

"Can I?" She looked up.

"Certainly. Out with it."

"I want to borrow fifty dollars."

His hesitation was pure surprise. The figure that she made in velvet, against a background of fur, and with those sparkling points of green fire pendent from her ears suggested money. Money spent, perhaps! He flushed.

"Are you sure that'll be enough?"

"Quite. It's for a certain thing, a debt that's got to be paid this week. I thought it could wait until next month, when I will have plenty, but ——"

"Put your hand under the table."

She did so, and felt three bills between her fingers. She sighed "Thank you," folded them, still beneath the table, and put them in her purse. She looked relieved, though there was a touch of constraint in her manner. Her companion, on the contrary, seemed to have cast diffidence aside. Leaning forward, his folded arms resting upon the cloth, he regarded her anxiously.

"Tell me, Clemente, how do you live?"

"On credit, like everyone else."

"Yes, but your business—is that all right?"

"Oh, I suppose so. It's up and down. Now I'm affluent, and now I'm stuck; and suddenly I'm all right again. Like all business, I suppose."

"I wish I'd landed that job with Crawford. You'd be all right then," he murmured. "Somehow I don't feel as though it was safe to leave you here alone. I ought to stay and look after you."

"You ought," she assented gravely.

"Clem, are you laughing at me?"

"Yes." But she said it so sweetly that it meant No; and for a little she continued to envelop him in that warm gaze of hers that seemed to conceal tenderness in its depths.

"Perhaps if You'd Tell Me the Name," He Suggested; "This is My Precinct, and I Know the Names of Most of the One-Hundreds Around Here"

He hardened his voice. "What I've got to do really," he continued, "is to go home to Hanneton and take a swell job with the Red Sod Company for the rest of the winter. Then I could come back here in May."

She looked away from him. "I have a feeling that if you go to Hanneton, instead of coming back here in May you'll go still farther west, say to the Pacific Coast; and then perhaps to China; and then to Siberia."

"That's a nice thing to tell me!"

"Why not? There are the opportunities for ambitious men."

"You don't say it as if you were sorry."

"Well"—she moved her chair a little so that she could more easily survey the room—"I don't seem to feel sorry about anything to-night. I feel amused. And I'd like to feel more so. I wish something extraordinary would happen. Can't you make it? There's that boy again," she added.

The harsh, sonorous voice of the buttons preceded him, sounding before his figure appeared in the doorway.

"Call for Mrs. ——. Call for Mrs. ——" The name was indistinguishable. He wandered down the aisles of tables while heads and eyes looked inquiring.

"That's the same name he was paging a little while ago," the young man remarked.

"Yes; and there's the person," Clemente said.

"Which?"

"That woman over there in the gray coat."

"Clem, you can't tell that. You just imagine it."

"Do I? I noticed her the first time he went through. She hesitated then and said something to her escort. And now look at her! She's the only person in the room who's paying no attention whatever. Pretending that she's not there."

The young man turned as if to attract the attention of a waiter, and his glance traveled over the woman Clemente had indicated. Her fur wrap partly covered her shoulders, and an edge of golden-brown hair showed under the silvery velvet of her turban. She was leaning forward, talking steadily to her companion, and both of them appeared to ignore the room with a perfection of indifference.

"She's not curious; I'll say that for her."

"Doesn't want to be disturbed; probably knows who it is. I wish I did," Clemente added with a touch of wistfulness.

"Why?" he demanded, surprised.

"A woman like that ought to have interesting messages. Do you know, Ken"—she shifted her attitude until he again had her full attention—"I've always wanted to answer one of those unanswered calls."

Kennet Holden stared at her a little uneasily and repeated his question, "Why?"

"I don't know. It's the most terrible temptation."

She threw back her head, listening. The voice of the buttons could be heard, hollow and hoarse, retreating up the farther dining room.

"Clem!" he said sharply.

She came back with a smile. "It's not curiosity exactly; only it would be such fun to cut in for a moment on other people's lives."

"You'd find it very dull. The baby has the mumps; or Cousin George is coming to dinner to-morrow."

Clemente threw a side glance in the direction of the oblivious blonde.

"I think not," she remarked. "I think it would be something that would amuse me very much."

"You care more about being amused than anything else in the world," he began impatiently.

"Perhaps I do—to-night." She rose quickly. "Wait a moment."

It may have been her expression that made him half rise with her; but she stopped him. "No, wait here. I'll be back."

She walked rapidly down the dining room. As she came out facing the offices the boy was crossing the hall, his tray still in his hand. She went up to him.

"That message is for me."

He paused. "Mrs. Walker?" he inquired.

"Yes." Clemente's eyes were confident. "What is it?"

"Telephone Number Two," he answered, relinquishing his responsibility with indifference.

She entered the booth indicated, and taking the receiver spoke.

"Yes? You want Mrs. Walker?"

She listened. A man's voice with a pleasing intonation said, "Is this Mrs. Walker?"

"Mrs. Walker isn't here," Clemente answered. "Won't I do?"

"It's My Fault. I've Got to Get Hold of Him Somehow!"

There was a pause. When the voice replied it contained an unmistakable note of amusement: "Perfectly. Are you perhaps a friend of Mrs. Walker's?"

"No," Clemente replied frankly; "I don't know Mrs. Walker. I haven't the least idea who she is. I was merely sitting here in the restaurant when the boy was paging her—twice, you know, within fifteen minutes. It seemed to me a pity that these calls shouldn't be answered."

"That's very charming of you to think of my feeling in the matter," the voice replied. "It would have been a pity. I was to have made an appointment, and perhaps you—but surely you're not alone?"

"Is that essential?"

"Oh, absolutely!" This time there was unmistakable evidence of laughter in the tone.

"I could be," she suggested.

"Could you then come to an address I give you?"

"Yes?" Clemente said inquiringly.

Taking a pencil from her bag she noted the street and number he gave on an envelope.

"It is not a hotel?" she asked.

"A private house. I'm taking it for granted, you see, that we're all grown up, and have perfect confidence in ourselves."

She smiled into the transmitter. "I think we are. We have. And for whom shall I ask?"

"Mr. Wall. Say you are ——"

"Mrs. Field?" she suggested. "Very well. I shall be there in half an hour."

She hung up the receiver and emerged, still smiling. She confronted Kennet Holden, waiting in the doorway.

He advanced hastily. "Clemente, who are you telephoning to?"

"A friend." Her face was alight with mischief.

He studied her suspiciously. "You weren't answering that call?"

"Why not?"

"Are you quite mad?"

"I hope so. Aren't you?"

"For heaven's sake, be serious for a minute."

"Oh, let's not be serious, Ken. We haven't been serious before, not from the beginning."

"No?"

"No. We've simply amused ourselves; we've had a delightful time, and if you won't spoil it we can have a delightful time for one more evening."

"What are we going to do?" he demanded suspiciously.

"In the first place you're going to call a taxi for me."

"Only for you?"

She appeared to have her first hesitation. "Well, yes."

"I thought we were to play together."

She took him persuasively by the sleeve. "Then you are to meet me in the Ritz lounge, at eleven."

"And in the meantime you are going to meet this man—a stranger, someone you know nothing about!"

"He has a charming voice."

"Charming voice!" Holden echoed derisively. "Good Lord! I can't understand you. A woman who appears to have some sense and knows something about the world, to be taken in by such bunk!"

"But how else are you to judge, when you first meet people, if not by their voices, what they say, how they look? What made me think you were all right?"

"That's different. We were introduced."

"By someone who had met you the day before and knew nothing about you. It was your appearance I judged you by. I risked knowing you on the strength of that."

"Thanks so much for comparing us! But it's not at all the same thing. You've not seen this fellow."

"Well, if I don't like his looks I needn't stop. Have you my gloves?"

"I've everything, and I've paid the check," he returned.

"Don't you trust me?" she asked.

"Oh, I trust you, yes; I trust your intentions, but you're a child. You've no idea what you may be getting into!"

"Of course I'm not sure," Clemente answered, "but I should say, at a guess, it might be dancing."

"Dancing!"

"Yes, why not?" She appealed in mild exasperation. "What is more probable than that it should be something innocuous, entirely respectable? You don't suppose," she continued, "that that woman keeps her appointments in very low dives, do you?"

"How should I know where any woman keeps her appointments?" Holden retorted bitterly. "I notice, though, she didn't keep it."

"Then you may be sure she thought it was going to be dull. I do hope," she added with an anxious look, "that it is dancing. If it should be literature!"

They had reached the bottom of the steps. A taxi glided forward and stopped in front of them; the driver eyed them inquiringly, but they were still looking at each other.

"I hope he won't read poetry at me!" she exclaimed.

"Then why do you go?"

"Oh, I must. I've accepted the challenge. Besides, aren't you the least bit curious?"

He opened the cab door and stood holding it. "I'm curious to know why you want to leave me for two hours so that you can meet a man you've never seen."

The frivolity of her mood seemed to suffer a partial eclipse. She looked at him hard.

"Well, if you want to put it that way," she said, and stepped past him into the cab. Her voice was audible from the far corner. "You're going to leave me for six months."

He glared in upon her, speechless at this injustice.

She spoke again, gently and a little caressingly. "Suppose I meet you at ten o'clock?"

"I shan't be there," he returned succinctly.

"Oh!" It was a soft note with a falling inflection. "I shall," she added. "I shall look for you." There was another pause. Then she said, "Will you tell the man?"

She gave a street and number. Holden repeated it to the driver and closed the door. Stepping back, he raised his hat.

The car glided away from the curb, made a half circle to the left, and shot along a dark, short block. Clemente looked through the little round aperture in the back of the cab. The restaurant had already been lost sight of. She leaned forward impulsively as if to signal the driver, hesitated irresolute. The cab turned a second time and began to move rapidly up a long gray expanse of asphalt between a double row of street lamps. She sank back into her corner again, with a nervous motion pulling up her coat collar. Her lips were pressed together and her whole face was slightly contracted. She fixed her eyes resolutely before her.

In the center of the perspective a round, golden eye was wide open. It winked, became green, winked again and turned red. The taxi came to a halt, trembling as if on the brink of something alarming. Then as the golden eye stared it started forward like a spurred horse and emerged from the high façade of buildings into an open space. On the right appeared bare tree branches and winding paths covered with a thin glaze of snow. Above them tier over tier of windows glittered like tinsel; higher than all an illuminated torch burned against the dim gray sky. Clemente looked up at it, and involuntarily her lips relaxed in a smile. The vision disappeared; but she continued to smile, carried on out of herself by the increasing pulse of motion, dazzled by the thickening lights that appeared out of the distance and circled and floated and darted down upon her; lifted up on the crescendo of sound that terminated in a rending discord where all noise seemed to crash together.

The golden eye opened. She was borne rapidly northward, to the diminishing accompaniment of that fierce orchestration. Even after the brown mist of the park trees appeared on the left the rhythm was still audible. On the right the street lamps flashed past, golden and cold, signposts of adventure. Sixty-nine—Seventy—Seventy-one. Clemente sat up, took out her pocket mirror and looked at herself earnestly. The taxi was moving more slowly, and at the end of the next block it came to a halt with a grinding sound, as though the engine had given up in despair.

The driver descended and lifted the hood.

She waited a moment, and then opening the door she inquired: "What is the matter?"

"Dunno yet." He was investigating with a flashlight.

"Because if it is something serious I shall have to get another taxi. I'm five minutes late now."

"Won't be a minute, lady," the driver muttered, stooping above the silent engine.

She hung forward, one foot on the step, and watched him anxiously.

A leisurely tread approached and paused.

Clemente looked up and found herself surveyed by six feet two of blond impassiveness. He was in uniform, but his official exterior and impersonal air could not disguise the engaging candor of his expression.

(Continued on Page 30)

TOO MUCH BUSINESS

They Did Not Carry a Stock of Any of the Merchandise They Sold, But Merely Called on the Small-Town Merchants and Took Orders

By
J. R. Sprague

ILLUSTRATION BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS a busy forenoon in the bank which occupies the principal business corner of the big town in the Pacific Northwest. I had to squeeze past a long line of depositors which trailed away from the receiving teller's window almost to the front door, those in the rear shoving up, as if with the idea that shoving might speed up the teller's work. A shorter line was at the paying teller's window, pushing in checks and drafts and receiving currency. Half a dozen people stood writing at the customers' desks. In a little office at the rear I could see a young man in conference with the bank's president.

The young man sat on the edge of his chair, talking in animated fashion. He had a sheaf of papers on his lap, and every once in a while he would point earnestly to some figures typewritten on them; each time he did this he would peer into the bank president's face to see what kind of impression he was making.

He did not appear to be having much success. The banker would not relax; he sat upright in his chair, courteous and attentive, but leaning a little away from his visitor. It was distinctly the attitude of a man who had made up his mind not to be convinced.

As I looked the conference broke up. The banker shook his head two or three times; the young man got up to go, at the same time crumpling up his papers and shoving them into his side pocket. The banker was courteous to the last, shaking hands with his visitor and holding open the little gate of the office to facilitate his exit. As the young man disappeared through the street door the banker stood looking after him thoughtfully.

Later, as I sat in conversation with the bank president he told me something about the young man's visit and explained why it was necessary to turn him down.

"The trouble with that young man," he said, "is that he wants to be a big business man before he is ready for it. I may have lost a customer by refusing to do what he asked of me. He has been a depositor with us for several years, but he is pretty well put out with me now, and it is almost certain he has gone to some other bank to make his request. If he gets the loan he wants he will undoubtedly take his business away from us. He has a clothing store down the street here a couple of blocks," the banker continued, "and is doing very nicely. He started with practically nothing five years ago and now has his stock all paid for. Occasionally he will come in here and make a temporary loan so as to discount the bill, but outside of that he is on a cash basis."

A Common Ailment Among Merchants

"BUT now he has got ambitious; he wants to buy another clothing store which is for sale over on the other business street. He came in to me with figures to show how much business the place has been doing and how much money it is capable of earning. He wanted me to lend him the money to make the first payment; the owner is willing to take a fourth down and the balance on installments. I suppose the young clothing merchant was shocked when I told him I couldn't let him have the money; this was the first time I had ever turned him down for a loan. I frankly told him his credit was good for the amount if he wanted to use it in his regular business, but I was not willing to finance a new enterprise. That was when he became indignant. He said he couldn't see where the difference lay; that if his credit was good in one place it ought to be good anywhere."

The banker became confidential in explaining the reasons for his decision which might lose his institution the business of a live-wire clothing merchant.

"In the first place," he said, "it wasn't good business for him to buy the place wholly on credit, no matter how easy the terms were. His argument was that the store is in a good location and it would be dead easy to pay the eighteen thousand dollars asked for it with the payments strung out over a period of three years. Six thousand dollars a year does seem easy when you say it fast; but when simmered down it means that you have got to take twenty dollars out of the cash drawer every business day, good or bad. It has to be a mighty prosperous business to stand a strain like that.

"But that wasn't all," the banker continued. "The thing that made me decide definitely to refuse the loan was the attitude of the young clothing merchant himself. So near as I could judge, he wanted to own two stores instead of one so he could admire himself as a big business man. He didn't have any special plans for pushing sales, but he did talk a lot about fitting up an executive office for himself where he could carry on his work without being disturbed by traveling men or old customers who frequently come in and insist on his waiting on them personally. He said he had got to the point where he ought to be doing more important things than entertaining salesmen or telling people that they look just right in a Number Seven hat.

"For his own sake I hope he won't get the loan," the banker concluded. "He doesn't need two stores; it isn't going to hurt him any to plug along with the one he has until he acquires more capital and experience. A whole lot of failures come from men trying to play at big business before they are ready for it."

The thought occurred to me that a man who wanted to get away from the burden of advising fussy customers in the matter of choosing their hats ought to be commended instead of blamed. But the subject seemed to have possibilities. I asked the banker if the disease of wanting to be big business men without proper foundation was a common one, and if so whether it was curable. The banker's reply was prompt.

"It is quite a common disease," he said, "particularly with the young. Almost every young man who goes into business for himself gets the idea at some time or another that he is too good for what he is doing. Sometimes they get over it and sometimes they don't."

The banker paused to write a name and address on a piece of paper, which he handed to me.

"If you want to meet someone who had a terrible case of it but who recovered, go and see this man," he said. "I'm sure he will be glad to talk with you about it."

The slip of paper bore the name of a man who is at the head of one of the town's largest wholesale concerns, located with others in a long row beside the railroad tracks a quarter of a mile from the main business section. To an Easterner it might seem unusual that a community of forty thousand population should have a regular wholesale district. But towns are big for their size in the West. In the East a place of forty thousand usually has to play second fiddle to some near-by big city; out there it can be a good deal of a metropolis.

The town of which I am writing has a trade territory three hundred miles in diameter wherein there is no larger city to dispute its supremacy. In all that section people look to it as their center of fashion and amusement. Its two leading hotels are always comfortably filled with visitors who stay days at a time to buy their good clothes and see some regular shows at the big opera house. The town pulls off a flower carnival in the spring and a fair and race meet in the fall. The chamber of commerce keeps a man at the Union Station all the time to hand out literature and explain to passing tourists why they should locate there. It may not be such a large city, but it certainly goes through all the motions of being one.

The President's Story

THE concern on which I was to call occupies one of the larger buildings in the wholesale district, though distinctly not the most elaborate. It is an ordinary ironclad structure with a freight platform at the back against the railroad siding. The office is a simple affair, formed by fencing off a section at the front of the building with a glass partition. I learned afterward, however, that the concern is one of the most prosperous in town, doing a business in hardware specialties of more than two million dollars a year.

Sitting in his plainly furnished office, the president of the concern told me the history of the business. It was a narrative full of humanness which showed the futility of

(Continued on Page 42)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1921

To Our Subscribers

IN SPITE of tremendous increases in the cost of paper, wages and every other item that enters into the manufacture of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the price of the weekly was held at five cents the copy all through the war. The subscription price was, however, increased to $2.50 the year, thus eliminating the usual differential between the price of single copies and yearly subscriptions.

Wages are still at the peak of wartime heights, but there has been some decrease in the price of paper, though this is still far above prewar levels. Believing, however, that every move that tends to put business back on a normal basis is of the greatest possible value at this time, we shall, beginning with July first, make the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST $2.00 the year instead of $2.50 the year.

A Long Step Forward

THE passage by House and Senate during the last days of May of the Good-McCormick measure providing for a national budgetary system and an independent audit of the public accounts marked the turning point in a long and obstinate struggle to substitute an orderly and businesslike apportionment of government expenditures for the old helter-skelter scramble of each department and bureau for itself and the devil take the hindmost.

Its avowed purpose as defined by Mr. Taft, long a loyal supporter of budgetary legislation, "is to impose upon somebody in the executive department the responsibility of recommending a unit plan for running the Government which shall create a proper relation between income and outgo." The Good-McCormick measure is not a perfect one, and it is not coextensive with the evils it seeks to remedy; and yet it embodies so many sound and constructive features that it may be fairly hailed as the Administration's first positive forward step toward putting the National Government upon a firm business footing. Though no man can say how much such an enactment might have saved the taxpayers of the country had it been in force during the entire period of the war, there is ample ground for believing that the sum would be measured not in millions but in billions; and it is equally certain that Chairman Good of the House Committee on Appropriations and Senator McCormick are both entitled to high praise for the parts they have taken in ushering in a new epoch of our financial history.

Important and far-reaching as the measure is, it would be a mistake to regard either this or any other budgetary system as an unfailing panacea warranted to cure any and every fiscal ailment and weakness to which government is subject. As much depends upon the doctor as upon his medicine, for if he does not administer it with skill, discretion and good faith his patient is not likely to thrive under his care.

Assuming due discretion and the best of intentions upon the part of Mr. Harding, his efforts toward economy should be further reënforced by finding means to stop those subterranean drains upon our national balance that the Secretary of the Treasury does not and cannot display in the pages of his voluminous reports.

Mr. Russell C. Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Wilson, in a recent address before the Academy of Political Sciences, called attention in the most striking fashion to some of the more glaring laxities of our national bookkeeping. Apparently the very maze of law and technicality that surrounds the disbursement of government funds facilitates evasion, unchecked extravagance and concealment of waste. In the desire to spend money with a free hand and at the same time to make a specious record for economy, Congress resorts to a time-honored device to evade the provisions of the Constitution that forbid money to be drawn from the Treasury except in consequence of appropriations made by law and further require that expenditures of all public money shall from time to time be published.

All that Congress has to do is to authorize departments and agencies to withhold from the Treasury the proceeds of the sale and use of government property and to spend them again. Let Mr. Leffingwell tell in his own words how he has seen this system work out:

"The Treasury does not correctly state the receipts or expenditures of the Government of the United States, for the reason that it has no means of obtaining correct current information concerning the amount of receipts from the sale and use of government property or the disposition of such receipts. I do not think any government officer knows what is the aggregate amount of the receipts from the sale and use of government property during and since the war, nor to what extent the treasury statements of receipts and expenditures have been unavoidably falsified in consequence of the action of Congress in authorizing the withholding from the Treasury of these moneys and their use without an appropriation.

"I should be very much surprised if the aggregate amount received by the War Department and the Navy Department from the sale of war munitions and supplies, et cetera, and by the Shipping Board from the sale and chartering of ships and property, and diverted to other purposes without passing through the Treasury, did not run well into ten figures."

The tremendous outlays of the Shipping Board afford lamentable proof that the old Weber and Fields definition of a deficit, current twenty years ago, still holds good: What's a deficit? Why, it's the same thing as money, only there is more of it.

Mr. Leffingwell continues: "The government expenditure of some billions on ships and shipyards has resulted in no return whatever to the Treasury. The proceeds of the sale and operation—including operations during the period when there was a shortage of ships and freights were inordinately high—have been devoted to new construction or to meeting operating deficits. So the official figures for the post-armistice period, which show expenditures by the Shipping Board of only $530,000,000 in the fiscal year 1920, $100,000,000 in 1921, and $125,000,000 in 1922, or a total of $755,000,000, grossly underestimate them."

When the underground rivers of leakage, such as these, have been dammed the country will regard with still livelier satisfaction every effort that is made to save the drip and seepage that appear above the surface.

Newer Notions of Patriotism

RECENT national experiences in war and peace have done much to clarify and enrich our old ideas of patriotism. The very word but lately had a signification so narrow that our thoughts were bound to outgrow it or enlarge its meaning.

Love of native land meant to most of us pride in and acceptance of the principles of freedom laid down in the Declaration of Independence and exemplified in the Constitution; an abiding conviction that the United States is the best country the sun ever shone on, and willingness to rush to the national defense in time of war. Such were the bare bones of our patriotism, swathed, to be sure, in tingling recollections of Independence-Day eloquence, stirring legends of gallant sea fights, visions of old battlefields, of Yorktown and Valley Forge, memories of the unhealed scars of Northern France and echoes of well-remembered martial strains.

This, in the rough, was our old masculine patriotism that is to our new body of standards what Uncle Sam is to Miss Columbia. Indeed, these reigning deities of our national mythology fairly typify the partnership of old and new that has gradually, almost imperceptibly, sprung up. In the new patriotism we have a taskmaster who is far more exacting than the old. Uncle Sam, except in wartime, was a tolerably easy boss, but Miss Columbia invents fresh tasks for every week in the year. She makes the faithful report for duty on the occasion of primaries and on election day just as regularly as Uncle Sam requires demonstrations of loyalty on July Fourth. She is irksomely practical. Sometimes she is almost sordid. She is forever talking of brass tacks. Ignoring our firm allegiance to the principles of political freedom, she asks embarrassing questions about our local school system. Always she makes us work uphill. Instead of encouraging a militant citizenry to begin at the top and reform the country on the way down, starting with Congress and ending with the village school committee, she inverts the old spectacular order and sends love of country into action in our own block, perhaps at our very hearthstone. She even hints in pretty plain terms that patriotism, like charity, begins at home.

Women with their clubs and local activities, not forgetting their inbred bent of mind, have been mightily instrumental in giving this new direction to practical patriotism. While men are trying to catch up with Einstein or are debating such recondite matters as the influence of foreign exchange upon tariff requirements, women are finding out who is to blame for not cleaning a dirty street or what the board of health is going to do about the milkman who runs a filthy dairy. Nor is this difference of faculty unnatural, for woman's age-old training has been to do the task that lies nearest at hand. She it was who nursed the squalling infant cave man, drew water and mended fires while her lord hunted distant quarry or swung a flint battle-ax of her chipping. The heritage of the Stone Age is still with her.

Men have the grasp that can frame great generalizations and see distant things in the round. Women have the mother wit that is quick to perceive the close connection between clean streets, spotless dairies and national greatness. Theirs is the imagination that prevents any task from seeming too humble for them. Masculine patriotism craves glamour and can scarcely function without an applauding gallery. Feminine patriotism, in the large, hardly knows what glamour is. It rarely yearns for a gallery and still more rarely has one.

No one who sums up and reflects upon our newer notions of what constitutes true love of country and compares them with those of other generations can lament the change or deplore the influence that brought it about.

MILE HIGH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XVI

A SEARCHING examination which took at most ten seconds satisfied the sheriff that Stephan was no longer to be reckoned with as a power of evil on the mortal plane. This fact established, he followed Chris' example, flung off his coat and started up the side of the cliff. Though less nimble than the younger man, the sheriff was as good a mountaineer as one could find in the Rockies, which is saying enough. He had been a hunter of sheep and goats and puma, the latter a practically useless endeavor without the aid of hounds, which canine accessories had been banned from the pursuit of all game by the wiseacres at Washington, and which finding in the case of destructive vermin the sheriff as an officer of the law had felt himself bound to observe.

Being strong and active despite his forty and odd years, and with an equilibrium oblivious of height vertigo, the sheriff went up the side with a steady deliberation which got him to the top just in time to see Chris crumple down on the rock under the impact of Patricia's scientific blow. At the same moment her eyes discovered him, and for the first time she became aware of the identity of the second of her pursuers.

For a moment Patricia did not stir. Then she moved past Chris and walked slowly with her clinging step to meet this new aggressor, and as the sheriff watched her he was more than ever reminded of his captive puma. But he acknowledged this difference—that the puma, though a ferocious slayer, does not possess real courage and when cornered will die tamely rather than put up a fight.

The lust of combat was now pouring from Patricia's light baleful eyes in a yellow flood. She realized at that moment that she had disposed of one pursuer, and that if able to achieve the destruction of them both there would be a fighting chance for her escape.

Her swift intelligence seized instantly upon a plan which, if carried out successfully, might baffle justice and defy conviction of any part in the destruction of these two men who had brought her to bay. Chris was not apt to regain consciousness for several minutes she thought, and if now she could render the sheriff *hors de combat* the rest would be easy provided nobody passed over the road within the next half hour.

This was her stratagem—to deal with the sheriff as she had with Chris, then drag the bodies of the two men to the brink of the ledge and tumble them over. Then wheeling the airplane to the spot where they had fallen she might be able so to wreck it that it would seem to have fouled the wall of the gorge. The fan might be smashed with a piece of rock, a wing likewise damaged and the whole machine capsized, when it would appear as if, forced to descend, the pilot had been unable to make a landing on the road, but striking the side had dashed the pair to their death.

Patricia did not believe Stephan had been killed. Knowing the craven streak in the man she thought it more probable that he had surrendered at the first shots, and was probably ironed to the car. But the key to the handcuffs would be in the sheriff's pocket, and on being released it would not take the pair of them long to give the tragedy a semblance of accident. That once effected, they might proceed on their way unmolested.

"She May be a Holy Terror in a Scrap, But You Really Oughtn't to Chain Her by the Neck Like a Wild Beast"

As all this flashed through Patricia's mind with such an instantaneous cerebration as might have occurred in that of a wild animal that finds itself brought to bay by a swift forerunner of the pack, she could feel within her a welling up of terrific physical impulse such as she had never experienced in any critical moment of her fatal past. It was almost with an eagerness, an avidity, that she moved to meet the one enemy who stood between her and the hope of escape. In that moment the puma was less her prototype than the tigress. The sheriff realized this, and as he caught the yellow stream of hatred and ferocity pouring from her eyes he came closer to a thrill of dread than had ever happened in a life far from devoid of mortal strife.

Yet his emotion was scarcely a physical fear. It related rather to that deeper dread of the supernatural latent in the cosmos of most of us, though often never in a lifetime being stirred to the surface through lack of aught to inspire it. It was akin to the prickling horror of the stout-hearted Canadian habitant for whom a panther might possess no terror but whose spine creeps at the screech of what he deems to be a *loup-garou*.

There was no conscious superstition in the sheriff's composition, but now in that brief instant when his eyes met those of Patricia he felt instinctively as though he had to deal with some creature neither human nor bestial nor yet of supernatural character; hypernatural might better describe the plane to which she seemed to belong, a sort of 'twixt-world entity, a being neither of heaven nor earth nor even hell, but some intermediary substance, mortal of body but soulless and of extravagant outrageous faculties from which to draw strength and resource of malignant sort.

And then as he stood there watching her with a sort of guarded fascination another emotion rose to sweep aside this first. It was of a kind that might have fired the soul of Ulysses whilst gazing on Circe, fully aware of the power in her spells, for it is doubtful if Patricia had ever been more beautiful in her elfin way than at this moment.

Her silk shirt had been torn away from one shoulder and bosom in her climb, and the dazzling skin, scored by abrasions from which the bright blood trickled, glowed with a sort of incandescence as though from some light within. Her cheeks were slightly flushed; her wide lips, thin but everted, were a carmine streak across her face; and the fineness of her disordered hair refracted the brilliant sun rays, to give her head a nimbus such as one associates not with witches or devils but holy beings.

Patricia presented at that moment such a volume of baffling contradictions as bad fairies are said to possess, bewildering beauty spread in dazzling abundance over a shell of evil, as a lovely statue of base metal might be plated with gold. The sheriff, himself a sort of inland Ulysses, caught his breath at the sheer wonder of her and, simple-natured as he was, found it incredible that a creature of such transcendent enchantment could be actually and innately vile; so his first thrill almost of horror was dissolved in a daze of admiration, and Patricia, sensing this, may have felt the advantage to be gained in profiting by his mazement in her lure. She drew closer to him, and her wide mouth flickered up with that singular smile already welded in his dreams.

She moved closer, not seeming to walk but rather to glide, and she raised her hands just as she had done to Chris. But whereas to Chris her voice and manner and expression had been charged with a mockery that was almost a sneer, she now presented to the sheriff an air of prideful dignity that was not without a trace of appeal.

"You may arrest me if you like," said she. "You are the only person in the world to whom I would surrender. I could not stand it from this fool." She gave a backward gesture of her head toward the form of the unconscious Chris. "But I am not guilty of any wrong. Neither is Léontine. Those two men made us their dupes. But if you want to arrest me"—she glided closer still, and her eyes seemed to pour their melted amber into the fascinated ones of the sheriff—"then you may do so."

It is doubtful if Patricia felt at that moment the least uncertainty as to what must happen next. She knew, of course, that the sheriff was a powerful man; none could help but realize this from his breadth of shoulder, depth of chest and heavy muscles, which seemed flung, as it were, upon his big-boned frame. But Patricia, past mistress of the Japanese and Danish schools of offensive-defensive unarmed combat, backed by a profound knowledge of the weak spots to be found in the strongest human anatomy, knew that the more heavy and powerful the man the slower is apt to be his muscular innervation.

Though her own actual strength was unusual it was no more superhuman than that of the average woman gymnast in a circus. It was science and swiftness on which she counted far more than weight and strength. As an extreme illustration of the advantage to be found therein, let one imagine how much chance an athlete whose movements are projected by the ultrarapid camera would have against one depicted at normal speed.

Even the sight of the unconscious Chris might not have warned the sheriff in his englamoured state, nor the fact that he had seen her throw his bull upon its back, and been subjected to similar humiliation himself. It was her plea of innocence that roused him from his lethargy and put his muscles into a state of tension. If Patricia had known of what the Chinaman had told her host her tactics would have been far different. Perhaps she saw the change in his eyes and read a fatal error in her insidious attack.

At any rate she struck. It was the same blow that had given Chris his quietus, but it failed. It failed for the simple reason that the discharge of impulse from the sheriff was synchronous with hers. He was not a man to be caught twice napping, and at precisely the same fatal fraction of a second that Patricia had launched her offensive he had done the same, determined to clip her about her lithe body and put her in effectual restraint.

So as Patricia struck, his head was thrust downward and forward and his powerful arms encircled her. The impact of her fist glanced from his jaw harmlessly as a flying *éclat* might glance from a soldier's helmet which it struck at an angle. Patricia finding herself foiled writhed about in his grip. Her hands flew to his face for the terrible Japanese eye gouge. The sheriff baffled this by plunging his head beneath her elbow. Patricia throwing back her arm caught her own wrist from behind, and as his neck came under her upper arm she attempted the strangle hold, which she applied with all the power of its tremendous leverage. Despite his strength the sheriff could not break it, nor could he long withstand its pressure. But there was one thing he could break, and that was the girl's back.

He tightened his grip, hooked his great fist over his elbow, which was beneath her shoulder blade, and began to apply the pressure of his fearful vise. With his eyes bulging and his tongue thrust out he took up, as one might say, another notch. Patricia, fully appreciating her danger, suddenly relaxed completely in the jiujitsu fashion, and before he could take up the slack of this yielding she had writhed about so that her hip was jammed against him. But to do this she was forced to abandon her neck hold, when, bending quickly, she seized the sheriff by one knee and, using the great leverage of her position, threw him, heavy as he was, clean over her hip.

The sheriff came down on the bare rock, saving his head by loosing his hold of Patricia. And then he found himself upon his back. Patricia flung herself full length upon him and seizing the thick hair, which clustered over his ears, in either hand, jerked his head upward to smash it back against the stone.

But it did not go back. The neck of the sheriff was thewed like that of a mustang. Instead his hands clasped quickly behind her head and drew it down until their cheeks were crushed together with painful force. He might easily have throttled her if he had wished, but he did not wish. Instead he writhed about until they were side by side, when at the cost of a frightful laceration to his elbow he forced his way slowly and inexorably uppermost. And then, vanquished, overcome by the sheer superiority of muscular force against her fulcrums and levers masterly applied, Patricia relaxed utterly and lay quite still, her swimming amber eyes looking up into his burning and bloodshot ones.

For a moment the sheriff stared down at her. Then with a short laugh and watching her warily he drew from his pocket a piece of polished chain, still scored and brightened from the fangs of his puma, a padlock and a single pair of handcuffs. "There, my beauty," said he, "I've got you now."

He slipped the chain about her unresisting neck, drew it fairly snug and secured it with the padlock. Through the last link of the other end he passed the shackle of the handcuff, then snapped its mate shut on his own broad wrist. This done, he rose to his feet and stood for a moment staring down with an inscrutable expression at the limp figure of his captive.

XVII

THE blow with which Patricia had put Chris *hors de combat* though sharp was not heavy, so that the resulting concussion was of short duration. He regained his senses suddenly and in their full possession, as is apt to be the case where there is no crushing force applied. It was in fact precisely the method by which the plainsman of two generations ago might capture a wild stallion that defied his lasso were he a sufficiently good shot. It was known as creasing, and was effected by glancing a rifle bullet from the horse's head, which it must strike fully enough to stun by its concussion. Many splendid horses have been killed by the bullet's striking the fraction of an inch too low.

Chris awoke in no degree the worse for his brief nap. He sat up suddenly, to look with amazement at the struggle between Patricia and the sheriff. Chris might even have lent a hand in the subjugation of the girl, but it never occurred to him to do so. For one thing it would have struck him as absurdly foolish first to have been knocked out himself and then to go to the assistance of so powerful a man in his struggle with a mere lissom girl; and for another he felt that the sheriff would have resented such interference, in which sentiment he was entirely correct.

Chris had revived at that stage of the bizarre encounter where the two were lying on the naked rock side by side, face to face, with the sheriff slowly extricating himself from Patricia's serpentine embrace.

He now watched the sheriff's subsequent tactics with mingled emotions of satisfaction and disapproval. It seemed to him that a man of his uncommon strength should have been enabled to subdue the most fractious of young women without any such outrageously rough treatment. He would have thought that all the situation required might have been achieved by the sheriff's merely seizing her wrists. Then he remembered what had happened to himself, and smiled a little sheepishly. He knew the sheriff for a man of kindly nature despite a certain grimness of purpose.

Then Moistening Her Lips She Said: "Are You Trying to Trap Me Into Saying Something?"

But as Chris watched the sheriff pass the end of the glittering steel chain round the girl's neck, secure it with a padlock, then attach the other end of the seven-foot length by a pair of handcuffs to his own wrist, he felt moved to protest. Criminal the girl might be, thief and accessory before and after the fact to a murder, but after all she was a woman, and there seemed something terrible and degrading in this last act of his friend. He scrambled to his feet.

"Oh, come, Bob," said he. "She may be a bad lot and a holy terror in a scrap, but you really oughtn't to chain her by the neck like a wild beast."

The sheriff turned to him a pair of bloodshot eyes set in a face that was still turgid from congestion of Patricia's strangle hold.

"She is a wild beast, boy," said he; "but I've tamed others and I calculate to tame her too."

Patricia lay motionless. But her pale, tawny eyes were fixed on her captor with an unfathomable expression.

"I'm taking no chances with her," muttered the sheriff. "That chain won't gall her pretty neck as much as a noose of hemp a little later on."

His words produced a startling effect upon Patricia. She sprang to her feet and stood for a moment, a wild and distraught figure. Her abundant hair was tumbling about her bare shoulders, the silk riding shirt had been ripped and rent in tatters so that she was practically nude to the waist, the gleaming skin scratched and abraded, and her round knees in their snug-fitting gaiters were trembling.

"What!" she cried in a strangling voice. "Did Townley kill her?"

The color returning slowly to Chris' face faded, to leave it a ghastly pallor.

"Townley!" he cried. "Was that man Howard Townley?"

Patricia bowed her head; then folded her arms across her bosom, her fingers clutching at her bare shoulders.

Chris walked to where she stood and seized her by the arm.

"So it was Townley," said he, and turned to the sheriff. "It was the man who had sworn revenge on Nita Heming because she led him to betray himself as the most fiendish, coldest-blooded murderer of this day and age. He slipped through the jaws of the trap and must have got over here to join this gang"—he gave Patricia another little shake, not roughly but with a sort of suppressed and concentrated fury of despair—"and this woman helped him manage it. And for what? For greed. Here's her wage. Here's the price of Nita's life."

Gripping Patricia by her bare arm he thrust his other hand into the bulging pocket of her riding breeches and drew out a fistful of glittering jewels, which he handed to the sheriff. The other pocket disgorged the rope of pearls.

"I've been a fool. I thought only of the robbery, and that he had tried to choke Nita into silence. But it was cold-blooded murder. I'm sorry now I killed the foul beast."

Patricia raised her head. "You killed him?" she asked in a choking voice.

"Killed him!" Chris snarled between his teeth. "If he'd had nine lives they'd have been let out of him before I'd finished with his filthy carcass. It's your turn now, my girl."

Patricia seemed to shrink within herself. She did not fall, but there was a curious indrawing of her entire vigorous physique. One would have said that she had been subjected to a sudden desiccation or a sort of deflation which had abstracted a volume of not only physical but spiritual essence. She seemed to deliquesce, to melt away before the astonished eyes of the two men, to suffer loss of stature and dimensions, so that whereas a few moments before she had been a creature of force and size and vigor she became at once as if through some enchantment or exorcism a shrinking, trembling and terrified girl. And as though in dread of the devastating wrath now pouring from Chris in withering blasts she shrank against the sheriff, her captor, in the cowering way of a frightened dog against the knees of its master.

(Continued on Page 24)

We're up to the minute, it's true,
And fighting for liberty too
For pleasure and freedom to housewives who need 'em.
So now let us bring them to you.

"3-minute" men

About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.

For Cream of Tomato heat in a saucepan the contents of one can of Campbell's Tomato Soup after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately to the boiling point an equal quantity of milk or cream. When ready to serve stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

To Chris there was nothing strange in this. He saw in her merely a terrified evil-doer taken red-handed and cowering under the promise of retribution while still seeking protection of the law. But the sheriff saw it differently. To him she was the puma again, a creature dangerous, murderous, ferocious, but without tenacity of courage. In the revulsion of his sentiment he pitied her, and as if feeling this emotion Patricia cast up at him a wild beseeching look, then lowered her tawny eyes again. The sheriff dropped his big hand on her disheveled head, then looked at Chris.

"Come," said he shortly, "let's go."

They made their way along the shelf and came presently to a deep eroded fissure, a sort of gully, through which they clambered down to the level of the road. The sheriff led the way, behind him Patricia followed at the length of her chain like a savage animal subdued. Chris came last, steadily enough but in an abstracted way, like a somnambulist.

Striking the highway they walked back to where they had left the car. The sheriff beckoned with his head to the foot of the cliffs, then as if seized with a sudden thought he drew a key from his pocket, unlocked the shackle on his wrist and attached it to an awning brace of the car.

"Get in!" said he sternly to Patricia. "Put on your coat."

Patricia obeyed in silence.

"Come with me, son," said the sheriff to Chris, and led the way to where the body of Stephan lay sprawled across the flat rock. Chris standing aloof and buried in his thoughts watched the sheriff drag the inanimate clay to the edge of a deep crevice a few paces away.

"What's this?" growled the sheriff, and lowered himself until out of sight.

An instant later his head and shoulders reappeared, and he flung a valise out upon the broken rocks. Chris rousing himself leaned down and opened it, then gave an inarticulate sound that might have been a laugh or snarl.

"The final link," said he. "Her nurse's dress."

"Put it in the car," said the sheriff.

Chris obeyed in silence. The sheriff tumbled the body of Stephan into the crevice and began to cover it with broken stones. He was so long in doing this that Chris returned to the spot.

"What's the game, Bob?"

The sheriff straightened up and stared at him.

"I'm going to ask for something, Chris. It may come hard but I want you to do it for me."

"Shoot."

"I want you to get in your plane and fly back home. Then if Miss Heming pulls through I want you not to breathe a word of what's happened."

Chris reflected somberly on this request.

"And if she doesn't?"

"Then the law can have this girl."

Chris shot him a quick curious look.

"What do you want of her, Bob?"

The sheriff's eyes met his squarely. "I want her, that's all."

"What?"

"That's it. Listen, boy, there's no living human being but what's got a soul somewhere. Maybe I can find hers for her, and maybe I can't. I want to try."

"You'll never find it, Bob. There's none to find."

"Then so much the worse for her and me," said the sheriff doggedly. "She'll have to help, of course. If she won't—why, then the law can have her."

Chris shrugged. "All right," he answered shortly.

"You'll keep it to yourself—all this morning's work?"

"Sure. But if Nita's dead when I get back ——" His face contracted with a spasm that might have been grief or rage.

"I've got a hunch she won't be, Chris. I've seen lynched men brought round, and she's a strong girl. Come on, let's get out of this before somebody comes along."

Chris glanced up at the sides of the gorge. "I can't jump off here, Bob. You'll have to tow me down to where it's open."

"All right," said the sheriff; "let's get going."

They went back and stepped into the car. Unmindful of Patricia cowering in her corner the sheriff started the motor, drove down to the plane, then turned. Chris attached it close behind the car, then stepped into it. Driving slowly they soon reached the mouth of the gorge and came out into more open country, where the road led down in a straight and gradual descent.

"All right!" said Chris. "I can get away here."

The sheriff stopped, got out, and a few moments later the airplane soared away. For a moment or two the sheriff stood watching its departure, then he stepped to the back of the car. Patricia raised her head and stared at him questioningly.

"What are you going to do with me?" she muttered.

"That's up to you, my girl."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen here. They're not going to hang you, like Chris said; but the least you can expect is a long term."

A shudder rippled through Patricia. "I'd rather be hanged."

The sheriff studied her for a moment in silence. "Was Léontine in this?" he asked.

"No. She knew nothing about it."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true. Léontine would not have trusted Townley near that girl. She knew that he would kill her."

"Did you know that?" His blue eyes fastened on hers with a compelling force.

Patricia nodded, and at the motion the chain clinked. She began to tremble. The sheriff studied her for a moment in silence.

"Why do you want to save Léontine?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't I? Léontine is not guilty—and she is my friend."

There came the faintest suggestion of softening in the grim face of the sheriff. "Have you ever been in jail?" he asked.

Patricia shook her head and the chain jingled. She shuddered again and dropped her face in her hands. Then she raised it suddenly and looked at the sheriff with a curious glow in her pale eyes.

"I'm—I'm like your puma," she whispered.

"Yes," said the sheriff softly, "you're like my puma, only you're a human, and the puma could never be anything but a brute beast. How would you like to keep on being my puma?"

"I don't understand."

The sheriff rested his elbows on the side of the car. "I mean just that," said he. "I told you a minute ago that it was up to you. Would you rather be my puma down there on the ranch or be locked up in a cage in the state penitentiary?"

Patricia did not answer.

"I can offer you a better choice than that," said the sheriff slowly. "As I just told Chris, I believe every human being has a soul." Patricia nodded.

"I meant it," said the sheriff. "That's my bet, and I'm willing to play it to the limit. I want to help you find yours. I don't mean for you to be my puma—a pet or slave or anything kept on a chain. Listen to me, girl. You know what you said about the ranch that day we were on the top of the butte? You thought it was terrible. How would it look to you now? Because if you agree to what I'm going to offer, it's got to be the ranch for yours. Maybe for years to come. It's there you'll have to find your soul."

"How?" murmured Patricia.

"As my wife," said the sheriff.

Patricia's eyes flashed him a wild look. "Your wife? You would want me for your wife?"

The sheriff nodded. "I told you I'd play my bet to the limit—my dutiful and obedient wife."

"But why?"

"Because I want to give you every chance."

"Is that all?"

"No. I've wanted you from the moment I first laid eyes on you. But I don't aim to drag you any deeper."

He turned abruptly and got up behind the wheel, then started the motor. The car moved forward and began to roll down the declivity. They had gone perhaps three miles before the sheriff turned in his seat and looked back at Patricia.

"You can have until we get to Denver to make up your mind," said he.

Mile after mile fled past. The sheriff drove fast, the road was good and they were now descending instead of mounting.

Then at length there came in sight far in the distance the broken outlines of the Mile High City. The sheriff did not stir. He heard the clinking of the chain, and something brushed against the crisp curling hair above his ear.

"I—I surrender. I agree." It was the faintest of whispers.

The sheriff slowed and stopped the car. He turned in his seat. Patricia had shrunk back in the corner.

"Lean forward," said the sheriff.

Patricia obeyed. The sheriff unfastened the padlock, released the chain, took the handcuff from his wrist, then looked for a moment at Patricia with a grim smile; but there were deep fires in his dark blue eyes.

"Do up your hair," said he. "Put on a veil if you've got one. You're no longer a puma."

"But Chris?"

"You've nothing to fear from Chris if you play the game. Otherwise God help you."

"I'll—I'll play the game!" whispered Patricia.

XVIII

AS THE plane mounted rapidly the rush of air roused Chris from the lethargy that for several moments had come close to overpowering him. If the sheriff had paused to reflect he would scarcely have permitted the younger man to attempt his homeward flight. There are limits to all human endurance, as the sheriff well knew from personal experience, and the briefest consideration must have shown him that the divers strains of mind and body to which his friend had been subjected in the last twelve hours were enough to have overpowered the strongest of men. Chris had danced the best part of the night, fought for the life of the woman he loved and feared had been murdered, guided his airplane for hours, effected a precarious landing, after which had come a foot race, the killing of a criminal and the scaling of a cliff, followed by his being knocked senseless from a blow upon the jaw. The wildest of melodrama could scarcely have plunged a man into a more violent stress both mental and physical, and the sheriff, had he stopped to think, might reasonably have feared a fatal collapse with the plane rushing through the high thin air.

But what most supported Chris in the final lap was the tone of conviction in the sheriff's voice when he had stated his belief that Nita would recover. There is no such stimulant as hope, and it was now this hope which rallied Chris and made the speed of his swift plane seem like the heavy flight of a pelican as he raced home.

The distance, too, was accomplished in something less than an hour, and as he took the ground and came to a stop he felt himself to be well in hand. Disengaging himself he struck across for the Hemings' bungalow, in front of which the two cars were still standing.

Chris rushed up the steps, and as he entered the house he came upon the two doctors who had been in attendance when he left. These looked at his haggard face with quick professional concern.

"How is she?" burst from Chris.

"Out of all danger. She came to just after you left and has had a little nap. She's been asking for you. Her brother's all right too."

"Can I see her?"

"Oh, yes—for a minute or two. Wait a second. I guess you need a little looking after yourself."

But Chris was oblivious of this advice. He ran up the stairs, and as he entered Nita's room a white-clad nurse rose from where she was sitting at the head of the bed and gave him a startled look.

Nita was resting quietly with her face to the wall and one bare arm thrown over her bright hair. Hearing Chris she turned, and as her eyes met his she smiled.

Chris flung himself upon his knees at the side of the bed.

"Nita!" he cried in a strangled voice, and began to sob.

Nita's arms went round his neck. She drew his face against hers. "Chris—darling ——" she began to soothe and comfort him.

The nurse went softly out. She was an experienced woman and knew that this particular sort of emotion was in certain cases more curative than dangerous. But a few moments later Nita summoned her.

"Nurse!"

"Yes, Miss Heming." The nurse glanced down at Chris with an expression of dismay. "He's fainted?"

Nita smiled. "No," she answered, "he's only fallen asleep."

XIX

LEONTINE was putting the finishing touches to her simple but effective toilet when her room telephone rang and she was informed that Mr. Hartwell was waiting below.

Glancing at her wrist watch Léontine saw that he was precisely on the minute for their luncheon engagement. It had not been a surprise to her when the sheriff had asked the night before for an interview. Léontine was as skilled in reading the symptoms of a violent infatuation as any doctor of the Mile High City in reading those of the disease for which it is a Mecca. She had not missed the surveillance of their late host during the course of the ball, though she had been deluded in its motive. A man of his age and force and wealth who had lived the best years of his life womanless in the desert places would not prove a person to be lightly shaken off, Léontine reasoned, and she wondered what she could possibly say to convince him that his passion was a hopeless one.

The first glance at his face convinced Léontine that his case was even more serious than she had supposed. It showed lines and furrows that had not been noticeable at the ranch, while his eyes were slightly bloodshot as if from lack of sleep. Also his expression was more grim, the squareness of his jaw more noticeable, and his manner held a suggestion of constraint which Léontine ascribed to a not unnatural nervous embarrassment. But on the whole he was not only most presentable but with a certain air of distinction; well groomed, immaculate, dressed in a becoming suit of dark-blue serge that was evidently the handiwork of the city's leading tailor, and he carried himself with the military bearing of a soldier in mufti.

It was the luncheon hour, and the sheriff suggested that they go in immediately to the table he had reserved. This proved to be in a sheltered corner, protected by a column from the enfilading fire of curious eyes. They were served at once and the sheriff opened the conversation casually by asking after Patricia's health.

"She must be quite well," said Léontine, "because she and Stephan left early this morning. She did not come in to wish me *au revoir*. I am to follow to-night by train with our luggage, as Stephan wished the car as light as possible for climbing over the pass."

She wondered a little at the intentness of the sheriff's eyes at being thus told something that he already knew, but ascribed it to his emotion at learning that Patricia had left.

"Is Sir Harold still in Salt Lake City?" the sheriff asked.

"I suppose so. We were to meet him there."

"He was not there at three o'clock this morning," said the sheriff quietly.

Her statement told him what he most desired to know. Despite the comparative isolation of his life, the sheriff was a skilled reader of facial expression, a partly natural gift. If now Léontine had shown in her mobile face the symptoms of fear alone the sheriff's doubts of her might never have been removed. But thus taken unawares it indicated first intense surprise, which look was instantly followed by one of dread. She leaned forward, her mat complexion even a shade paler than was habitual.

"Yes," answered the sheriff. "I saw him. As close as I am to you."

"Where?" Léontine's voice was scarcely more than a whisper.

"At Miss Heming's bungalow."

Léontine drew in her breath with a sudden dilatation of her delicately chiseled nostrils.

"What was he doing there?"

"He was not doing anything. He was dead."

Léontine seemed slowly to freeze. Her eyes stared at the sheriff with a sick, a stricken look. But the sheriff watching her keenly could detect no sign of terror, no slightest flicker of apprehension.

Then moistening her lips she said: "Are you trying to trap me into saying something?"

"No," the sheriff answered. "I have already found out most of what I wanted to know. You might as well ask the question."

"Very well," said Léontine quietly; "and Miss Heming?"

"She is out of danger," said the sheriff; "but her jewels are gone."

Once more this simple yet crafty man whose guile was that of the mountains and plains and lessons learned from their savage habitants of men and beasts received

(Continued on Page 26)

CADILLAC

It might be said that there are two groups of Cadillac owners.

One of them is made up of men and women who are driving their first Cadillac.

To these, the wonderful dependability of their car is still a discovery and a delight as welcome today as it was yesterday.

It is something which they had never encountered before. It is as unique and unusual in their motor car experience as it is among motor cars.

The other group includes those who have enjoyed this splendid Cadillac reliability over a period of years.

Long ago they learned to place high value upon it. They count upon it with all the confidence born of past performance.

The ease with which they come and go, without trouble or annoyance, without delay or inconvenience, has literally become a necessity in their daily activities.

Eventually the two groups merge and the distinction between them passes. The process never stops.

The new owners, also, learn that the most satisfying thing of all about the Cadillac is that its dependability goes on and on; that it never changes and never grows less; and that it lasts as long as the car lasts.

For this quality, which gives the superiority that marks the Cadillac a truly great car, is built into inanimate iron and steel with all the skill, and care, and precision which come only with years of fine manufacturing.

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HYDROGEN PEROXIDE MERCK

Unusually pure. Of full strength. Contains no acids. Gives an abundance of purifying oxygen.

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the information he desired, for the beautiful Slavic features opposite him proclaimed the shocked astonishment of the brain behind them, then instantly assumed a look of anger. There was no mistaking the genuineness of this. Any person might exhibit the facial traits of anger at will, but to control the vasomotor centers is a different matter, and the crimson signals of a passionate wrath were now flying in Léontine's clear skin. The pupils of her eyes also dilated.

"Whom do you suspect?" she asked.

"Not you," said the sheriff. "It's plain enough even to a stupid fellow like me that this is a surprise to you."

Léontine bowed her head. "It is," said she.

"What did you know about the scheme?" asked the sheriff.

"Nothing."

"Think again. I know all about you, Léontine. More than that, I know that you voted down Patricia's plan to shoot me up on the road from the ranch here and get the diamonds. I know all about the late Howard Townley, alias Sir Harold Trimble."

Léontine raised her small, slender hands to her temples.

"Think again," repeated the sheriff. "What did you know about this plan?"

Léontine let fall her hands and, leaning forward, looked him steadily in the eyes.

"I only know," said she, "that the stealing of Miss Heming's jewels was suggested. I vetoed it absolutely, because I did not dare trust Townley within reach of her."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew his hatred of her and his thirst for vengeance. I knew the character of the man."

The sheriff nodded. "I believe you," he answered. "Patricia told me the same thing."

"And Stephan?"

"Stephan is dead. Chris Carmichael shot him through the head this morning on the side of the road."

Léontine drew in her breath shudderingly, then: "Where is Patricia?"

"Patricia is resting in a hotel not far from here."

"In a hotel?"

"Yes. A hotel, not a jail."

"But is she not under arrest?"

"No."

Léontine looked bewildered. "I do not understand," said she faintly. "What do you intend to do with her?"

"Marry her."

Years of criminal experience in the capitals and resorts of Europe, years spent in eluding the most astute detectives of the world, years passed in intimate relations with the master criminals of her day seemed for the moment inadequate training for Léontine's composure at this information. She stared at the sheriff dazedly, then began to tremble. Though inexperienced in the nervous organization of women it was evident to the sheriff that some hysteric outburst was not far removed, and must be instantly controlled.

"Listen!" said he sharply. "Now that I'm convinced that you're innocent I'll tell you all about it."

Léontine with a tremendous effort got herself in hand, when the sheriff in his straightforward way described to her all that had occurred. And as Léontine listened her emotion gave way to wonder and a sort of awe. Her nature, responsive to extremities of passion, could appreciate far better than the sheriff's the psychological reactions which he described merely by the empirical results. At least she understood those of the sheriff. Of Patricia's she could not yet be sure. This strange organization had always baffled any solution even by so subtle a brain as hers.

"So that is how we stand," the sheriff concluded. "Outside of Chris and you and myself nobody knows about this robbery. Chris will keep his mouth shut for my sake, and you will do the same for Patricia and yourself. All that is known amounts to this—that a man pretending to be a doctor, and a nurse who might really have been a nurse, went to Miss Heming's bungalow, where the man tried to kill her but was killed himself by Chris. Miss Heming and her brother need never know about the robbery. The jewels are supposed to have been found by Chris and given to me to put in safe deposit. I have put them in safe deposit. As the case stands it is up to Patricia. If she sticks to her bargain, all right and good. If she does not, then she goes to jail—and so may some of the rest of us," he added dryly.

Léontine drew a deep breath. She stared at the sheriff in a mixture of fear and admiration.

"I thought we Slavs were a wild race," said she, "but it seems there are others. May I see Patricia?"

The sheriff shook his head. "Not yet," he answered. "When a man starts in to train a wild animal he's got to keep everybody else away from the cage. I'll let you know when you can see her. It may be sooner or later. It all depends."

"On what?"

"On Patricia. If she's got a soul I'll drag it out of her. If it's a crooked one"—his eyes blazed at her across the table—"by heaven, I'll bend it straight!"

"And if she has none?"

"Then," said the sheriff slowly, "I'll weld into her a piece of mine."

He called the waiter and paid the bill. They left the dining room, a focus for many curious eyes. But to these there was no hint of the terrific interview that had been so quietly conducted in that public place. The clients of the hotel saw merely a very beautiful woman of foreign type and a strong and handsome man whom many recognized with a friendly look as Sheriff Bob.

Outside the dining room the sheriff paused. "I'll send round for Patricia's baggage. I've got the license and we are going to be married to-morrow and start straight back for the ranch. Your car is in the garage. You'd better sell it. Now what do you think of doing yourself?"

Léontine sighed. "The last of my wicked world has flown to pieces over my head," said she. "I shall never go back to it again. What I do is of no importance to anybody, scarcely to myself. Do you know, dear friend—for you have proved to be such, despite yourself—I could find it in my heart to envy Patricia?"

"Think of that terrible country, countess!"

Léontine shook her head. "No," she answered. "I can think only of the man."

**

INDIAN summer was resting on the Mile High City, "frosty but kindly," the period of pause in an aged year, which after the turmoil of its life seemed now desirous to make its peace with the world before departure.

The sunlight was almost mellow, less glittering than golden, and not the faintest draft of air swept across the plateau. The nights left frozen ruts and crisp patches of white brittle ice in the damp spots, but to one walking about in the dry air it seemed impossible that this could actually be ice, for there was no corresponding chill.

Chris in the hangar was going about some final duties with a song on his lips. His work there was practically over and there were momentous things not very far ahead. His engagement to Nita had been announced, and Mrs. de Forest was giving them an elaborate dinner very shortly. Heming, none the worse for his misadventure, was steadily improving and he had given Chris a straight talk in regard to Nita.

"Nita needs marrying a whole lot," said Heming in his brusque way. "She's as crazy about you as you are about her and there's no reason under heaven why you shouldn't get married right off. The doctors here give you a clean bill of health. You saved her life and you've removed the danger that's been hanging over her, and the mere fact of your being poor has about as much importance as if you couldn't tell red from green. Nita needs a lot of looking after, and I'm not quite the man for the job—no brother ever is. Besides, I might want to get married myself if I keep on gaining as I have been for the last six months."

He looked at Chris and gave a prodigious wink. Chris laughed.

"I get you, Jerry," said he. "That big beautiful nurse is going to get a life position, what?"

"She's going to be offered one," said Heming dryly. "My sporting days are over. I propose to settle in this country. I've had my fill of Europe."

Wherefore one may understand the blithe snatches of song which burst from the lips of Chris as he pottered about the hangar getting a plane in readiness for a flight in case some autumnal tourist should desire to view the Mile High City from about a mile higher. He loved an airplane as some men love horses or boats or cars. They seemed to be the vehicles for the conduct of which Nature had fashioned him. The born airman is such by some peculiar heritage, as though he had grown wings which the high gods have denied mankind and for the lack of which many of us seem strangely incomplete.

Thus occupied he heard presently a car approaching and, glancing out, saw with no particular interest a taxi which had drawn up in the mellow blaze outside the hangar. A machinist came in wearing a grin.

"Say, Chris," said he with the friendly familiarity of the region, "there's a queen out here in a gas buggy wants to take a spin for the afternoon."

"All right," said Chris, "can do!"

He went out bareheaded and in his overalls. A woman in a hired limousine leaned forward and raised her veil, and Chris saw to his astonishment that it was Léontine.

For the moment it flashed across his mind that she was in some difficulty, seeking perhaps an avenue of escape, and his face hardened. He had kept his pact with the sheriff and breathed no word of the robbery or the pursuit of Stephan and Patricia. As for the sheriff's course, this had seemed to Chris like the one act of insanity sometimes committed in the life of an otherwise well-balanced man. He could not understand an infatuation directed toward Patricia, because he belonged to the class whom this strange personality repelled rather than attracted. Chris could see in Patricia only the monster cloaked in beauty, but this of a sort which struck him with a horror.

So now, finding himself face to face with Léontine, who he thought had left the city, he froze, just as he might have done two years earlier when, sent to Switzerland for his lungs, he had icily congealed at finding himself in the proximity of some distinguished enemy to the world's peace.

Léontine leaned forward and raised her veil. "You need not look at me like that, monsieur," said she. "I had nothing whatever to do with this terrible affair."

"If I thought for a moment that you had, madam," Chris answered, "I should not look at you at all. How can I serve you?"

"I want to say good-by to Patricia," Léontine answered. "I want you to take me there in your airplane. It is not very far."

"Can that do either of you any good?" Chris asked.

"It is not a question of that," Léontine answered—"or at least not for my part. But even the worst of us have our affections, monsieur, and I cannot leave this place without saying a few words to her. Besides, I desire intensely to know if there is any hope for her future happiness or reclamation. Mr. Hartwell told me that I was not to write or try to see her for at least a fortnight, and that period of time elapses at noon to-day. I do not wish to strain his kindness or the sense of hospitality, which seems to be a first law of this Western country. If I were to go there in a car it might be trying for us all. But if you will take me in your airplane we need only remain for a few minutes before returning here; and to-night I shall leave for the Pacific Coast."

Chris reflected for an instant. There was no person in the world whom he less desired to see than Patricia, and he was not at all sure how the sheriff would feel about his taking Léontine to the ranch, if only for a quarter of an hour's visit. Then he glanced at Léontine's pale face and saw it differently. There was no question but that she had suffered, and after all she had done her best to keep her fatal coterie from any criminal act. As for the sheriff, it occurred to Chris that if he had not desired Patricia to see Léontine again he would have said so and would have forbidden absolutely Léontine's going to the ranch at all.

Chris had not heard one word from the sheriff since they had parted in the gorge; in fact he had put him and Patricia from his mind, or tried to do so. But now in his moment of brief reflection it struck him that this in itself was scarcely worthy of a staunch friend. He could not see that it would do any great harm to comply with Léontine's request. If the outrageous procedure of the sheriff had resulted ill—and Chris did not see how it could possibly prove otherwise—it would be a friendly act to offer his sympathy, if only in the grip of a hand and the assurance of good will. But if on the contrary the man's bizarre conviction that he might yet achieve the redemption of the girl, his wife, had borne the

(Continued on Page 28)

PACKARD

THE record of the Packard Truck everywhere is a record of long life, dependability, and earning power.

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There is the first Westinghouse Packard, for example, bought 12 years ago. Its first year, it worked in the mica mines of South Dakota. For the last eleven years, it has hauled in East Pittsburgh, for the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, and is hard at it still.

To this demonstrated ruggedness, the Packard Truck today adds the advantage of being accurately rated to its job by Packard transportation engineers.

Every Packard Truck owner can rely, too, on the nationwide service facilities provided to maintain the Packard Truck at the highest possible level of earning efficiency throughout its term of life.

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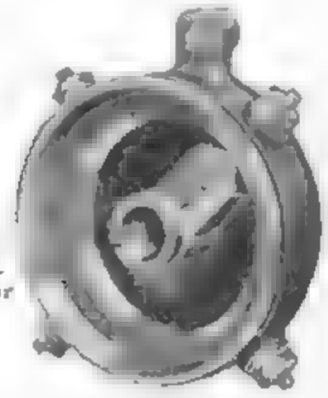
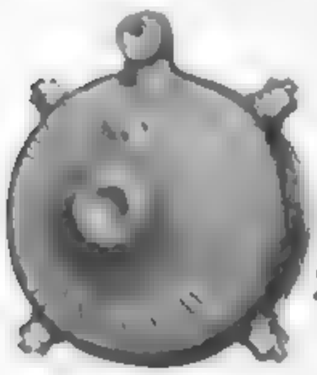


The inside of the new Never-fail - built to wear longer

Contacts of phosphor bronze, that outwear steel; selected, perfectly fitted fibre that won't crack or warp; for a roller, the famous Never-fail Timer Unit that prevents pitting and the resulting "miss," gives a fat, hot spark *all the time*, and gets double wear from the shell.



The outside of the new Never-fail— built for your convenience

A bronze casting, shaped to prevent wear on fan belt; each terminal plainly marked with proper wire color, for easy installation; oil cup designed for one hand oiling.

The Never-fail Timer, complete, sells for $2. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money refunded.

The Never-fail Timer Unit can be purchased separately for 50 cents—use it to get double service from your present shell.

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is another big investment in Ford comfort and economy. It brings more power—easy starting—smooth running—smooth and quick acceleration—freedom from carburetor troubles—real gas economy, for only ten dollars. And it's absolutely guaranteed.

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If your dealer doesn't carry them we'll send [illegible] postpaid on receipt of price. Please mention dealer's name.

(Continued from Page 26)

slightest fruit, such encouragement as Chris might be able to offer could prove of moral benefit.

"Very well," said Chris. "How soon do you wish to go?"

"At once," said Léontine, "if that is possible. We can go and return in three hours' time, can we not?"

"Call it four," said Chris. "The plane is all ready."

He glanced at her long fur coat. "I can give you some gauntlets and a hood."

"You are very kind," murmured Léontine.

Chris opened the door and helped her down, then told the machinist to wheel out the plane. He went back into the hangar and got into his flying clothes, bringing out for Léontine such accessories as were necessary to protect her from the rush of air, then saw that she was comfortably placed, and took his seat. The machinist turned the fan and they were off.

A mile high and his course laid in a bee line, with the railroad far beneath to serve as a guide, they drifted eastward and in what seemed an astonishingly short lapse of time picked up the buildings of the ranch far ahead and below. Planing downward, with their shadow racing them beneath and a little to the north, Chris made a gentle landing not far from the house. But before he had done so his experienced eye had discovered two tiny moving objects; like insects they were, approaching as if to intercept them.

He helped Léontine to alight, relieved her of hood and goggles and gauntlets, then turned, to see two equestrians riding toward them across the big field of a thousand acres.

"Here they come," said Chris.

Aside from the two riders the place had an air of absolute abandonment. Not even the Chinaman was there, for the sheriff had rewarded his vigilance and paid his passage back to Indo-China, whence he had come. There seemed to be nothing but the buildings and the prairie and a little herd of cattle drowsing against an oblong pyramid of forage, and the two lonely riders who had materialized from the enormous dimensions of the place.

Chris as he watched their approach was for the first time conscious of a consuming curiosity. There was nothing in all his past experience to compare with such an amazing situation. He felt almost confused, though not embarrassed any more than it might have embarrassed him to be confronted suddenly with some situation that had no bearing upon his life and world. His eyes rested on the two riders a good deal as the traveler in some outlandish place might examine a pair of its denizens, beings aloof from his own scheme of things and to be encountered with that formal courtesy which a person of dignity extends politely to any stranger.

He noticed then that the sheriff was riding a powerful pinto horse, which loped rapidly and with sweeping gait to keep abreast or a little ahead of a pacing sorrel ridden by Patricia.

As they swept up to where the airplane had stopped, Chris observed also that Patricia was wearing the same riding costume in which he had seen her last; while the sheriff struck him as rather smarter in appearance, clad more as a sportsman than a rancher, spurred and booted, yet with that air of informality from which a Westerner dislikes to depart.

They reined shortly and dismounted, leaving the horses to find their way to the corral. The face of the sheriff as he approached showed no expression of surprise, though lighting with that look of pleasure impossible to disassociate with the courtesy of host. Glancing from him to Patricia, Chris could see no change in her. The wide smile whipped up with the curious lifting of her left eyebrow as she gave him a glance before greeting Léontine.

Chris walked to meet his friend. "Hello, Bob," said he as their hands clasped. "The countess wanted to say good-by to Mrs. Hartwell, so I flew her over."

"Thanks, Chris," said the sheriff simply, and turned to greet Léontine precisely as he might have done upon her first visit. "Let's go into the house."

Léontine and Patricia preceded them. Chris lingered for a moment to secure his airplane. "We've got to be getting right back, Bob," said he. "The countess is leaving for the Coast to-night." He looked anxiously at his friend. "Hope you don't mind my bringing her."

The sheriff smiled and laid his hand on Chris' shoulder.

"I'd have been awful sore if you'd refused, boy," said he. "They tell me you're open to congratulations."

"Why, yes, Bob," said Chris a little awkwardly.

The sheriff gripped him by the hand, and Chris was struck by the peculiar radiance of his face.

"You're a wonder, Bob," said he.

"No." The sheriff shook his head and stood for a moment as if in thought. "I just played my bet; and let me tell you, son, it's going to be a safe one."

"But all of this," said Chris. "The place, the life. I don't seem to be able to get it through my head. Are you sure, Bob?"

The sheriff nodded. "Yes," he answered; "but then, I was sure from the very start."

The mystification deepened on Chris' face. "But why, Bob? How could you be sure? What did you have to go on?"

"Well, now, son, it's sort of hard to tell you. But I would explain it something like this: You see there are good people and there are bad people and there are all the others in between. But I couldn't believe that there was any living human who was pure bad straight through. Now if such a person did happen, I reasoned that there must be some flaw in the mental machine."

"Insanity?"

"Yes, in that one respect. A paralysis of moral sense which must leave that person irresponsible. Or if it wasn't that, then it had to be the possession of a devil. You can choose between the two."

Chris nodded. "I think I see what you mean," he muttered.

The sheriff's blue eyes kindled. "That's how I sized up Patricia," said he. "She was too bad for a normal human being, but her badness was only of one sort; or call it two sorts—theft and no consideration for human life. Of course that's quite enough, but otherwise I doubted there was any wrong in her. It was plain she was without the weakness of her sex. For all the bad company of thieves and murderers she'd lived in, Patricia had kept herself as clean as a snow peak. She'd never loved a man or listened to a man; and that, too, showed she wasn't normal, that there was something lacking or undeveloped or crowded out."

Chris nodded. "I get you, Bob. This devil in her was a jealous brute."

"You said it, Chris. She was bedeviled. I've seen it in red Indians, and a priest I once knew told me he'd seen it often up in Tibet. He was an honest man and a good man, and he told me that he'd exorcised these devils, cast them out like it tells Christ did, in the Bible."

The sheriff paused and his eyes went hungrily toward Patricia, standing by the door with Léontine.

"I got it in my head, Chris, that here was Patricia's trouble, and the more I thought of it the more I grew convinced that I was right. Then she showed some hopeful signs. She had courage, and played the game to the limit, and when we'd trapped her and I had her on the chain she stood by Léontine. And there was something else."

He stopped abruptly, and a swarthy color swept over his face.

"What was that, Bob?" Chris asked gently.

"Well, I'd felt for some time that this devil in her might be exorcised if only I knew the spell. I'm not a holy man but I've tried to be a good one, and I knew my will was strong. I felt that for one thing she'd have to get some tremendous sort of jolt, something that might nigh kill her, if it didn't kill her outright; and that morning in the gorge when I nearly broke her back and then held her down on the rocks and almost crushed the life out of her, there was something in her eyes as she lay there looking up at me, which told me that I was master then, and not the devil in her. I knew that second that I'd driven him out."

Chris stared at him, astonished. "And then you chained her by the neck?" he gasped.

The sheriff nodded. "Yes, I chained her like my puma—with the same chain. It came hard, but something warned me that I'd better do it—to keep that devil out. There was more in the chain than mere security, my son. It was a sort of symbol. It said that I was master and she the captive. She's worn one ever since—a gold one, with a cross on it."

Chris stared at him with a sort of awe. He tried to smile. "You're some tamer, Bob."

Again the wave of crimson color swept across the man's strong face.

"She did her part. She played the game. She stuck to her bargain. And now I know that she is safe."

XXI

THERE were tears in Léontine's eyes as she stood in the doorway making her last farewell with Patricia.

"I don't understand, my dear," said she; "but then, there are a great many things I shall never be able to understand. What has happened to you?"

"I don't know," Patricia answered. "Something has gone away—and something very wonderful has come to take its place."

"But this ranch—these terrible solitudes?"

"I've lived in worse ones all these years," said Patricia, "but they were different. They were solitudes of soul."

"Soul, Patricia?"

Patricia nodded.

"But the emptiness, the monotony? Doesn't it appall you to think of the years stretching out ahead—like these never-ending telegraph poles beside the railroad track marching on and on and on?"

Patricia's smile whipped up for an instant. "They get somewhere finally," she said.

"But you say that he has told you that you are never to leave this place," Léontine protested, and looked over to where Chris and the sheriff were standing. "It is really prison, my dear, and you know we all agreed that death was better than prison."

"There are all sorts of prisons," Patricia answered, "and sometimes I am not quite sure but that I have been released from mine. I can't quite tell you what I mean, Léontine, but perhaps I might have been my own jailer."

Léontine appeared to reflect. "It is very plain," said she, "that you have fallen in love with your husband."

A sudden flame spread over Patricia's face. "No, I don't think it's that. I never could have fallen in love with any man. I had to be enslaved. When he put that chain round my neck something inside me seemed to break. I ceased to be Patricia. And when he brought me here and I stood that evening in the door and I looked out across the prairies and realized that he had doomed me to this exile, something swelled and swelled until it burst and seemed to set me free. I knew then I was no longer my own woman. And do you know, Léontine, it gave me a sense of infinite relief. I was no longer to think for myself, nor act for myself, but just to please the master and do his will."

"Your spirit was broken?" said Léontine.

Patricia shook her head. "No—set free. 'From hope and fear set free.' You know Swinburne. Well, the lines:

That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

I was terribly weary, Léontine, without knowing it. Here in these boundless prairies I seem to have found my sea and my pilot. Some day, I think, he will take me into a safe port." Her smile flickered again. "Men don't always keep their promises of punishment."

Léontine sighed. Her eyes filled with tears. "If we could only tell the difference between our rewards and punishments, my dear, what a tremendous amount of trouble we should be saved."

Chris turned and gave them a wave of his hand. "All ready, countess," he called.

The two women walked slowly out across the open space. The fifteen-minute visit had drawn itself into an hour, and the weather promised a change. A slight breeze had sprung up from the north, and to the southward was a lee set of sullen cloud bank. The sheriff cast his eyes about the wide horizon.

"Norther coming," said he. "But you can beat it back and some to spare, Chris. I reckon the summer has kissed us good-by."

"Well," said Chris gayly, for his heart had lightened in the last hour and he had learned a deal of men and women and the soul of things, "it was some kiss, Bob."

"Yes." The sheriff glanced at Patricia and his eyes burned as they had the first day they looked at her. "It was some kiss."

Patricia seemed to drift from Léontine's side and to weld herself against the square bulk of her husband. Léontine was suddenly reminded of what this strong-hearted

(Continued on Page 30)

Essex Owners Are Saying These Things

THESE letters are not quoted to emphasize individual instances. It is because you will recognize in them the same things your friends and other Essex owners tell you.

Ask Your Friends

You have neighbors or acquaintances whose Essex cars have turned upward of 20,000 miles. They are familiar to every community. Ask them about it. How little oil it needs. How much mileage on tires and gasoline they get. How continuously it remains in duty, day after day, without even minor repairs or adjustments. How quiet and smooth and free from repair needs it stays.

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"This is the fourth car I have owned, and I can unhesitatingly say that its performance surpasses that of any of the other cars which I have driven

The gasoline mileage is around 20 miles per gallon and most of my driving is over rough county roads.

The oil consumption and upkeep expense are practically nothing."

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Oil Well Contractor,
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"17,000 miles in my Essex without even taking up the connecting rod bearings, in my estimation is some record.

Twelve thousand miles on tires, and the all-weather tread is not worn off."

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WILLIAM I. EVANS,
Member Automobile Board,
District of Columbia.

"Had 5 cars since 1913 of other makes, four of them far more expensive, none of them equal to the wonderful performance, comfort and dependability of my Essex."

LOTHAIR RICH,
915 Boardwalk, Atlantic City.

Engineering design accounts for much that makes the Essex so delightful and satisfying a car to own. But materials and workmanship also must be worthy of that design. It must extend loyally even to small details that you will never see but on which so much of your satisfaction depends.

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Only in that way could Essex satisfy our ideal as the finest car possible to build within its dimension. Only in that way could it carry the good will and enthusiasm of so many owners, on up through thousands and tens of thousands of miles.

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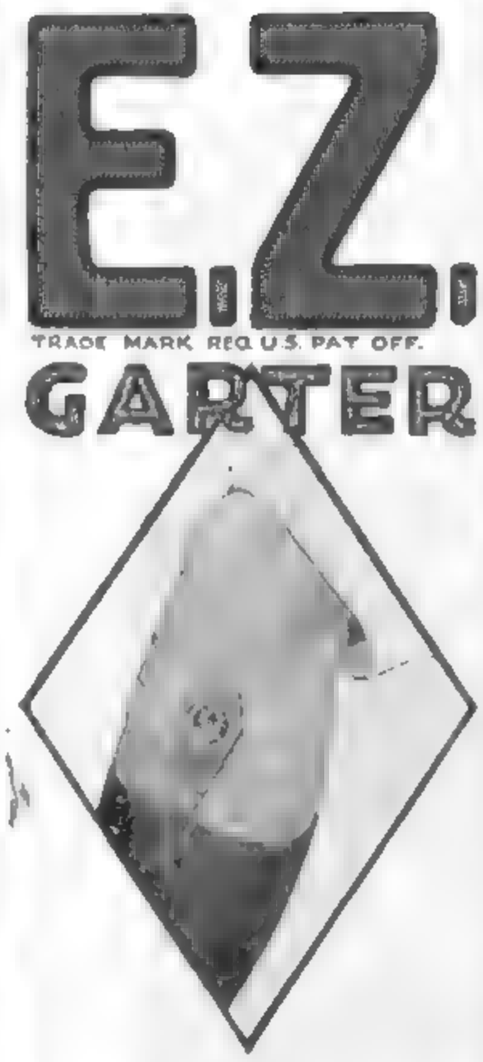

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In single-grip and the "E. Z. 2-Grip", 35¢ to $1, at 10,000 stores. Made solely by The Thos. P. Taylor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

(Continued from Page 28)

man had said to her at their last meeting. "If she's got no soul of her own I'll weld mine into her." And then as Chris disposed of her comfortably in her seat Léontine became suddenly conscious of the fact that she was absolutely alone.

For there was no Patricia, no sheriff, no Chris for Léontine. The first of the two were a part, complete, arriving at some place that Léontine had not yet found. Chris, her pilot, had his mind on the machine, and his heart in a bungalow of Denver. Léontine, only, was the negligible quantity. She, the best of the criminal band, was now the most utterly alone.

And when presently the fan thrummed and the plane took the high airs, and the shoulders of Chris bulked before her eyes like the controlling genii of her immediate destiny Léontine looked back and saw two tiny figures standing against the saffron glare of the ranch house. She caught the flash of Patricia's arm as she waved, and Léontine could not see any more because the gush of tears distorted all her vision, and it occurred to her how silly all wrong-doing was and how amazingly fortunate were those who found it out in time and lived according to the law; and she wondered what was going to become of herself and almost wished that that cold blue steely light would herald in a blast to spin the airplane and relieve her problems as those of Patricia had been relieved.

But this was not destined in the case of Léontine. Her punishment was perhaps of all her coterie the most severe. The loneliness of the prairie which she had dreaded for Patricia seemed an Elysian field as she stood haggling with Chris and trying vainly to pay her aerial chauffeur his fee.

"Don't let's spoil it by talking money, countess," said Chris. "Let's imagine that I've taken you in my car for a spin to Mars."

Léontine ceased her arguments and allowed him to put her in a jaunty little vehicle, and heard him directing the machinist to take her back to her hotel.

"Good-by," said Chris, and the loneliness of interplanetary space descended on Léontine, the least guilty of all.

And this loneliness increased a moment later, for she saw a girl with ruddy hair walking across the field, and she saw Chris meet her and take her hand and walk back with her toward the bungalow.

(THE END)

TELEPHONE TIME

(Continued from Page 18)

She addressed him promptly: "Officer, can you tell me the exact time?"

He produced from some recess of his tunic a large silver watch. "Ten-eight, Western Union," he pronounced.

"Then I'm slow. Oh, dear! Can you find out from the man how long it'll take him to fix his car?" she continued.

The taxi driver must have sensed the import of her question, if not the exact words, and replied irritably, "It'll take about two minutes."

"They always say that, don't they?" Clemente appealed to the policeman.

"Don't want to lose a fare," the uniform murmured, impartial and disinterested.

"Well, he's had a good deal—most of it. I'm so near I could walk and get there sooner, I believe."

"Where is it?"

"It's ——" she began, and stopped. She stared anxiously at the questioner, then turned and inquired of the driver, "What was the number I gave you?"

He returned a harassed glance. "Don't you know it?"

"Why I I did I wrote it down—but ——" She took out one after another the articles from her hand bag—felt in her coat pockets. Dismay was on her face. "I've lost it. It was something like one-twenty-one, wasn't it?"

"Blamed if I can remember. This engine put everything clean out o' my mind. I think it's one-something, though."

"What street?" the officer inquired.

"Seventy-ninth."

"Seventy-fifth."

Clemente and the driver spoke in concert.

The officer put his hands behind his back and looked at them patiently.

"I'm sure it was Seventy-fifth Street!" Clemente continued, appealing to him. "You see, I've never been to this house before; I don't even know the telephone number. It's ridiculous, but I—really ——"

She looked helplessly up into the blue Irish eyes that were beginning to display a quite human amusement.

"Perhaps if you'd tell me the name," he suggested; "this is my precinct, and I know the names of most of the one-hundreds around here."

"The name is Wall."

The spark of humor in the officer's eyes had disappeared. He continued to stand, balanced on his large heels, surveying her calmly. His expression was like a shield.

"Are you a newspaper woman?"

"I?" Her surprise was too genuine for any doubt. "Why, what makes you —— Oh, I see; you think I'm going to report the party?" She smiled. "No, I'm one of the guests, a friend of Mr. Wall's. My name is Mrs. Field."

Still he hesitated.

She watched him with increasing curiosity.

"Of course, if you have orders not to admit unidentified people ——" she began.

"Why should I have orders?"

"I don't know," she replied innocently. "It seems to me the least you can do is to give me the address. If I could only communicate with him in some way—but his name's not in the telephone book."

"It wouldn't be." The official scowled and muttered to himself something about a crazy place.

"Do you mean Mr. Wall's?"

"I mean this town. Everyone in it's crazy! Why a woman like you should want to go there ——"

He paused and she prompted, "Why not?" She waited a moment and then added, "Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Wrong? What should be wrong?"

"I'm asking you. It's in no danger of being raided, is it?"

His solemnity vanished in a broad grin, which became a convulsion of silent mirth.

"Raided? It? Not a chance! Why, what d'yer think?" He surveyed her indulgently. "We've nothing to do with it. He's a gentleman, and it's his house. He entertains high. Oh, yes; only the best people go there!"

"And I, not being one of the best ——" she hinted.

He flushed, awkward as a big boy. "You know what I mean," he began, suddenly confidential; "it's all right for them. Let 'em amuse 'emselves that way if they want to. They've nothing to do and everything to do it with. But you"—he pulled himself up, gave his shoulders a huge disclaiming shrug—"well, it's no business of mine if you want to." He touched her on the arm, and indicated with the slightest possible motion of the head. "See, about halfway down this block on the other side, a house a little farther back than the rest, two trees in green boxes out in front? Well ——"

She stared. "That place?"

He gave her a look only, an assent.

"Right there, all this time?"

He grinned. "It's never moved as far as I know."

"But," she faltered, "that's not the street I thought."

"I guess perhaps you forgot."

"Oh!" she breathed; then turning impulsively to him: "Thank you so much. You've been most awfully kind. I wonder, will you do one more thing for me? Pay the man? I won't wait for the change."

She had put quickly some bills into his hand, and was already a step away from him when he stopped her.

"You've given me too much. The fare won't be more than two dollars." He held out the larger of the bills.

She hesitated, encountered his glance, and received the money from him. "I made a mistake."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're more than kind. Tell me, officer, you say this is your beat? You pass here at intervals through the night?"

"Say on the half hours, up to one o'clock."

"If I should get into a box in there"—and she indicated, as he had done with a motion of the head, the house—"would you rescue me?"

He looked down with an unmoved gravity into the sparkling mischief of her face.

"If you should get into a box in there it would be the sort of box you'd made yourself, that no one could get you out of, except"—he hung fire for a moment while he considered her, and added deliberately—"perhaps, yourself."

Her eyes shone upon him with a greater interest than they had yet displayed.

"Well, I may even do that!"

"Are you going?"

"Yes, indeed. Thank you again, and good night."

She crossed the street, her feet making a trail of little prints in the fresh snow, and, walking rapidly, turned in at the house of the box trees and without pause ran up the steps.

Perhaps it was because of her haste that she breathed quickly and that two bright spots of color stood in her cheeks. Her manner as the door opened was certainly calm enough. She mentioned the name, that defensive name that sounded like a barricade, and that seemed in this case to destroy barriers. She was admitted, and the door closed. She found herself confronted by a slight youth, vague and impassive, who wore not a uniform, nor quite the evening clothes of a gentleman, and who inquired "What name?"

She mentioned it, scarcely noting his departure. Her eyes were busy with her surroundings—a high neutral tone, with here and there a deeper accent, nothing in contrast, and all seen in a subdued light that shone from nowhere. It did not shine. It was diffused; it filtered. She glanced up. The ceiling was of glass, or possibly a substance more precious, neither gray nor quite green; cloudy, translucent, luminous, mysterious.

A voice said with an inflection of amusement, "I was afraid you weren't coming."

She started and looked down. The door on the right stood open, giving a glimpse beyond of clearer radiance and warmer color, out of which the tall figure of a man advanced. He moved quietly, and yet gave the impression of being alert, nervous and ready. For what? The reply, "Anything," might have occurred to Clemente's mind.

She answered, "I was admiring your lighting system."

"The moon? You like it? It's rather nice. My mother—she's from New England—would call it chaste. But why did that ass leave you standing here? He had his orders to bring you in as soon as you came."

He was holding the door open for her, and she passed through, looking about her with unconcealed curiosity. They were moving together across a large room whose walls were of a tone so deep, so dull and soft that the eye must have observed it twice before making sure that it was gold. Overhead the similitude of a trellis glowed with the deep rich colors of fruits—red, purple and yellow. One felt the sun shining through their green leaves. She paused, studying the effect frankly.

"You've had this ceiling lowered?"

"Yes. That gingerbread brings it down six inches or more. Is it too far?"

"Decidedly not. It makes the proportion better. And I like your peaches and apples, at least for this place. They'd be too gorgeous in a mere house."

"But this is a mere house."

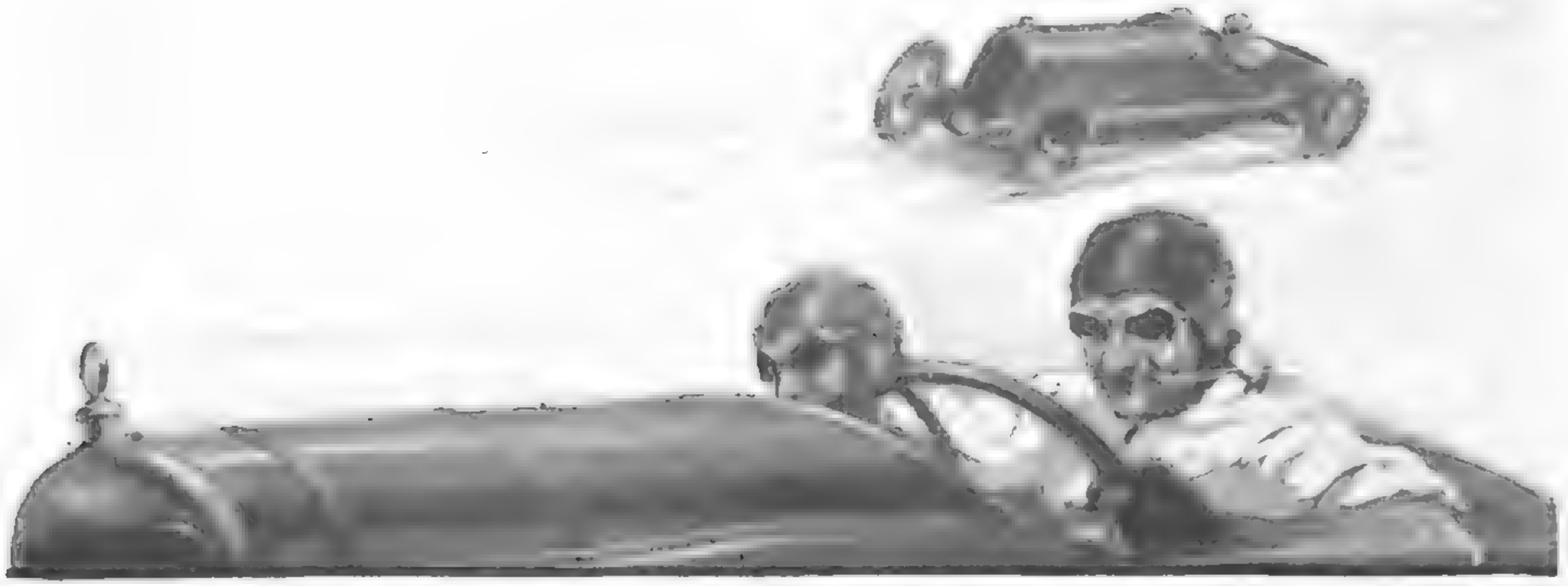
She shook her head at him. "This room a drawing-room? Can you imagine Sue getting married here? Or Jimmy bringing his college friends? Or mother receiving—here? You can't make me believe it! You didn't tell me the truth! It's not a house. It's not even a club. No atmosphere of geniality. It's"—her eyes dwelt on the large simple forms of the furniture, beautiful, scant, and with the look of being little used—"it's a temple."

His amusement seemed merely heightened by his surprise. "Really?" Then after a moment's pause: "And to what god?"

"Ah, I haven't gone far enough to know—yet. But one thing is sure, your god is worshiped for the treasures of the world. And I can tell you another," she added—"your god is vain. There!"

And she pointed to the inner wall of the room, which she faced now for the first

(Continued on Page 32)



He Knows Tires

"Take this set of tires," a great manufacturer said one day to Barney Oldfield. "Drive 'em to destruction. Then tell me what's the matter with 'em."

The Master Driver used the tires in but one day's racing. That evening he sent the manufacturer a telegram which solved a problem that had puzzled a whole engineering staff.

His Day's Work

Such an experience was, to Barney Oldfield, only an incident in a day's work.

For tires were his specialty — the study of their strength and weakness a frequent assignment from those who knew and trusted him.

Even then he had begun to combine his whole experience into a tire that would some day bear his own name —a super-tire so designed and proportioned that it would *wear* out before it would *blow* out.

Thousands of motorists know today that Barney Oldfield's dream has come true.

Trouble Freedom!

They are riding on Oldfield Tires. And they are riding with such comfort, confidence and trouble-freedom as only Oldfield Tires can give.

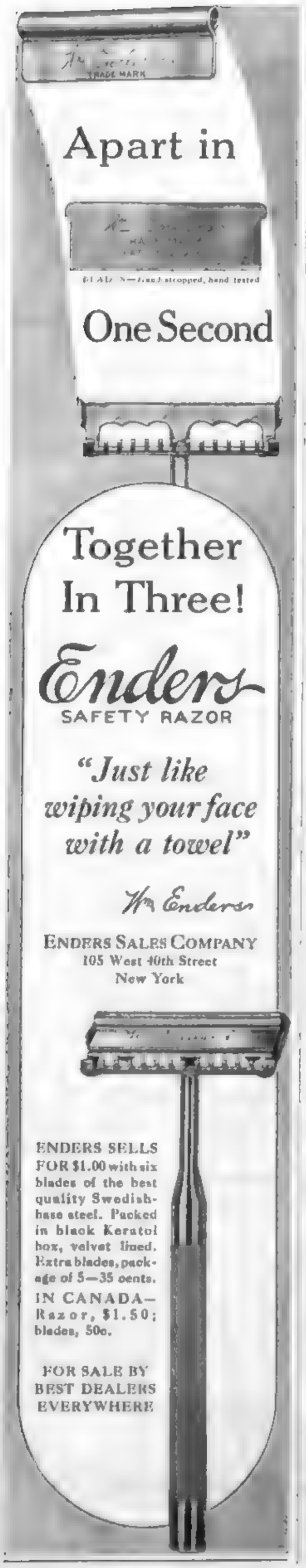
Barney Oldfield races no more. With men and money behind him he is building Oldfield Tires. They are tires you can trust — the best tires the world's greatest tire user knows.

Trust Barney Oldfield!

Trust Barney Oldfield as the Tire Industry has trusted him for many years!

And put your confidence in Oldfield Tires!

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, O.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ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents.
IN CANADA—Razor, $1.50; blades, 50c.
FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 30)

time. Unlike the others its surface was made of what appeared to be a single sheet of glass, across which was scrawled in large design a fine scrollwork of gilded acanthus leaves, separating it into a multitude of small irregular mirrors.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "We're standing in a dozen places at once." She ran forward and, pausing in front of it, peered. "I'm there and there, and there!"

"You're equal to a dozen," he said from behind her shoulder.

"There are just as many of you."

"There's only one. I am a very simple person, anxious to please."

She turned round upon him. There was nothing in his appearance to deny his words. If his manner was not quite anxious, at least it was interested. His gray clear eyes seemed to see with remarkable concentration exactly what was before him.

"You think this garish, don't you?" he asked. "It offends your taste?"

"On the contrary, it's wonderful! So gay and festive, and yet so still!" She listened. "It's as though we were a thousand miles from a living soul."

"And yet I assure you there are other people in this place."

"Are you reassuring me? Because I don't need ——"

She ceased. She had caught a glimpse of another figure. It was standing in the far doorway; its large bulk, gray and solid, seemed to have been arrested there by the sight of them. The glance it gave her across the room was hard and penetrating as a gleam of steel. It was there, and it was not. For a moment Clemente continued to gaze at the empty threshold with a sort of fascination. Then, turning to the mirrors, she looked at herself; and again at her companion.

"Is there anything queer about me?"

"Nothing that isn't charming. Why do you ask?"

"Because that man ——" She broke off. "Do you know," she continued naïvely, "he reminds me of someone."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Someone who has been pointed out to me: J. P. Walden."

The famous name on her lips made him smile. "Women are always finding resemblances." He laid his hand on the mirror. "Do you want to see more of my house?"

"By all means."

"Alice, will you walk through the looking-glass?"

She fixed him with her dark eyes, which in their power of telling nothing were almost equal to his. "Will everything be reversed?"

"Everything will be exactly as you please." Apparently he merely touched the mirror. A section flew in.

Her lips made a sound of astonishment. She peered into the small room beyond, charming in its austerity of neutral tints and low lights shaded with grayish rose. The top of a desk covered with orderly papers held her attention.

"But this is your office?"

"Won't you come in?"

"I should be an intruder."

"Not if I ask you." Then as she still hesitated the panel flew back into place. He glanced behind him toward the door at the other end of the room.

"If you are protecting me ——" she began.

He bent his head toward her with a kind smile. "I'll be frank with you; you've been so admirably frank with me. I'm not protecting you. It's not necessary. I'm protecting my guests. But we'll discuss that later. Now ——"

He gave a curt nod toward the glass, and at the touch of his fingers the panel again flew open. As if his nod had been a push that physically propelled her, she passed through, and he closed the opening behind them.

"There!" he exclaimed.

He was standing with his back to the panel and looked both relieved and triumphant. In fact there was a sense of security in the place.

It seemed normal, furnished, like all places of work, with the fewest possible objects, no ornaments—if one excepted the paper weight in the form of a crouched animal—no pictures on the walls, only the paneling from floor to ceiling of light grayish wood, the same wood of which the desk was made; its tone was repeated in the stuff of the chairs, a gray leather. The only definite note of color in the room was a grate glowing with coals.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said. "Sit there beside the fire. That's nice."

She sank back into the chair he pushed forward for her and watched him silently while he moved across the room and pressed a bell beside a quite visible door; while he spoke to someone outside, closed it and, returning, seated himself beside her.

"Now," he remarked, "we have a secret between us. That entrance through the glass is not supposed to be there. Besides you and me and the architect, only one person knows of its existence."

"It's very nice of you to trust me."

"I trusted you on sight, and I seldom make a mistake. Besides, there was no help for it. I couldn't take you around the other way. There are people in the hall."

"Am I so very alarming?"

"Very—to me. Then think how much more so to them, who don't know how you came here. A temple, you see, is a very conservative place, and the worshipers are disturbed if they find sight-seers chatting on the steps with—well, for the sake of the figure of speech—say, with the priest."

"Why can't I be a worshiper?"

His expression became indulgent. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

A light knock made him rise again and go to the door, from which he returned presently with a bottle and two glasses. She waited until they were filled before she repeated her question.

"Won't you tell me the name of your god?"

"Was it to find out, that you came?" he countered sharply.

"I came," she said slowly, "because I liked the sound of your voice, and because—I wanted to forget something."

"Ah!"

"It wasn't," she continued, "until I had seen this place, and you, that I thought—but then the look of it, what you said, what happened, everything was so—so unusual. It's been gradually working upon me until now my curiosity is at the point of bursting."

Her intensity, half real, half assumed and humorous, appeared to delight him.

"And have you forgotten?"

"I feel," she began, "as though I was just at the point of it, and that I could forget everything forever if I only knew."

He laughed outright. "You are an enchanting woman!"

She received this tribute with a dubious air. "Of course it's wonderful to have things like that said to one; and I do like it awfully; but if I were really enchanting ——"

Still laughing he conceded: "You want a proof? Very well, then, if you must; here is a riddle. My deity is of the feminine gender. She's the black goddess. Her name is Fortune, and her symbol is a wheel."

Clemente sat up. She had grown very pale. Her lips opened, but only a quick breath came through them.

"Red and black," he explained. "Why is it so very dreadful? I didn't mean to frighten you."

"I'm not frightened," she stammered. "I'm—I'm"—she leaned forward, grasping the arms of the chair, and fixed him with eyes that seemed momentarily to grow larger—"I'm terribly excited. It's wonderful!" The word appeared to lift her to her feet, and she stood, trembling a little. "It's such a chance!"

"Sit down," he said quietly.

"But it's such luck!"

"Don't use that word to me."

"Why not? It is!" she declared exultingly; adding with a tentative fall to her voice, "Isn't it?"

He had become for the first time since they had met entirely grave. "If you mean, do I run a straight game, yes. It wouldn't pay me to do otherwise. But if you had heard these words 'chance' and 'luck' as often as I, and then seen what followed, you'd understand why I don't enjoy them—not from you at least. They're not for you."

"Why not?" she insisted. "Is it because ——" She reflected anxiously. "Tell me, how much does it cost to come in?"

"That depends. Fifty dollars if you buy a deck. If you want to play the symbol of the goddess herself—why, that's less."

Her face cleared. "Ah, then, I can."

He shook his head at her. "It's not what it costs to come in—it's what it costs to stay—and to go broke—and come back again."

"But I don't want to come back. It's just this once!"

He rose, put his hands on her shoulders and forced her back into her chair. In the same manner, with easy kindness, he might have put back a nervous, overeager boy.

"Drink a little champagne, and then tell me about it."

Mechanically she wet her lips with the wine and set down the glass.

He had moved his chair until he directly faced her. "You're in need of money?" he asked.

She nodded. "Rather badly."

"All right. I'll lend it to you."

She seemed actually touched. "You're awfully kind, but it's impossible."

"That would depend on how much you want."

"As much as I can get."

"In that case nothing could be easier." He leaned back as if the matter was already settled and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He looked as though he were ready, at a word, to hand out the universe to her.

Her regard of him was almost tender. "But I must get it of the black goddess."

"You fool child, you speak as though all you had to do was to put your ten on black or red and rake in ten thousand. Have you any idea of the odds?"

"I don't know. But whatever they are, I'll take them. Other women do, don't they?"

"That's different. Certain women are members here. They've plenty of money and nothing to do but lose it. But you—do I have to tell you that what we are is in our faces? I know you earn your living. Oh, very cleverly—no doubt very picturesquely, charmingly; still, it's work; there's not much left after the taxes are paid. You, I take it, have just this little money extra; and for some urgent reason you want to make more. Is that it?"

She assented.

"Take it and throw it into the river!"

She stared thoughtfully. "Are those the odds?"

"About that. Better let me help you."

"I can't."

"Is it because you see that I'm interested in you? I am, very much. Otherwise we shouldn't be talking in here. I won't deny that I want to make love to you. I'll make love to you as much as you'll let me. I'd like also to prevent you from getting into this mess, just as I'd prevent you, if I could, from falling downstairs. But, don't you see, that help is quite detached from my feeling for you? It would put you under no obligations."

"Perhaps not. But that's beside the point. Even if you were perfectly disinterested, a philanthropist; even if you were my great-uncle, still I couldn't borrow money of you—for this!"

"Why not?"

"It can't be done with borrowed money."

"Why not?"

She hesitated. "I'll tell you afterward."

"After you lose?"

"Yes. And this is the truth: if I do lose I won't be destitute. I won't be disgraced and have to commit suicide or anything horrid like that. I'll simply lose!" She leaned coaxingly toward him. "But if you knew how absolutely this thing has been a stroke of fate! From the beginning, from the moment I had the fancy to answer that call, I was playing with the black goddess. I'm playing with her now. I want to play once more, that's all. I can lose; but I can't fail to hazard!"

He seemed to be reflecting intently. He drew one hand from his pocket, bringing with it a small coin and looking at her challengingly.

"Which is it—heads or tails?"

"Heads."

The coin rang. Close together they leaned over it.

"Heads it is!" He gave her a look, grim in spite of his amusement. "Wait a minute."

He crossed the room again and let himself out into the hall, closing the door quickly after him.

Outside a figure was standing, lounging against the newel post of the side stairway—Apollo in evening clothes, his face pale and a little haggard; still handsome enough to be an ornament to any drawing-room.

"Hello," he remarked. "Where's the girl?"

"What girl?"

"The one you were talking to a little while ago. J. P. was all fussed up about it.

(Continued on Page 34)

Bigger bins—bigger coal bills.

Better insulation—smaller bills—more heat.

A better way to keep warm next winter

Not larger bins and more coal—
Not heavier clothing to bundle your shivering body in
Not **more** *heat necessarily—*
But—less ***wasted*** *heat.*

And this means Insulation—the modern preventive of waste that is saving thousands of tons of fuel in industrial plants the country over. But strange to say, although Industry, through its engineers and plant managers, has long recognized the necessity of scientific Insulation, the householder and in many cases the house builder have failed to recognize that the same advantages can be obtained by the proper Insulation of the domestic heating system.

Is your home one of these?

All over this land there are dwellings that have hundreds of feet of heat-conducting pipes and flues devoid of any protection against the loss of the precious heat that passes through them—*and a square foot of bare surface, under average conditions, wastes one hundred pounds of coal in a year.*

And even where there has been some attempt at Insulation, the application has been so poor and the choice of covering so unscientific that the heat waste is almost as great.

Johns-Manville Insulations

Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesia, Asbestocel, Air-cell, Anti-Sweat, ZeroInsulation, Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.

But with the rising price of fuel, Insulation is being taken more seriously. Householders, builders and architects are learning more of the subject and the Johns-Manville organization has been one of the first to feel this tendency.

Working in close touch with the big industries of the country, Johns-Manville has learned through long experience what can be saved and how to save it under practically every condition.

And because Johns-Manville methods are recognized as standards of insulating practice, the big industrial coal consumers of the Nation are coming to us constantly for advice and recommendation on heat and power saving.

How to solve *your* problem

For you too, if you own a house or have a heating problem, this Johns-Manville Service is available. Go into your cellar, look understandingly at your pipes and flues, whether steam, hot water or hot air.

Are they covered? Are they covered in the best way by the proper material? For instance, are they covered with Johns-Manville Asbestocel, a covering that has been proved superior to anything else for domestic use?

Consult the best heating contractor in your town, or write us, describing the conditions.

There is every probability that at small cost you can find through better Insulation the answer to more heat for less coal next winter.

And this summer is the time to act.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that make boiler walls leak-proof
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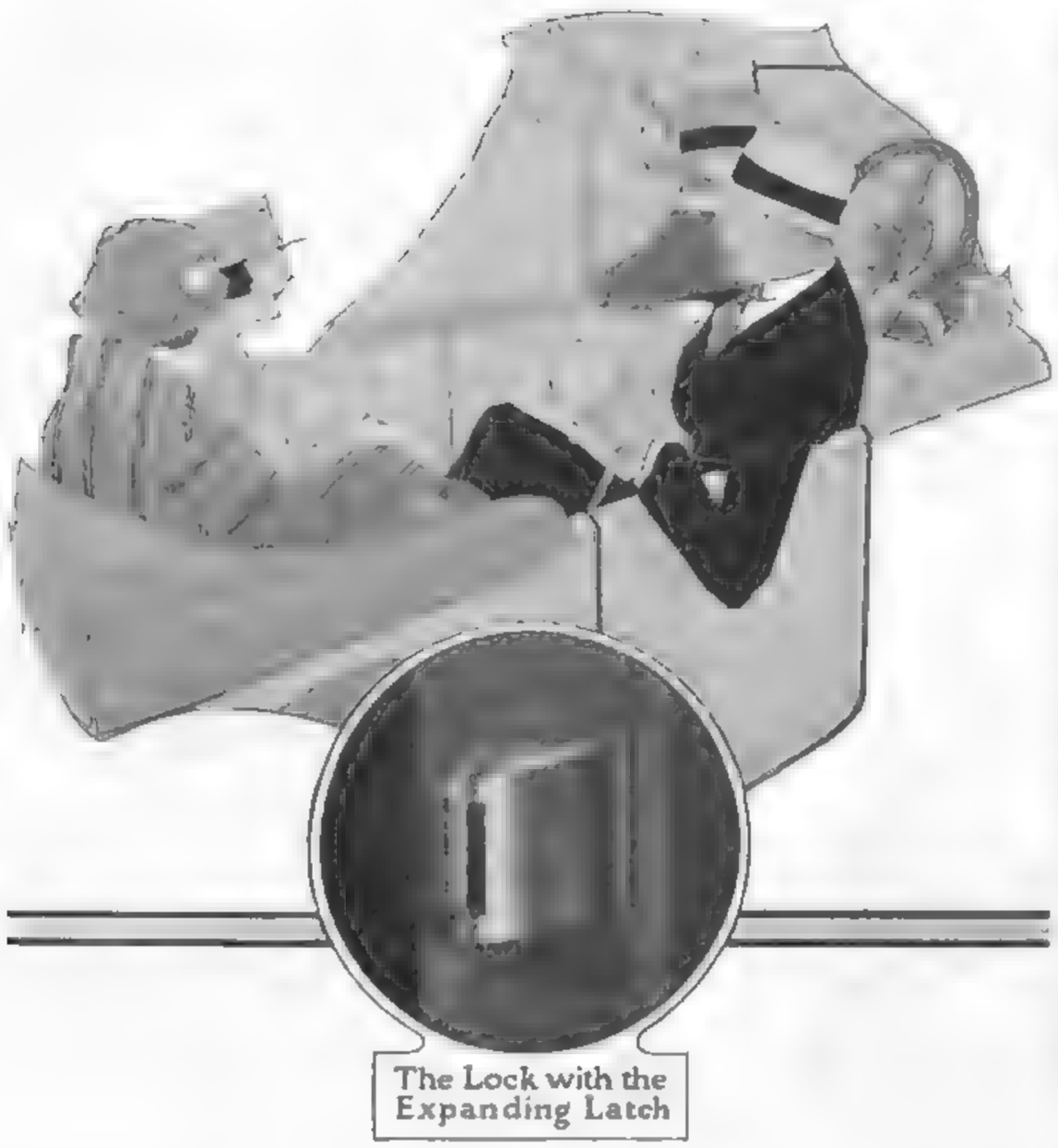

You can lean safely against the car door that has a Sears-Cross Latch

IT is interesting to watch how different people sit in their cars.

Here is a family group leaning back at ease, relaxing and enjoying the comfort of the car.

Then a car-full comes along—everybody bolt upright.

All a matter of door locks.

Find any one of the 45 makes of cars with the Sears-Cross Lock *(the lock with the expanding latch)*—and you will never again hear the warning, "Don't lean against the door."

The Sears-Cross Lock—a positive lock which you *can* trust—closes with a one finger push—latch expands behind the striker with an outward pressure—locks surely every time, taking up any looseness the door may develop.

The National Seal Company makes a complete line of *good*, substantial automobile door locks, of which the Sears-Cross Lock with the expanding latch is the best.

Look over the specifications of your new car. Wherever you find the Sears-Cross Lock you are justified in assuming care for your interests in every detail, large or small—good, thoughtful car building throughout.

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,
Executive Offices - 14th Avenue and 36th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Works - BROOKLYN, N.Y. - - PORTLAND, ME.
Manufacturers of
Expanding Latch and Solid Bolt Type Locks
for Automobile Doors
Blue Prints and Specifications Gladly Furnished to Manufacturers

(Continued from Page 32)

Chatting with a strange woman downstairs – irregular, and all that—you know."

"I'll talk to women wherever I please in my own place. If Walden doesn't like it let him stay out. What did he want here anyway?"

"Little game with you on the quiet. So he was wild."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone. Who is she?"

"I haven't the least idea."

Apollo rolled a blue, bloodshot, incredulous eye on him. "Really? What is she?"

"Modern woman."

"Hello! Ain't they all modern, everyone that comes here?"

"Not by a long shot. They have no principles, and are afraid to death of everything. She's just the reverse."

"Has principles, has she? Then what's she doing here?"

"What are you doing here? What's Walden? What am I? We've all principles, high principles of our own kind. The poor little wretch wants to play, and she hasn't any money."

"Well, if she hasn't any ——"

"I mean she's enough to come in—only that."

"Oh, that'd be rotten!"

"Wouldn't it? To let her come in and then be cleaned out the first turn. Still, I don't know. She's some idea in her head, and she won't get it out until she's put her money on it."

"And you want her to get it out?" Apollo inquired keenly.

"Yes, rather." He seemed to be thinking. It was as if his mind ran a course not identical but parallel with his words. "She might as well get it off her chest; get stung and be through. It's the only medicine."

"Suppose she makes a scene?"

"Not she. She's a sport."

"Where have you got her?"

The other looked at him without speaking.

"Oh, my eye! What'll Lucile say?"

"Lucile's not coming."

"I thought ——"

"Yes; I rang her up to-night at the Lafayette. But she didn't answer. The usual thing. Clear out, like a good fellow. And, Ed—ask one of the women, whichever you think will be the decentest, to come down."

"May Ballard's a thoroughbred."

"What, the perfect lady, the only child? Is she here?"

"Yep. Lucile brought her in the other night, registered under the name of Jones."

Wall whistled. "That's too dangerous! We'd get pulled if her old man found out." He reflected. "Yes, she'd be the very one. Ask her if as a special favor to me"—he smiled ironically—"she'll come for a minute."

Apollo nodded and disappeared up the stair. The other returned to where Clemente was standing before the fire. Her coat was on her arm, and she had every appearance of a person awaiting the summons to a journey. She turned quickly. Evidently his expression told her that the moment had come.

"You understand," he began, "that once you go up into that room all personal relation between us ceases. I may be there; that won't make any difference. You'll be on your own and up against it."

She nodded, eager and intrepid.

"What do you want to play?"

"The symbol of the goddess."

"The wheel? Have you any idea how?"

"I can watch the others."

"That is the very thing you must not do. Watch the wheel. Pay no attention to what you hear about systems. There's no such thing. See here! I am going to advise you as I would if you were playing my money instead of your own." He opened the table drawer, took out a small box, and spilled from it into his hand a number of white disks lettered in black: "I had these made long ago, when I was experimenting. They are the numbers. Before the croupier puts the ball into play take out one of these, and, whatever it is, stake on the corresponding number. Shake them up between times. Never choose—just go it blind. It's pure chance. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

Her small, glittering bag swung carelessly from her finger as if what it contained was nothing to her. She followed him out of the room and into the hall where a few moments earlier Apollo had lounged. Instead of him, near the foot of the staircase, close to the bronze newel post, waited a young woman, tall and fine; fair rather than blond, not pretty. She had the air of being above prettiness, above a great many things, in fact. She looked down with the vaguest polite inquiry upon Wall standing two steps below her.

He indicated the two women to each other by a glance.

"Miss Ballard, this is Mrs. Field. She's a visitor and wants to try one turn for luck. Would you be so kind as to do the honors?"

The fair girl inclined her head and murmured a sentence that sounded like an invitation. Clemente advanced cordially toward her.

"It's awfully nice of you," she said. "Thank you so much," she added over the banister to her host.

"Not at all." But he was already walking away from her, and barely glanced in her direction.

She followed the girl, whose slight figure in its narrow dark clothes moved on before like a shadow. Their footsteps were swallowed up in the thick carpet. They turned the corkscrew of the stair and emerged into another hall, lower and larger than the first, filled with the same dim luminous radiance, the twilight of Hades. There was no furniture whatever, only the dull gold of the walls, and directly in front of them two doors. The silence was unbroken. Not a rustle of any human presence, not a breath. It was as though the whole house was empty. The girl glanced over her shoulder at Clemente, beckoned and laid a hand on the door at the right. It opened and closed noiselessly after them.

They stood in darkness and looked into a flood of light. Light poured down from a dully glowing green hood upon a field of violent emerald. Around it was a border of faces. One was long and the color of pearl, with a double row of pearls wrapping the base of the throat. Its eyes, like all the eyes, were fastened upon something in the center of the green. This was the only thing in the room that moved. It spun like a large top, revolving more and more slowly, while within it something rattled and dropped with a sharp click.

A mechanical voice addressed the universe. "Seven—red." A hand came forward and, with an implement like a toy, raked in certain green and gold heaps, casually, as though it gathered leaves.

There was movement around the board. Some of the faces stirred and murmured. One said, "No use. It's a hoodoo for me. I've been playing it since ten."

Her companion touched Clemente on the arm and they went forward. As they did so a man rose from his place and looked at them.

"Take my chair, won't you? I'm going presently."

The fair girl smiled. "Thank you, Ed. Take it," she whispered to Clemente.

Clemente sat down. A green cloth extended beneath her eyes. Midway the wheel revolved slowly. Beyond it were gleams of gold, stacks of green-and-white paper, numbers, hands, faces. These, no doubt, were on either side of her as well, but she did not turn her head. She watched the wheel. It was small and seemed a thing to amuse children. The black and red sections glowed; the numbers, the letters were clear to read; clearest of all, the pockets, now empty and innocent looking. Her trembling fingers were in her little bag. She looked down into her lap, and again at the table in front of her. The wheel turned faster. She stretched out her hand, a slight movement. The thing was simple. All those hands darting here and there made it look more than ever a child's game. And then the voice, mechanical, addressing the universe. The sections of the wheel blurred and became circles of red and black, circled by a white ball that sang with a sharp note like no other sound on earth, rattled, rolled, hovered, rolled and dropped. "Seventeen—black."

She was very still. The girl behind her chair said dryly, "You're lucky!"

"I'm lucky to-night, yes."

She received from the casual hands some papers, green and white and stiff. She held them a moment while she glanced down; then placed them carefully on one of the symbols on the board in front of her. The ball spun. The wheel, the table, the faces all turned together. They revolved in brilliant green against black. They stopped. The mechanism spoke. The word was "black." The hands, white and indifferent, pushed toward her a little stack of papers. She took them, ignoring the figures upon them. *(Continued on Page 36)*

They pay heavily for it in later life

Thousands of men and women are cheated of full vigor for lack of one factor in food

MANY men and women are failing to get and keep the health and vigor that is their right because they do not understand that a lack of the still mysterious food factor —vitamine—causes us to fall off in health.

This falling off in health may not be noticed at once. For instance, animals lacking the vitamine from their diet appear to be in fairly good condition for weeks or months, but their lives are ended at a quarter, a third, or half the span they might reach if they were well-nourished. Faulty diet has lowered their vitality so that they become an easy prey to infections which prove fatal.

In these respects, says science, human beings have exactly the same experience. If our diet lacks the necessary vitamine, we become more susceptible to disease. We age at a distinctly greater rate than would otherwise be the case.

Without this mysterious food factor we fall off in health

Why many die of old-age diseases before forty

Each year 410,000 people in this country die from old-age diseases. Of these 60,000 are *under forty* and 105,000 between forty and sixty. There is no longer any doubt that our ignorance of the need for plenty of vitamine in our food is one of the important causes of this arresting condition.

It has been found that yeast is the richest source of the water-soluble vitamine. Here in the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is an easily obtainable abundant source of the vitamine essential to health.

Today, thousands of men and women are eating Fleischmann's Yeast to build up their body tissues and protect their health. Yes. Just plain Fleischmann's Yeast—fresh in the cake, just as you buy it at the grocer's.

Increased appetite, improved digestion and the regular and normal elimination of waste matter from the body are the results from supplementing regular diets with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is assimilated in the body just like any other food. It is highly digestible—is in fact an aid to digestion. And it increases appetite. It may be eaten at any time before or between meals. One precaution: If yeast causes gas it should be dissolved in a half cup of boiling water before taking. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

No one need lack this vitamine so essential to health when Fleischmann's Yeast—its richest available source—is so easily obtainable. Eat one to three cakes a day, spread on bread, in milk or water, or just plain.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast. So perfect is the great distributing system of The Fleischmann Company that their yeast reaches the grocer unimpaired in strength and freshness. Thus it is possible for you to get a fresh supply every day.

Send 4c in stamps for the interesting booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Use coupon at the right, addressing The Fleischmann Company, at Dept. CC-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Spread with jam in a sandwich Fleischmann's Yeast is delicious with salad

Scientific tests of the value of Fleischmann's Yeast

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

An increasing number of people we know habitually use laxatives, yet it is recognized that ordinary preparations can bring only temporary relief—they cannot remove the cause of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a conditioner that tends to restore the normal action of the intestines. And it cannot form a habit. Its value has been demonstrated by investigations recently conducted in the Jefferson Medical College and other leading institutions.

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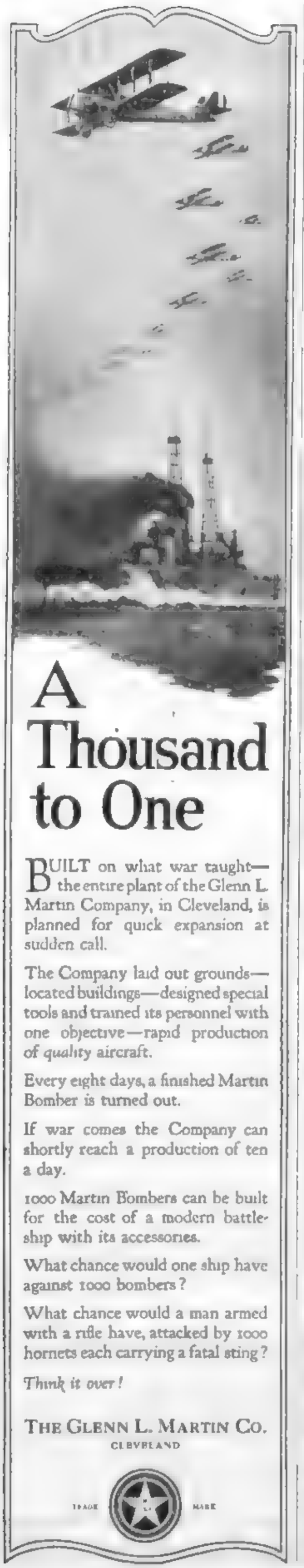

A Thousand to One

BUILT on what war taught—the entire plant of the Glenn L. Martin Company, in Cleveland, is planned for quick expansion at sudden call.

The Company laid out grounds—located buildings—designed special tools and trained its personnel with one objective—rapid production of *quality* aircraft.

Every eight days, a finished Martin Bomber is turned out.

If war comes the Company can shortly reach a production of ten a day.

1000 Martin Bombers can be built for the cost of a modern battleship with its accessories.

What chance would one ship have against 1000 bombers?

What chance would a man armed with a rifle have, attacked by 1000 hornets each carrying a fatal sting?

Think it over!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO.
CLEVELAND

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 34)

A man's voice was audible behind her: "That's a dangerous system."

She looked up. It was the man who had given her his chair. "I'm not playing a system," she answered.

"You've played black twice, and doubled on it. Are you going to do it again?"

"I don't know. I can't tell." She looked puzzled, like a person startled out of sleep.

"Let her alone. You'll only confuse her," the girl murmured. "Wait a minute!"

The whole room seemed to wait. The faces were hung there like a row of masks. Then the face with the pearls raised a pair of black, burnt-out eyes from a little book it had been studying, swept up the scattered gold from the table before it, and built it into a tower, placing it with exactitude. The wheel revolved.

Clemente seemed to fall back into her dream. Her expression was not dreamlike but alert. She leaned forward, observant and calm, watching the ivory ball; and in the following pause her hands as they took what was pushed toward them across the green cloth were steady. She let the bills lie before her, like waste paper.

The woman with the pearl-like face rose. The double string of pearls hung below her waist and there were pearls in her ears; but on the table before her there was nothing but the slip of paper. She brushed it to the floor and moved away. The door closed. A whisper passed above Clemente's head:

"Cleaned out."

"Against her all the week."

"Queer how it can last."

Suddenly the girl's voice spoke, almost in Clemente's ear, "Will you play that for me?" She had stooped down and was whispering rapidly. "I lost my whole quarterly allowance the other night, nothing left but this. You have luck. Put it on for me."

Clemente stared vaguely from the gold to the girl's face. The eyes, close to her own, looked glassy.

"But suppose I should lose it?"

"You won't," the whisper ran on; "and if you should, what does it matter? I'd lose it anyway. But you won't lose it. You have the luck."

"Yes, she's right. And you're the only one that has any!" It was the man's voice.

Another man, flushed and with drops of perspiration beneath his eyes, rose from his place opposite and hurried around the table. An argument appeared to be taking place between him and the man behind her.

"She can't. She's doing this for May. But ——"

"No!" the fair girl cried out suddenly.

"Sh-h-h!"

The warning was breathed from either side, but the girl, with her handkerchief to her lips, continued to babble:

"She changed. She'll lose as I did—on red. I lost everything that way. It's ——" She became abruptly silent.

The door had opened, and there passed around the table the tall figure of a man, whose torso, hands in pockets, appeared in vivid green light, whose head was veiled in shadow. He paused opposite Clemente. There were five persons now gathered about her. She looked at none of them. She took what the rake pushed toward her and handed it back to the girl, who accepted it, at first with a sort of nerveless incredulity; then suddenly, leaning forward, kissed her on the cheek. Clemente swerved a little from the contact, not as though it were distasteful but merely disturbing, an interruption of her intense abstraction. She might have been the seeress upon her tripod, beset by questioners and gazing into the sources of her inspiration. This apparently was an ivory ball that rested opposite a number seventeen.

A man, seated, looked up at the figure with its hands in its pockets.

"Beats hell, doesn't it?" he remarked, including in his glance the ball, the number and Clemente's face.

The standing one smiled. "Beginner." He let fall the word as if it explained the end as well as the beginning.

"H'm, looks it," the other commented. "Horribly excited. Doesn't know where she is."

"Won much?"

"I suppose so. Chucks on everything she has every time."

The shadowed face reserved comment. It lingered while the ball spun in the flying wheel; watched it drop, and then turned away. The brilliantly lighted figure strolled deliberately, completing the circuit of the table. It did not pause, but as it passed the group around Clemente's chair it brushed the shoulder of one of these, and then murmured something that might have been an apology. The door closed.

"Thirty-six!"

The word, flung out by the mechanical voice above the wheel, was echoed by voices here and there about the room. The man who was called Ed manifested himself beside, instead of behind, Clemente's chair, and insisted on her attention.

"You can't do better than that, you know," he declared, handing her her winnings. "And really you should rest for a few minutes. You've been at an awful stretch. Don't you want to eat?"

"Eat?" She stared as though he had asked her if she wanted to fly.

"Yes; there's food, in there." He indicated the left wall of the room, which in fact was a high pair of folding doors.

"Why should I eat?" she demanded in a sort of amused wonder. "You know what I ought to do?" She brought her hands lightly, emphatically, palms down, on the green cloth. "I ought to lose! Oughtn't I?" she demanded, leaning forward, her wide bright glance taking the whole table into her confidence.

An undertone, not quite of amusement nor of derision nor exactly pity, murmured at her in response. The head belonging to the mechanical voice was stretched a moment into view beyond the presence which had obscured it, and vouchsafed her a dry vanishing smile.

"Don't you worry about that," her adviser assured her warmly. "You can do that fast enough any time. Now you'd better come with me and get some coffee and things—and take that," he added significantly indicating the bills in front of her.

Clemente swept them together, thrust them into her bag and rose, reluctant. She preceded him into the hall, turning naturally to the right, where a partly open door let through the sound of talk and the occasional clink of dishes. Her companion put a detaining hand on her arm.

"He wants to see you downstairs."

She gave him a quick look. "Was that why you ——"

He nodded, "Yes."

Then, as he continued to hold her, she smiled.

"I won't run away."

"I'm afraid you'll run back and break the bank. Really you've given us all a thrill. May'll do anything for you! Leap to death for your sake. There," he added as he released her, "he's waiting for you; same place."

She descended the corkscrew stair. It was a magic house. The door of the office opened before she touched it, and she was inside, panting a little. She sank down in the nearest chair. Her face in the circle of her black curls was white and her eyes blazed.

"Well?" she exclaimed.

"Well!" the man called Wall retorted. He had never seemed less amused than at that moment.

"Why did you interrupt me?" she demanded. "I'd just begun."

"Begun! I should think you had! Three times every cent, and the third the limit! How long do you think such luck is going to last?"

"You might have given me a chance to lose."

"Never! If the black goddess has kissed you—and I don't blame her—then you must keep it." He looked significantly at the little bag. "I hope you won't think me rude if I ask how much?"

She was blank. "I don't know."

"Good Lord, haven't you counted?"

She shook her head.

"Then count it now."

"Somehow, I don't believe I can." She held out the little glittering bag, plethoric, distended. "You count it."

Standing before her he dropped the bills slowly one after another into her lap. "Three thousand one hundred and fifty," he ended. "How much did you have in the first place?"

She thought back into the immense past. "Seventy-four dollars."

"Then you've made three thousand and seventy-six." He smiled slightly. "I think the bank can stand it." He took up the money again, made it into a neat roll, returned it to the bag, drew up the string and handed it back to her. He looked at her interrogatively. "I hope it's enough?"

"Enough?"

"For what you want."

The significance of his words seemed to penetrate slowly and her expression changed. She was startled finally out of her dream, alert and anxious.

"What time is it?"

"Early; only twelve-thirty."

She sprang up. "I—I ought ——" She glanced around her, as if for help. "I must telephone."

"Here," he said, indicating the desk. "Do you know the number?"

"The Ritz." She looked at him helplessly.

He flitted the leaves of the book and gave her the call.

Her mouth was already at the mouth of the instrument; she repeated. There was a pause.

"Operator. . . . Operator. . . . They must answer. It's a public telephone. . . . Yes; a hotel. . . . Hello! Will you page Mr. Kennet Holden? He should be in the lounge."

She waited, staring at the glassy top of the desk, while Wall, leaning on the mantel, watched her with his faint smile.

"Operator, am I still connected?" Another pause, extending into minutes, while her hand on the receiver shook.

"Hello? . . . Yes." She listened. "How long ago did he leave? . . . I see. . . . If he should come back —— What?" The instrument replied briefly. She let the receiver fall back into the bracket.

"He's gone!" she said, addressing no one in particular.

Wall, with a strange renaissance of humor in his voice, suggested "Try his house."

Again she applied herself. It appeared that she knew the number.

"Hotel Bonnard?"

Five minutes of question, answer and waiting. Again she let the receiver drop and turned a frightened look upon her companion.

"He doesn't answer."

"They never do, you know."

She missed the allusion, the irony of it; was oblivious of everything but the fact.

"He was to have waited until eleven. He said he wouldn't, but I knew he would. He waited until twelve." Her throat contracted with a sobbing noise. "It's my fault. I've got to get hold of him somehow!"

"Telephone early in the morning."

It was impossible to determine whether the strangling sounds in her throat were sobs or laughter.

"St. Louis—eight o'clock. I don't dare."

He seized her and put her into an armchair. "Here!" He stood over her while she drank the glass of water, choking a little, catching her breath. "There's nothing to be alarmed about." He spoke tolerantly, but with just a shade of impatience. Crossing to the door he touched the push button. "In that case," he continued, "go to his hotel to-night. Wait for him. He'll see you fast enough. If he doesn't I assure you he's not worth his money."

There was a light knock on the door and a figure appeared in the opening.

"Call a taxi, will you?" Wall suggested.

"Yes, Mr. Wall." But unaccountably the figure continued to stand there.

"Well?"

"Is the lady going, sir?"

Wall looked at him; and he began hastily, as if constructing a necessary defense: "Because, sir, there's been a crazy man hanging around here off and on for the last hour; says he wants someone who's in here. I got rid of him again just now, and I think if the lady would wait a minute it would be safer."

Wall shut the door abruptly upon the sentence and faced around on Clemente, who had risen apprehensively.

"Did you give your friend Mr. Kennet Holden the number of this house?"

Evidently she had expected anything but this. "No, I didn't," she protested. "I wouldn't tell him where I was going. I ——" She stopped, petrified by her discovery. "He gave the number to the chauffeur for me!" A flush covered her pale face. She was a woman transformed. "Is he here?"

"He's not, but ——"

Clemente did not wait for the answer. She had flung open the door and was halfway down the hall. She seized the arm of the departing youth.

"Was someone here asking for me?"

"I don't think that he was for you, madam ——"

She interrupted him: "When?"

"A few minutes ago. He ——"

"What did he look like?"

(Continued on Page 38)

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—ANTICIPATION

The sixth of a series illustrating "The Great Things of Life." Painted by P. A. Carter. © E. L. W. of G. E. Co

To help you appear in the very best light

YOUR own little lamp in your own little room — what an intimate personal friend it is!

It shared the delight of your first party dress, it twinkled with pleasure the first evening he called, and shed its blessing that wonderful night when you put on your gown and your veil as a bride.

Be sure that the lamp in that honored place is an Edison MAZDA Lamp. It will help you appear in the very best light, for the very best light is the kind that it gives.

IT REQUIRES a very little effort to say: "I want half a dozen new Edison MAZDA Lamps" instead of saying merely: "I want half a dozen new lamps" or "new bulbs." And the effort is wonderfully rewarded.

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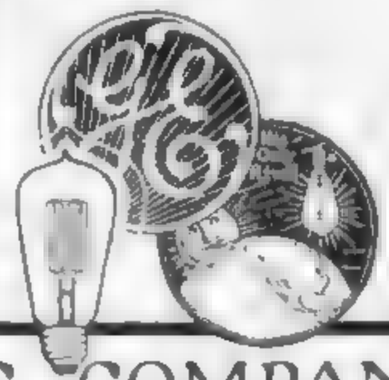

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Business Efficiency and Good Digestion

Many a man is a failure because of his petulant, fault-finding manner. To his associates his faults are attributable to a bad disposition. In reality his trouble may be wholly due to bad digestion.

If such a man will pay strict attention to his diet and chew Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will find it will help him maintain good digestion.

American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

(Continued from Page 36)

"Sort of thickset, and light, and dressed like a gentleman. He ——"

Clemente darted to the door and after a brief struggle with the fastenings was out and down the steps, putting on her coat as she went. A block in front of her a square-set figure was visible, moving rapidly west. Her flight over the snow was swift as a blackbird's. "Ken!" she panted. "Wait!"

He turned around, stood a moment as if in stupefaction, and then ran toward her. They met in the middle of the block. She clasped his arm. She clung to him and began to laugh.

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Wait! I've done nothing but wait for you all night! Where were you?"

"In there." She pointed down the block.

"I've been there. I couldn't get in. What was the matter? What happened? Did they detain you?" The savage threat in his voice made her caressingly, soothingly reassuring.

"Oh, no, they wouldn't think of such a thing. It was all my fault, you see, because I had no watch. And it was so wonderful! Oh, Ken, I have done something wonderful—for you!"

"For me?"

She swung off from him a little, still holding him by the hand.

"Yes, I've won a stake."

His expression was ominous, but she encountered it gayly. "Yes, a grubstake, you know, the way they stake prospectors. Well, you're staked—and it was with your money—and now you can go prospecting in New York; and we can ——"

Her courage seemed to fail and she looked at him pleadingly.

"Would you mind explaining what you're talking about? Where did you win this stake, as you call it. In a pool room?"

Sarcasm might have been detected in his words, but her answer struck him dumb.

"Roulette." She considered with satisfaction the effect of this single word; and added triumphantly, "Three thousand and seventy-six dollars."

"You're mad!"

"I'll show you."

"I won't touch it," he said abruptly. "Do you mean you went into a gambling den ——"

"That's not really a good description. It's very beautiful; and only the best people go there. I saw J. P. Walden, and Mrs. Kingsland, and a maiden, high above the world, called Ballard. What more can you ask? Ken, I really didn't know where I was going when I started; but after I was there and knew, it was so exciting."

She hushed her voice at the sound of steps. They had fallen so softly in the snow that the tall man was upon them almost at the moment they heard him. He stopped and lifted his hat slightly to Clemente.

"I beg your pardon, but you left this."

He held out, dangling from the finger of his gloved hand, the little glittering bag.

She clutched her arm, the left. "Oh!" she exclaimed.

"It must have fallen from your lap as you got up," the man continued, proffering it.

She took it nervelessly. "I hadn't even missed it. I ——"

Opening it with a sudden air of resolution, she took out the roll wrapped with the rubber band, added a fifty to it, and offering it to Holden, "That's yours," she said.

Holden was white. The appearance of this other man seemed to have whipped his mood to a sort of fury. He waved the money away.

"Take it or leave it. Keep it if you like. Did you have this thing all cooked up between you?"

She made a despairing gesture. "I never saw him until to-night; I took the fifty from you so that you shouldn't spend it! I didn't want it for myself! And then this happened. It was chance! It's yours!" She turned imperiously on the tall man. "It is his, isn't it?"

"It was made in fair play," the other replied coldly.

"You see, Ken, what he says; it's true!"

She tried to force the bills into his hand, and in the attempt dropped them. The tall man rescued them and proffered them to her with formal courtesy, but Clemente shook her head.

"You make him take it," she murmured. "Say something. It's because I'm a woman—I suppose. I don't say the right thing. Please ——"

"Are you coming with me?" Holden inquired, addressing her in a voice unlike his own—harsh and abrupt. She gave an imploring glance at the tall man and followed Holden, who had already turned away.

The other, with his long stride, came easily abreast of them.

"One moment, Mr. Holden!" he said. "This money was won in fair play by a most remarkable run of luck: I know you believe this, because you believe Mrs. Field, and she has told you. What do you object to then? To gambling?"

"Not for myself."

"Oh, but for a woman!"

"Not if it's for herself."

"But for you?" The tall man whistled. "I wish I knew a woman who liked me well enough to win money for me."

The younger man muttered in a furious undertone, "Take your damn money and get out of here!"

"It's not mine. If you don't want to keep it, give it to charity." The tall man extended the roll of bills toward the other, and added in a clear voice, "Give it to the Society for the Prevention of Stray Curs."

Clemente sprang forward with a cry. "No!"

But the blow had been struck already. A hard hat bounded to the sidewalk. A soft hat landed in a snowdrift. The combatants were beyond her, on the edge of the curb. There was a sound of rapid fists, a muttering, a scuffling. Interlocked, they swayed and tottered. She crouched together, as if with the impulse to fling herself upon them, and hesitated at the sound of a running step approaching down the block.

A large man had arrived as if magically and had done what she had meditated. He had done more. He had wrenched them apart and, holding them fast each by an arm, stared from one to the other. This man wore a uniform, a night stick swung from his wrist, and his bearing was invested with a severe authority.

"Now then!" he exclaimed, and added quickly "None o' that!" for the tall man had, with a wrench of his shoulder, nearly succeeded in freeing himself. Now he became perfectly still; but the other continued to struggle savagely with the policeman. "None o' that, now!" the uniform repeated warningly. "It'll only make it worse for you at the station."

The tall man, wiping the blood from his face, said in a low voice to Clemente, "Run."

"Don't you move!" the uniformed one ordered, fixing a threatening gaze upon her.

Clemente seized his sleeve. Far from running away, she clung to him. "Officer, please! Let him go. Let them both go. It's nothing but a quarrel, a personal quarrel!" She was not crying, but she was trembling. Her fingers on the policeman's sleeve shook. Her lips shook as she tried to speak clearly. "He insulted my husband!"

The policeman looked down upon her for a moment, and then at the two men. "Which is your husband?"

Clemente pointed unhesitatingly at the shorter. "It was a personal quarrel," she repeated, "and he said something that my husband could not possibly—no man could—accept. He ——"

"What were they quarreling about?" Then, as she hesitated: "You?"

"Oh, no!" She looked reproachfully at him, as if that idea was too outrageous. "It was about—that!" She pointed downward.

The policeman looking in the direction indicated perceived upon the sidewalk a small roll of tightly enfolded leaflets that fluttered in the December breeze. "Whose money is that?" he demanded.

"His," the tall man said, indicating with a tip of his head the short man who had fought the officer.

"It's not," the other retorted grimly through his teeth; "it's his."

The officer stared. "What's the matter with it?" he inquired of Clemente.

"Nothing," she answered. "It's perfectly good money; only—it's not mine."

The officer looked severely, suspiciously at the three faces.

"It appears," the tall man remarked coolly, "not to belong to anyone."

"It must be a queer sort of money. I don't know anything about counterfeit, but to be on the safe side I'll have to take you all in."

The short man made a convulsive motion as if he were preparing to overturn a mountain, and then with an equally violent effort controlled the impulse.

"Look here, officer," he began. "My—wife knows nothing about this. She's not

(Continued on Page 40)

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art Rug No. [illegible] in a cherry pattern of old blue and rose. In the 9 x 12 foot size the price is only $19.50

"THIS porch rug is a wonder, Peggy! Here we've been trailing salt water over it for weeks—yet it looks just as pretty as new."

THE popular porch. What hard usage it gets in a season! Water from wet bathing suits—sandy feet scuff over it—summer showers drive in on it—the hot sun glares down upon it.

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Easy to lay, too. They hug the floor so tightly that not even a good stiff wind can ruffle their edges. And no fastenings are required.

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Note the low prices.

1½ x 3 feet	$ .80	3 x 4½ feet	$ 2.40
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The pattern illustrated is made only in the sizes below:

6 x 9 feet	$ 9.75	9 x 10½ feet	$16.60
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Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

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For those who prefer to cover the entire floor, no other printed floor-covering offers any better value than *Gold-Seal* Congoleum in roll form. Comes in widths of two yards and three yards—85c per square yard. Pattern Folder free upon request.

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Ask the agent for almost any motor car what kind of glass is used for equipping his car, and his answer will be, "Plate glass, of course." The makers use it because common glass doesn't parallel the quality of the other materials used.

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Look at the windows of a pilothouse on a steamboat. They are plate glass. They couldn't be anything else and rightly serve their purpose. The driver of a car is a pilot in every sense. He needs a truthful, unobstructed view of his course.

Nothing Else is Like it

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 38)

in this at all. Why not get her a taxi and let her go home, and I'll ——"

The policeman interrupted him. "What's your name? Your real name, mind!"

The short man, after a hesitation, answered, "Holden."

The policeman gave him the benefit of a strong stare. "It is! Let me tell you—I met your wife a couple of hours ago. She was in a taxi then, and she called herself Mrs. Field."

"Well, of course," Clemente broke in eagerly, "I ——"

The tall man made a sign, warning silence. He leaned, and began to speak earnestly in the officer's ear.

The uniformed one shook his head. "I don't care how much influence you've got—if you can't tell your name here you can tell it in court. And this funny business about the money too—none of you seem to want to explain."

"I can explain it perfectly," Clemente interrupted. She ignored the forbidding stares of the men, addressing herself eagerly to the officer. "They don't want to tell you because they don't want to get me into it; but I am in it. In fact it's all my fault. You see, my husband has had some business reverses, and we were broke temporarily; and I had an opportunity through another woman to go to that place—you know, the one you told me about when I first met you, and you advised me —— I had fifty dollars, all we had left. My husband didn't know what I wanted it for, but I persuaded him to let me take it. And I won that." She pointed to the bills, which appeared strangely small, dirty and insignificant against the freshly fallen snow. "I thought he'd be delighted. Wouldn't you?" she appealed suddenly, looking up into his face.

The officer returned the look gravely and dubiously. "Why, no, I wouldn't," he said after a moment's hesitation.

She continued to regard him with a slight frown. "Why not?"

"Why not?" he repeated. "Why, because I wouldn't want my wife—if I had one—or my sister, or—anyone else that I thought a lot of to be in a place like that."

"What's the matter with it?" she asked gently. "You told me yourself only the best people went there; and that it was in no danger of being raided; that it couldn't be touched."

He returned her gaze with a certain grim and dogged expression, the look of a man who realizes that he is somehow being put in the wrong.

"Whatever it is," he retorted, "I say I shouldn't like to have any woman I knew make money for me there, in that way; it ain't decent!"

"Well," she exclaimed, "doesn't that explain this money?" And again she indicated with a motion of the hand what lay at her feet. "My husband feels as you do."

He flushed at the suddenness and neatness with which he had been caught. He looked at her sharply, but her face was innocent.

"He felt," she pursued, "that I ought not to have gone to such a place; he wouldn't accept my winnings. Then this man, Mr. Wall"—she tossed off the name lightly as if it were acknowledged among them—"tried to force it on him, and, not knowing he was my husband, said something insulting, and so—you see—they quarreled."

The officer kept his back carefully to the tall man whose name had been declared. He looked at Holden.

Holden nodded.

"Yes, technically, I suppose that money does belong to me, but I can't take it."

"And there it is!" Clemente looked down at it with a smile.

The officer watched her curiously. "Why don't you take it?"

She threw her head back, a motion haughty and resentful. "How can I if he feels like that? You surely must understand that it's for my sake he does it."

"Yes, I understand, all right," the officer replied thoughtfully. "But just remember"—he turned to Holden—"while you're doing things for your wife's sake, that assault and battery is an offense against the law; and it's still more serious, the charge of attacking an officer. You gave me a good one there. See?" He exhibited a swollen cheek to Holden's concern.

"I'm so sorry," Clemente whispered.

He became bright red, suffused with self-consciousness. "There's a taxi," he remarked. He raised his hand. The cab circled and approached the curb.

The tall man, still with his tone of indestructible amusement, protested. "Are you really going to leave it lying there?" He indicated with his cane the roll of leaflets.

"Why not? Someone will pick them up."

She laughed and disappeared into the waiting vehicle, but almost immediately her voice was audible from the other window. "Officer!"

He appeared before her, still a little reserved and stiff and on his guard.

"If you had only given me the straight goods in the beginning ——" he began.

"I haven't given you the straight goods yet, not quite; but that is Mr. Wall." Her hands were at her breast, and when she took them away a pearl brooch was in them. "Give that to your wife—or your sweetheart—with my love," she murmured. "You see you've been best man at my wedding, and under the circumstances it's customary to give presents."

The door on the other side of the taxi slammed as Holden entered. The voice of the tall man at the other window said "Good night," and the cab darted forward. The head was withdrawn, and the officer, looking a little bewildered, slid his closed right hand into his pocket.

The tall man, holding a handkerchief to his cheek, faced him from the edge of the curb. He regarded the policeman satirically.

"If you were going to take money from that lady, X, why didn't you take what she threw away? You see," he added, "I know your name."

"I didn't take money from her," rejoined the uniform. "And what she threw away she didn't give me. You've a right to it yourself, maybe?"

"No, I've a fancy to leave it there for luck. Hello! Where is it?"

He stooped and peered. Where the roll of greenbacks had been there was nothing visible but the hard-trampled surface of the snow. He straightened again and looked at Policeman X hard.

The face of that person had never excelled in dissimulation. It wore an exceedingly conscious expression.

"So you did take it!" Wall exclaimed.

Policeman X grinned. He raised his arms above his head. "You can search me if you want to. Yes, I took it. An' I put it in her bag while she was talkin' to me out of the window."

"You what?" Wall demanded, and suddenly shook with laughter. "Talk about the unknown quantity!"

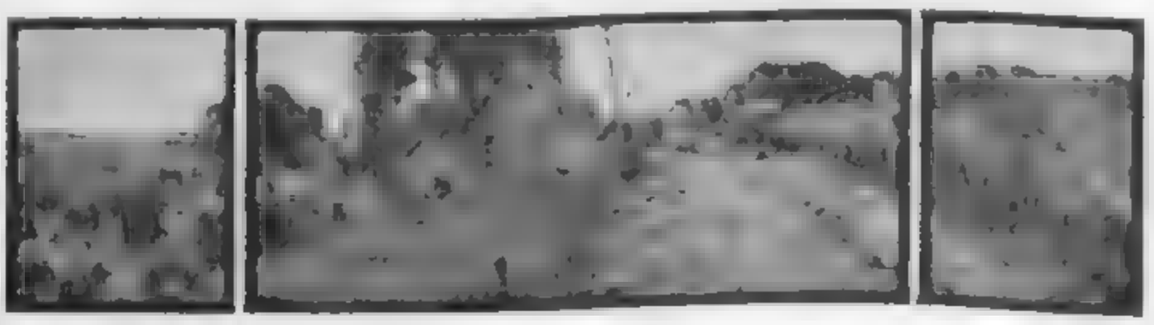
"Sure, I gave it to her," Policeman X protested. "It was easy! Why, I could have robbed her twice over, an' she wouldn't have known it, she was so excited. I couldn't," he continued earnestly, "have left that good money lying there for some millionaire or plain-clothes man to pick up—not in these days—now, could I?"

Wall ignored the self-justification. "D'you think she'll keep it?" he inquired.

"Sure—for him. An' when the right time comes she'll make him take it," Policeman X asserted comfortably. "You leave that to her. Why, that girl can get a man to do anything she likes before he knows what she's after. Here comes my patrol," he added apologetically. "Guess I'll have to be moving. Good night, Mr. Wall."

"Good night."

They turned, walking in opposite directions.



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Pet Milk is "milk at its best"—just pure, rich, wholesome milk—nothing added, nothing removed except part of the natural water.

In this convenient form it is absolutely sterile and will keep indefinitely without refrigeration. Open the container anywhere, at any time, and you will find Pet Milk as sweet and fresh as spring flowers.

For cream, use Pet as it is—or add an equal quantity of water and you have the finest natural sweet milk.

Try Pet today in your favorite recipe. Know what it means to have "milk at its best" always at hand. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes—tall and small. Write for a Pet Recipe Book.

The Helvetia Company
(Originators of the evaporated milk industry)
General Offices—St. Louis

This advertisement was ordered to appear in colors. Owing to strike in Press Room of The Curtis Publishing Company it was necessary to run it in only one color. When conditions are again normal, Pet advertising will appear in colors.

PET *Milk at its Best*
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Even our good values of the last two generations are exceeded in the present Macey line. Never has modern equipment of sound integrity been more fairly priced. Typical of this are Macey office and stenographers' desks in all styles

Designed for growing batteries, Macey steel and wood files now include vertical, horizontal and counter height sectional units in stock patterns, with interchangeable assortments of drawers, for economical standardization and uniformity

Noteworthy, too, are the better values in Macey sectional bookcases for office and home, in styles and finishes from plain oak to beautiful period designs. Each section has the famous patented Macey door that is never known to stick

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THE MACEY COMPANY, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
Made in Canada at Woodstock, Ont. European Office at London

TOO MUCH BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

trying to do a big-league business on bush-league capital. The president is a man still under forty and with a sense of humor. He laughed frankly over some of the incidents that did not reflect much credit on his judgment. His name is something like Wallace; anyhow I heard an acquaintance who came in while we were talking greet him familiarly as Wally.

Fifteen years before, when he was twenty-two, Wallace had finished his course at a local business college and got a job in the wholesale hardware game. The firm that employed him was not of exactly big-league caliber. It consisted of two traveling men who had some Eastern factory lines, which they sold on commission to retailers in the trade territory. They did not carry a stock of any of the merchandise they sold, but merely called on the small-town merchants and took orders, the merchandise being shipped from the factories.

The two traveling men did, however, maintain an office in the home town so as to have a place where they could receive mail and make their headquarters when off the road. This office consisted of desk room in the back part of a furniture store, the proprietor of which was a friend of the two salesmen and let them have the space free. Wallace secured the position as office manager of this enterprise, handling a correspondence that averaged two or three letters a day; his salary was forty dollars a month.

Eventually the two traveling men decided to put in a stock of goods of their own so they could ship directly to their customers instead of relaying the orders to their factories. Their commissions as ordinary salesmen were only 10 per cent, whereas if they bought the same goods outright and resold them to the merchants they could average more than 20 per cent profit.

This, of course, necessitated capital. The traveling men had been making good money but, like a great many others of their profession, had not saved much of it; the best they could do was to raise two thousand dollars apiece. They invited Wallace to put in a like amount and become a partner. By this time he was earning seventy dollars a month and had a bank account. He borrowed enough from a relative and became one-third owner of the reorganized firm.

An Unexpected Catastrophe

Six thousand dollars seems hardly adequate capital on which to start a regular wholesale business, but everything appeared to be in favor of the three partners. Their expenses were at bed rock. For a warehouse and office they rented at twenty-five dollars a month an unimposing but serviceable sheet-iron building alongside the railroad tracks. The two traveling-men partners were out in the territory all the time hustling to sell goods. Wallace was in charge of the sheet-iron warehouse, where he acted as bookkeeper, correspondent, shipping clerk and porter. In addition to this economy of operation the new firm had very good financial arrangements. The factories from which they bought their merchandise extended them credit of thirty days on all purchases; they in turn resold to the country merchants on thirty days' time. So long as their customers paid up promptly they could always meet their bills from the manufacturers.

Things ran along pretty smoothly for a year and Wallace had begun to feel like a regular business man. He joined the chamber of commerce, got married and bought a home of his own, which he was paying for on installments of forty dollars a month. Then one day he had an awful jolt. The two traveling-men partners walked into the little warehouse and announced that they were going to quit business. One of them had been left a little money and decided that he would buy a farm and settle down. The other one wanted to get married, and the girl of his choice had issued an ultimatum that she would not marry any man who was away from home three-quarters of his time; thus cornered, he agreed to get himself into some business where he did not have to travel.

This decision on the part of his associates knocked all the props from under the business structure which Wallace thought was built so firmly. If the business should be discontinued it would mean that their capital would be wiped out. The stock on hand in the warehouse would not bring more than sixty cents on the dollar if thrown on the market at forced sale, and there would be barely enough money to pay their debts to the manufacturers. For himself, the salary he had drawn from the partnership had not been enough to lay anything aside; he had a wife and a baby; the forty-dollar-a-month installment on his home had to be paid regularly if he was to keep a roof over their heads; and he had no idea where he could get a position that would bring in a living. In a moment he had dropped from the secure footing of a prosperous business man to that of a young fellow who had to go out and look for a job.

He desperately urged his partners to change their minds. He pointed out that the business had possibilities and that in a few years it would be large enough to warrant their quitting the road; he showed them, too, that the money they already had in it would be lost if the business was closed out. He was only twenty-four; he could hardly keep from crying as he argued with them. But his arguments had no effect. The two partners had made up their minds to quit traveling, and that was all there was to it. The best they would do was finally to agree that they would sell out their interests to Wallace and let him continue the business. This seemed rather an empty offer to him, because he had no money with which to buy and nobody to whom he could go to borrow.

Building Up the Business

Wallace did some quick thinking; anything was better than to be thrown out on the world with nothing under his feet.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I will continue the business alone if you will leave your money in it until I am able to pay you off. I believe I can make a success. Anyhow, you won't be any worse off than if you sacrifice it all now by closing out at once."

The two partners saw the force of the argument; they agreed to incorporate the business, leaving their money in it in exchange for a proportionate amount of stock in the company. Wallace thus became president and general manager of a regular corporation, with handsome stock certificates, a board of directors consisting of himself and the two ex-traveling men and a large book in which to set down the minutes of meetings. He felt a thrill of pride every time he looked in the safe and saw these evidences of his new importance.

He did not, however, change his sensible business methods. He put out a couple of new traveling men, giving them a liberal commission on their sales and a drawing account to take care of their expenses. The executive end of the business he ran the same as before, occupying the twenty-five-dollar-a-month sheet-iron building beside the railroad tracks, where he did his own bookkeeping and letter writing, going to the bank with his deposit during the noon hour. As orders came in from his traveling men he put the required articles on a hand truck and wheeled them out on the platform to load on the freight cars.

Things went along very nicely. His business expanded until he had four traveling men out, covering practically the entire state. At the end of two years more he had paid off his ex-partners; a careful inventory of the business showed that it was clearly worth twenty thousand dollars above its liabilities. He was owing a good deal of money, to be sure, but his customers usually paid their bills promptly on thirty days' time; so he had no trouble in settling his own accounts with the manufacturers.

About this time a young man came to town and established handsome quarters in one of the big office buildings, announcing himself as a business counselor. For a certain fee he would engage to diagnose any business, point out its weak spots and make suggestions that would put it on the road to success. He was enthusiastic, a good talker and believed in himself thoroughly. He had never been engaged in any business himself or even held a job of any kind in the business world, but since his graduation from college a few years before he had made an exhaustive study of

(Continued on Page 45)

Seven Soap Superstitions

Do you know them?

1. *Do you believe color means quality?*

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

2. *Do you believe clothes should be boiled?*

A housewife who does not boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who *does* boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You *can* be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

3. *Do you believe hard soap means economy?*

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

4. *Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?*

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is *good* soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

5. *Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?*

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

6. *Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?*

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a harsh chemical to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

7. *Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?*

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.

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Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha

Fels-Naptha works so remarkably that for years thousands have found it indispensable in camping and outdoors. Its uses are so varied! It easily, quickly, and thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.

Try Fels-Naptha. Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the real naptha soap.

Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

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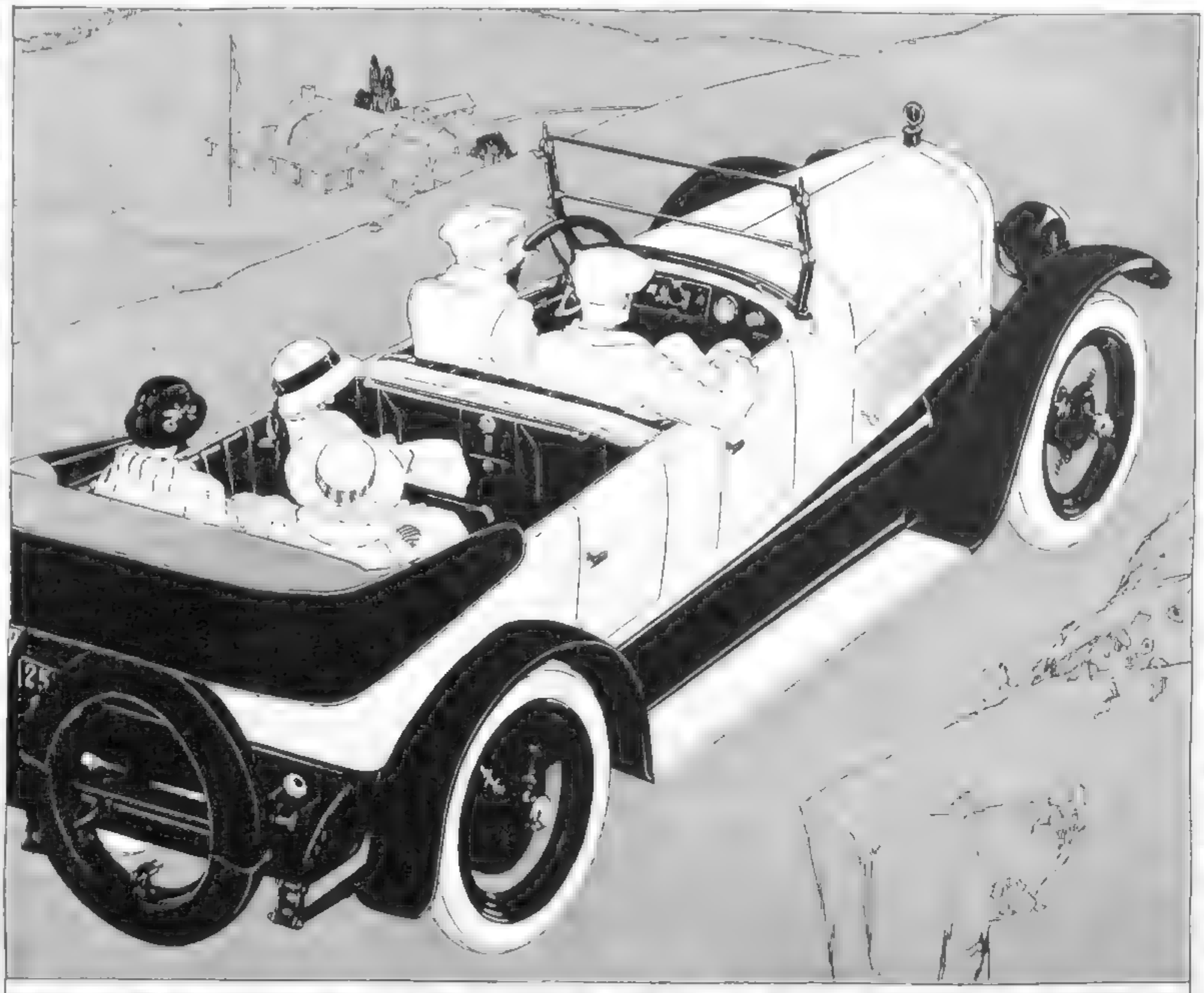

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

One thousand dollars underpriced! A bold statement, this, yet it is simply the repetition of what thousands of Haynes purchasers have said of the model 47 Haynes seven-passenger touring car. It is an offering that will successfully undergo comparison with car after car costing at least a thousand dollars more.

Look at its full aluminum body—an item of excellence more than worth realizing. Note the famous and powerful Haynes-built motor. Appreciate the advantage of owning a car which is 95% built in the great Haynes factories at Kokomo, under the constant supervision of the Haynes engineers, who possess the accumulated experience of more than a quarter of a century.

Look at the roomy tonneau—the wide, deep-upholstered seats, the thoughtful fittings and conveniences. Look at the style of the car itself—the sweeping lines and graceful appearance over all. Then you will understand why there is and has been such a continuing demand for the Haynes—you will not wonder at the fact that the Haynes factories are now running 133% capacity compared with production of previous years.

With all this increased production it is hard for us to keep up with the orders, and we urgently recommend that you inspect the model 47 Haynes touring car at once and make your reservation to be sure of prompt delivery.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana* EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

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1893 · THE HAYNES IS AMERICAS FIRST CAR · 1921

(Continued from Page 42

commercial theories in order to fit himself for his life work as a business counselor.

In spite of his qualifications things were not brisk with the young counselor at first. For several weeks he sat day after day in his handsome office, vainly waiting for clients to come and lay their business problems before him. Then, wisely coming to the conclusion that when business is dull it is time to get out and hustle, he had some cards printed, stuck a bunch of them in his pockets and went out to drum up trade.

Among the first places at which the young counselor called to solicit business was the sheet-iron building beside the railroad tracks where Wallace carried on his wholesale hardware activities. Wallace himself had just finished loading half a dozen ice-cream freezers on a freight car and was going to his desk to make out an invoice for them. The counselor approached and shook hands heartily; then he handed out his business card and asked Wallace if he might presume on taking up a few minutes' time. Wallace was rather glad of the chance to sit down and talk; it got lonesome sometimes working in the warehouse by himself, and the counselor was a pleasant-appearing young man.

They sat down, and the counselor explained the nature of his profession, saying that every commercial concern should have a regular business adviser, just the same as a regular attorney.

"It is impossible for a business man to view his affairs objectively," he said impressively. "What is needed is the constructive advice of an outside person who is thoroughly grounded on the great underlying rules of commerce; one who can plan intelligently, unhampered by the small details which beset the business man himself. I am prepared to give you this service and help you to build up your enterprise to proportions of which you, perhaps, have never dreamed."

Comfortable Words

It sounded pleasant to Wallace to have a visitor tell him that he could build his business to great proportions. He admired the young counselor's confident air and assured manner of speech. All his life Wallace had been troubled with a little bashfulness that hampered him; he felt so young and immature that he never could bring himself to express his opinions boldly and freely to other men. Yet here was this visitor, hardly older than himself, announcing authoritatively that he could increase the wholesale hardware business to undreamed heights. Wallace surrendered to his admiration; almost before he knew it he was telling his visitor all about his business problems and had got out his books to show what he had already accomplished.

The counselor looked carefully through the data thus produced and made some notes on a piece of paper. When he had finished he spoke to Wallace very seriously.

"You have a very nice little business here," he said; "very nice, indeed. But you are moving in small circles. You need to attack your problems with a wider sweep."

He pointed to the hand truck, which Wallace had rolled into a corner of the warehouse after finishing the loading of the six ice-cream freezers.

"Didn't I see you handling some freight with your own hands as I came in here?" he asked.

Wallace admitted the truth of the accusation. "Why, yes, I send out the shipments myself," he replied. "All the stuff I sell comes from the factories ready crated for reshipment, so it is no work to speak of. It's only good exercise for me."

The counselor pointed his finger at Wallace accusingly. His voice was as scornful as good breeding would permit.

"Don't you know," he demanded, "that you can hire a man to do such work for three dollars a day? Don't you know that the very first principle of efficiency is that an executive shall do absolutely nothing which can be done just as well by a subordinate?"

The counselor stood up to look about him. He pointed to the tall desk against the wall and the typewriter on a small table near by.

"Where is your billing clerk?" he asked insinuatingly. "And your stenographer? Away on their vacations, maybe?"

Wallace felt very small as he confessed that he was his own billing clerk and stenographer. He defended himself on the ground that his capital was limited and he felt that every dollar he could save meant just so much gained. When his business grew larger, he said, he intended to hire someone to do all those things. His visitor interrupted him.

"When your business gets larger!" he almost snorted. "The time to do things in a big way is right now! Expand your ideas! Think big thoughts! Organize your affairs for great results, and as sure as you sit there great results will come!"

Wallace listened intently while the counselor sketched briefly just how a business ought to be organized for greatest efficiency. It cannot be denied that he was attracted by the picture of himself sitting in an executive's chair and pulling the strings of a smooth-running organization. He finally asked his visitor how much it would cost to organize for efficiency.

"Such work as mine is necessarily high priced," replied the counselor, "but your problem is so interesting that I am inclined to make you a special rate. I will act as your business adviser and get you going right for a fee of fifty dollars a month during the first year. Any time you think you are not getting your money's worth you can just quit paying me. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Wallace thought it was entirely fair, and promised to give an answer the next day.

It was arranged that the organization of the business on scientific lines would start at once. As a starter the counselor insisted that the sheet-iron building should be abandoned for office purposes and more suitable quarters rented in a regular office building downtown. The sheet-iron structure would serve for a while as a warehouse, he said, but efficient executive work could be done only in more elegant surroundings.

Thus urged, Wallace consented to break away from the sordid atmosphere of the sheet-iron warehouse and rented quarters in a downtown office building. The counselor insisted that one room would not be enough; a suite of three rooms was the proper thing, he said. The rent of such a suite was two hundred dollars a month, which seemed a little strong, but by this time Wallace had caught some of the counselor's optimism and decided it was the proper thing to do.

He really did feel like a bigger man when he had got moved into the new quarters. There was a telephone desk at the front, where visitors had to state their errands to the young lady in charge before they could be admitted. One of the offices was labeled "Accounting Department," another "Bookkeeping Department," while the third one was Wallace's private office. The counselor insisted that Wallace must not make out invoices or type his own letters any more, stating that such trivial work on the part of an executive was against every rule of efficiency. A man was put in charge of the warehouse to attend to the shipping of goods and furnished with a small automobile so that he could run down to the suite of offices twice a day to get a list of the orders that had to be shipped. Altogether the change in methods involved an expense of nearly a thousand dollars a month, but the counselor said it was well worth it, and Wallace almost believed him.

The Counselor Enjoys It

Almost, but not quite. In the daytime, when Wallace sat in his private office occasionally pressing a button to summon the bookkeeper for a conference or to call the stenographer to take dictation, he felt strong and confident as a big business man should. But sometimes at night, after he had gone to bed, he lay awake to think about the two-hundred-dollar-a-month office rent or the bill for the carload of washing machines that was about to fall due. At such times he had a vague longing for the security of the old sheet-iron warehouse where he had been a piker with a thousand dollars a month less expense on his shoulders.

The counselor was having a splendid time. He did not have much luck in securing other clients, and so could devote nearly his whole energies to the development of Wallace's business. His own office was in the same building, and it was handy for him to run in on Wallace whenever he thought of some clever idea. He was, in fact, the only person privileged to walk right past the young lady at the telephone desk and into Wallace's private office without formality. Once or twice Wallace, realizing how much time the counselor was spending

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Purposely Made for Every Purpose

on his affairs, said he felt guilty at accepting so much service for a mere fifty dollars a month, but the counselor waved such misgivings aside with an expansive gesture.

"Forget it," he said cheerfully. "I am not thinking about the money part of it at all; there is too much of the artist about me for that. Besides, think of the reputation I am making for myself in building up your business. When other business men see what scientific methods can do, I shall simply be besieged by clients seeking my services."

One day the counselor went into Wallace's office and said it was important that the concern should hold a sales meeting, calling the traveling men in from the road for that purpose. At this time Wallace had four men out in the territory. He told the counselor that he could not see where a sales meeting would do much good because the traveling men got in town every couple of weeks anyhow and at such times he always talked things over with them individually. But the counselor was not to be balked; he had thought of something interesting to do and proposed to carry it out.

"I am afraid you have not yet learned to think in wide circles," he said reproachfully. "What you need to do is to build for the future. Just sending some men out on the road to sell goods does not mean anything. You should seek to create an atmosphere in your organization, and the best way to do it is to have a sales meeting."

The Sales Conference

Wally reflected that it would cost quite a lot of money to bring all four salesmen in from the territory, but the counselor was so earnest about the matter that he did not like to refuse. All four travelers were wired to come to town for a two days' conference at the expense of the firm.

The counselor was resolved that the job should be done right. He and Wallace met each incoming salesman at the station and took him to the hotel in a service car. It was such little attentions as that, he told Wally, which bound men firmly to an organization and created an atmosphere of loyalty. The salesmen all had homes in town and grumbled a little at having to stop at a hotel instead of going to their families, but the counselor cheered them up by saying it was to be a regular get-together meeting and the spirit of fellowship could best be served by close personal contact. He even made Wallace take a room at the hotel for the two days of the conference, saying that it would endear him to the boys for them to feel that their chief wanted to be constantly in their company.

It seems that the counselor had once visited a college friend whose father was president of a great manufacturing concern; during his visit the annual sales meeting of the firm had taken place, with its branch managers and salesmen present from every part of the country. The affair had impressed the counselor tremendously, and he resolved to make Wallace's sales meeting as near like it as possible, even though he had only four delegates to work on.

Although it was really Wallace's party, the counselor did the planning and acted as stage manager. It was proper, he said, to mix pleasure and business together in such affairs in order to create an atmosphere of comradeship. He supplied Wallace and each of the four traveling men with badges to be worn prominently on the lapels of their coats; the badges were of blue silk printed in gold with the words Efficiency, Loyalty, Service.

Although the traveling men all lived in the town when at home, the counselor arranged an automobile ride for them to show them the sights, painstakingly showing them the city park, the new courthouse, the East End High School and the municipal auditorium. On the evening of the first day's activities there was a theater party at the leading vaudeville house. They all sat in a box together, wearing their blue-and-gold badges, and the comedian in one of the acts directed good-natured jokes at them. Resting easily in his plush chair in an atmosphere of bright lights, gayety and music, Wallace felt that he was indeed putting over big-time stuff.

The culminating feature of the sales convention was the banquet, held at the headquarters hotel on the evening of the second day. Their table was decorated in blue and gold to match the badges, and the hotel management set up a large screen to protect them from the gaze of other diners.

Thus the sales convention came to a close. The four traveling men hurried away to spend a few hours with their families before going on the road to resume their interrupted trips. Wallace went home feeling quite sentimental and expansive; it was not until the next day that he figured up the cost of the convention and was troubled to learn that it was nearly four hundred dollars. The counselor, however, had had the time of his life and did not need to worry about the expenses.

It was not long after this that Wallace began to be a little crowded for money. Some of his customers were slow in paying their accounts, so that he did not always have the cash to send his manufacturers when his own bills fell due. One or two manufacturers had written him sharp letters about it. He laid the problem before the counselor.

"That's nothing to worry about," the counselor replied easily. "All you have to do is to increase your capital."

Wallace answered that he knew this without being told. He did not have any extra capital of his own, and he did not know anyone else who would be willing to invest in his enterprise. Then the counselor said the thing to do was to take in some bright young man who had money and give him an executive position in the concern, thus getting the benefit of both capital and services.

Wallace thought the suggestion a good one, and after considerable inquiry found a young man whose father was so anxious to tie him up with regular work that he was willing to invest five thousand dollars in Wallace's business in order to give his son a start. The only drawback was that the man insisted that his son should draw a salary of at least four thousand a year. Wallace, needing the money pretty badly, accepted the proposition. Later he found he had got his extra capital at too high a price. The new employe did not like to work. If he had been willing to try he might have earned fifteen dollars a week.

It was about this time that the counselor announced that he was going to leave the city. Wallace was the only business man who had availed himself of the counselor's services, and of course fifty dollars a month was hardly enough to maintain himself in good style. The counselor was a little bitter in his remarks about the business men of the city who had not had the sagacity to employ him, and said they would see their mistake sometime. He had secured a position as instructor in a college, where he was to deliver a course of lectures on practical business science.

The Credit Man Call

Wallace's financial problems became increasingly acute. His sales were increasing all the time, and his balance sheets showed that his business was profitable, but the profits were hard to catch. It appeared that the more business he did the harder up he became. Because of his slow payments one of his manufacturers abruptly canceled its contract with him and insisted that he pay his account at once. His rating in the credit agencies was reduced to second class. Every mail brought sharp letters from creditors who were beginning to get uneasy about their money.

One day Wallace, sitting in his private office, heard his telephone click; the young lady at the telephone desk said the manager of the credit agency was there and wanted to see him. There was no one in the world whom Wallace wanted to see less. His first thought was to send word that he was busy and could not be disturbed, but he changed his mind and said he would see the gentleman.

The visitor came into the private office and shook hands pleasantly. He was a practical-appearing man of thirty-five who had come to his present position after a varied business experience, which included clerking in a clothing store, selling goods on the road and acting as financial man in a wholesale house.

"I hope you will pardon me for intruding," the credit-agency executive said politely, "but we have had a number of inquiries about you lately, and I have come to ask you for a statement of your affairs so I can make an intelligent report."

Even this diplomatic approach was not altogether pleasing to Wallace. He did not care to tell his troubles to a stranger, especially when that stranger represented an agency that had reduced his rating to

(Continued on Page 49)

Interwoven

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

TOE AND HEEL Socks

They certainly do WEAR

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR Tires have always been notable for economy. Year after year, they have returned their users great service at little cost. Today, they are better tires than they have ever been before. In the past few months we have made more improvements in them than in any like period in our history. Goodyear Tires are now larger, heavier, stronger. In every size, they are stouter and more durable. If you want on your car the most economical tire equipment obtainable—buy Goodyear Tires. More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

(Continued from Page 46)

second-class credit. The visitor probably sensed what was going on in his mind, for he spoke again, more courteous than ever.

"Of course I could get my information from outside sources," he said, "but I thought best to come direct to you. Perhaps I can even make some suggestions that may improve your rating. You know," he added, smiling, "we credit people wish we could rate everyone first class. Things would be so much pleasanter."

Thus urged, Wallace decided to open up his affairs for the inspection of the agency man. After all, he was doing a good business and there was nothing to be ashamed of. He got out some papers and spread them on the desk.

"There are the figures showing how much merchandise we have sold during the last year," he said; "you will see that they total up to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The credit man was visibly impressed.

"That certainly is a nice business," he said. "You ought to be making some money unless there is a screw loose somewhere."

He scanned the papers further; when he came to a certain item he stopped and looked thoughtfully out the window a few moments.

"This item here," he finally said, speaking slowly; "it appears that you are capitalized for twenty thousand dollars. That's correct, is it?"

Wallace stated that it was correct; that the inventory of the business showed that the assets were twenty thousand dollars more than the debts.

The Credit Man's Diagnosis

"That being the case," replied the credit man, looking at Wallace steadily, "I guess we have come to the real trouble. You are doing too much business for your capital."

The idea came as a distinct shock to Wallace. His volume of sales had been his greatest pride. Whenever he had felt a twinge of discouragement he had always been able to bolster up his courage by reflecting on the quantity of merchandise his traveling men were selling month after month. He was rather short in his reply to the credit man's comment.

"How can you say I am doing too much business?" Wallace demanded. "I am making a profit on everything I sell. The more sales the more profits. That's what I am in business for."

"Just the same, you are doing too much business," repeated the credit man. "Your sales average about twenty thousand dollars a month. You are selling your goods on thirty days' credit. Your whole capital, therefore, of twenty thousand dollars, is on your books all the time."

Wallace tried to break in with words of explanation, but the credit man would not wait to hear them.

"I know what you want to say," the credit man continued. "You want to tell me that you buy goods on thirty days' time and sell them again on thirty days' time. You figure, therefore, that you will automatically get in enough money every month to pay your debts. The theory is all right, but it doesn't work. There is no margin of safety. Even though your customers have the best intentions in the world, things are always happening to prevent them from quite coming up to their contracts. I haven't seen your books, but I am willing to bet that your collections average nearer sixty days than thirty. You ought to do just about half the business you are doing."

This line of argument was altogether at variance with the business principles Wallace had learned from the counselor. "It seems a mighty poor plan to try to go backward instead of forward," he said stoutly. "Instead of cutting down my business, probably I ought to increase my capital."

The credit man eyed him coldly.

"That might be a good idea," he answered. "Does anyone like you well enough to lend you twenty thousand dollars or so?"

"It wouldn't be a question of like or dislike," said Wallace heatedly. "I would sell stock in my company on a regular business basis, just as the big corporations do. People would be glad to invest with me if they knew how good my prospects are."

The credit man did not react to Wallace's optimism. "I guess you've never been a stock salesman," he said, "if you think that way. People don't invest their money in little one-man corporations, no matter how good the prospects appear." He leaned forward and laid his hand on Wallace's arm in a friendly manner. "You've got to prove your ability before you can expect people to risk their money with you," he concluded. "My advice is to cut your business down to the point where you can handle it with the capital you have."

Wallace thought of the two hundred dollars a month which he had to pay for his handsome suite of offices, the salary lists of his auditing and bookkeeping departments and the young lady at the telephone desk out in front.

"I can't afford to reduce my sales," he said. "I have got to do a big business to pay my overhead expenses. My organization is quite an expensive one, you know."

Wallace liked to speak of his organization; it made him feel like a big business man and bolstered up his spirits in times of discouragement. The credit man, however, did not seem at all impressed. He answered Wallace in a most matter-of-fact manner.

"If I had an organization that kept me from doing what I wanted to do," he remarked, "I would junk it."

This idea came as considerable of a shock to Wallace. For the first time he began uneasily to wonder if he had, perhaps, got into the habit of liking the rôle of big business man too much for his own good. The credit man went on speaking.

"You are trying to do more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of business a year," he said, "on twenty thousand dollars' capital. That can't be done safely; the first thing you know you may not have any business at all. You are, I understand, handling lines from a dozen different factories. You ought to cut the number down to half that. Then you'll be able to pay your bills promptly enough to keep out of trouble."

"It seems to me," answered Wallace dejectedly, "that I wouldn't be able to pay anything if my business should be cut in half. The expenses in these executive offices alone amount to nearly two thousand dollars a month."

"That's fine," said the credit man cheerfully. "I had no idea you could chop off such a big item as that. You can move your office back to your sheet-iron warehouse and save at least fifteen hundred dollars a month. Just think how good your creditors will feel when you distribute that much extra money to them every month."

On the Right Track Again

Wallace made one more struggle to save his standing as a big business man.

"Wouldn't a move like that," he asked, "hurt me in the opinion of my manufacturers? When their representatives would come here and find I had taken such a step backward they might lose confidence in me."

The credit man's reply was brief but impressive.

"When you owe money to a man," he said, "you aren't going to lose his confidence by showing him you know how to economize."

Then he went on in a more expansive tone.

"You may not know it," he said, "but when a number of firms begin asking a credit agency for reports on some business man, it means they are beginning to worry a little about him. I have had half a dozen inquiries about you during the past two weeks. I want to send a good report. It will be greatly to your advantage if I can state that you are preparing to reduce your overhead expenses fifteen hundred dollars a month, every cent of which will be used to cut down your debts. Give up these big offices; help your office force here to find other jobs; and then move back to the old sheet-iron building. One good bookkeeper and a stenographer will be all the office help you need. Do that, and I will be glad to report to all inquirers that I consider your business to be on a sound footing."

Such advice was hard to accept. For two years Wallace had been hugging the idea that he was a captain of industry; he would have to drop all that if he did as the credit man suggested. But he was sensible enough to know that it would be better to have a smaller business than no business at all. He laid aside his last shred of vanity.

"All right," he said; "I guess you know best. I'll move back to the old sheet-iron warehouse and work like thunder to catch up."

That is about all there is to Wallace's story. He trimmed his business down to the point where it was in proportion to his capital. From then it began to grow again, but never faster than it ought. It was last year that his sales passed the two-million mark.

WAIFS OF AN EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 15)

Name any man of wealth or distinction or power in America, or as many such persons as you may care to name, within reason—editors, politicians, authors, millionaires, clergymen, surgeons or whatever you wish—and I will name for you an equal number of Russians of corresponding position who have either been killed by the Bolsheviks or have fled from Russia with their families and are living penniless, jobless and half starved in huts or tents or dugouts or freight cars or the corners of single rooms. There are only some 23,000 names in the last Who's Who in America out of a total population of 105,000,000. Take a look at the size of that book, and then consider that the Bolsheviks have run out of Russia practically every person whose past performances entitled him to a place in a Russian Who's Who and a couple of million or so in addition.

The first big Russian refugee movement started in the autumn of 1917, when the Kerensky government was overthrown by the Bolsheviks. The bloody reign of terror which was immediately instituted drove masses of high-class Russians north into Finland, west into Germany and Poland, and east along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok. It also drove great numbers of wealthy and highly educated persons from the cities of Northern and Western Russia down into Southern and Eastern Russia, where they lingered and wandered for one, two and even three years before they were finally reduced to such extremes of poverty and fright that any place looked better than Russia to them.

Then there was the first Odessa evacuation in the spring of 1919. The city was held by French troops under General d'Esperey. The Bolsheviks, working in the neighborhood of Odessa, had succeeded in impregnating some of the French troops with Bolshevik doctrines. The French evacuated their troops, and many Russians left at the same time. This evacuation was soon followed by the second Odessa evacuation. Schilling, a Russian general who was working in conjunction with the anti-Bolshevik leader, General Denikin, had occupied Odessa; but when the Bolsheviks attacked his clutch slipped. He evacuated his army and a large number of refugees, but landed his army in the Crimea to join Denikin, who was backed by the British. Some of the refugees also landed in the Crimea, while some continued on down the Black Sea to Constantinople.

Early in 1920 the Denikin army cracked wide open before the Bolsheviks and retreated to Novorossiysk on the northern shore of the Black Sea. From Novorossiysk the entire Denikin army and many civilian refugees were evacuated by the British to Constantinople. A great number of the civilian refugees evacuated at that time had started from Petrograd and Moscow late in 1917 or early in 1918, and the wanderings of many of them make those of the late Mr. Ulysses seem by comparison like a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls.

At about the same time the attempt of General Yudenitch to capture Petrograd from the Bolsheviks broke down with a crash, and another torrent of refugees poured north into Finland. The Yudenitch disaster was closely followed by the collapse of the government and the army headed by Admiral Kolchak, which resulted in the flight of thousands of Russians to the east across Siberia and to the south toward the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea.

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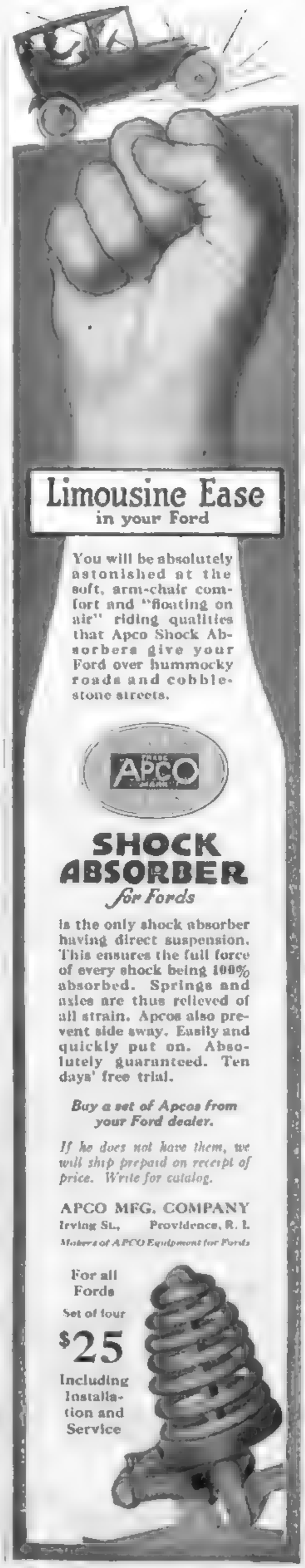
Limousine Ease
in your Ford
You will be absolutely astonished at the soft, arm-chair comfort and "floating on air" riding qualities that Apco Shock Absorbers give your Ford over hummocky roads and cobblestone streets.
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is the only shock absorber having direct suspension. This ensures the full force of every shock being 100% absorbed. Springs and axles are thus relieved of all strain. Apcos also prevent side sway. Easily and quickly put on. Absolutely guaranteed. Ten days' free trial.
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Set of four
$25
Including Installation and Service

The Habit of Success

Success is definitely reached when public acknowledgment of an organization becomes an established preference for its products—

If the period of achievement has afforded equal opportunity for failure, *and there has been no failure,* then that organization can be said to have acquired a HABIT OF SUCCESS.

For 40 years Dodge pulleys, bearings, hangers, clutches, etc., have contributed to the individual successes of those great American industrial plants which have depended for their factory operation and output upon mechanical equipment.

The habit of success implies a continuous and consistent winning; when low first cost, minimum upkeep expense and dependable production are the deciding factors of a purchase for single products or entire installations, a Dodge dealer will invariably get the order.

And so, it is not unusual for the Corn Products Refining Company, who in 1918 equipped their entire plant at Argo, Illinois, with Dodge products, to order a similar installation in 1921 for a new plant at Kansas City—

The enormous DuPont organization is just the sort of a successful institution that would be expected to designate Dodge pulleys and clutches as their shop standard—

The Buick Motor Car Company of Flint, Michigan, is equipped throughout with Dodge Standard iron split pulleys, and the American Can Company has 256 Dodge self-oiling bearings in their Cincinnati plant alone—

The American Sheet and Tin Plate Company turned to Dodge for the hundred-ton ring-oiling bearing equipment for hot and cold mills; the new 1250 H. P. rolling mill job for the Detroit Seamless Steel Tubing Company, as well as a similar equipment for the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Company, are Dodge built.

Nor has the offer of substitute methods of applying power to machine tools, looms, grinders, presses, pumps, etc., succeeded in offsetting a certain preference which continues to express itself in the form of orders and re-orders for Dodge products.

If you are the man upon whom the success of your plant depends through rapid and continuous production, make yourself a part of this Dodge Habit of Success—for it means Success and it *is* a Habit.

DODGE SALES & ENGINEERING CO., MISHAWAKA, IND.

DODGE

Power Transmission Machinery

Would you write with a quill
When we stop to think—how nations were lost—and nations were made—how boundaries changed—and wars were declared—by simply a stroke—of the old quill pen—we're sure to admire—the part it has played—on history's page.
And tho you might keep—for sentiment's sake—an old-fashioned quill—that somebody used—a long time ago—you never would think—of using one now—for signing a check—any more than you'd wear—your great-grandfather's links—in your modern soft cuffs.
And tho we admit—the old-fashioned quill—and old-fashioned link—were good in the past—we write with a pen—that's modern today—and wear in our cuffs—the new Kum-a-part—the button that's built—for modern soft cuffs.
It clicks open and snaps shut without removing from the button hole. Each pattern with the unmistakable beauty of fine jewelry craftsmanship
from $2.50 to $25 pr. At Jewelers
from 50¢ to $6.00 pr. At Men's Stores
The Name Kum-a-part is stamped on the back of each button for your protection. Insist on seeing it.
Write for Style Book D with Correct Dress Chart
The Baer & Wilde Company
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
-a snap to button

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A little later the expedition of General Miller, which was attempting to work down to Petrograd from Archangel with British, French and American assistance, blew up and released another stream of refugees, part of whom made their way into Finland on foot and part of whom got to Norway by boat.

At the time of the evacuation of the Denikin troops from Novorossiysk the most able of Denikin's officers was General Wrangel. Wrangel came down to Constantinople with the Denikin army, and then turned around and went back to the Crimea, which was held by General Slaschoff with 2000 cavalry and 3000 infantry. Wrangel took command of this small army, reorganized it, added to it and started a promising campaign against the Bolsheviks. He was backed by the French; and because of his military ability and patriotism the anti-Bolsheviks all over Europe were convinced that he was going to succeed where all the others had failed. He never had a chance to show what he could do, however, for an unprecedented cold snap froze the marshes of the Crimea early in November, 1920, and made it possible for the Bolsheviks to bring their guns across them and attack him on his flank. To save his army Wrangel was forced to retreat at top speed. The Crimea was full of refugees; and they, hearing that the Bolshevik troops were coming down on the heels of Wrangel's army, were unable to work up any enthusiasm over remaining to act as a reception committee for them. So when Wrangel moved his troops aboard the ships which lay in the harbors of the Crimea most of the population of the Crimea moved aboard also. There were 111 ships, and more than 140,000 soldiers and refugees crowded aboard them. A few days later all the ships lay at anchor under the walls of Constantinople, and the French, British and Americans in that city were racking their brains over the problem of where to put the 140,000, and how to feed them and clothe them.

Early in 1921 the Kronstadt garrison went anti-Bolshevik and started an attack on Petrograd. The movement was squelched almost immediately; but as a result of it the refugee stream again rose to a high level, and the ice of the Finnish Gulf was thickly spotted with those who were fleeing to Finland from Petrograd and the neighboring territory because they preferred a penniless existence in a strange land to the ruthless vengeance of the extraordinary commissions of Soviet Russia.

The Chesvi Chaikas

Late in 1920, according to reliable information received by the intelligence department of two European countries, Lenine attempted to stop the vicious activities of the Chesvi Chaikas by putting them out of business and transferring their legitimate work to the department of justice and to the revolutionary tribunals, which are controllable organizations. The Chesvi Chaikas promptly raised a fierce and penetrating outcry against such interference, for the members of these extraordinary commissions not only have tremendous power because of their absolute control over life and death, but they also have amassed great wealth from their victims and their near victims. Consequently they haven't the slightest desire to be abolished. They defeated Lenine's attempt to abolish them by inventing a phony plot against his life and by arresting hundreds of alleged counter-revolutionaries who, according to them, were parties to the plot. Lenine was so impressed with the efficiency and importance of the Chesvi Chaikas, after this striking demonstration, or movie scenario, that he ceased his attempt on their existence.

As a result of all these outbreaks and of the violent activities of the extraordinary commissions for combating counter-revolution, Europe is swamped with Russians. In every city in Europe the traveler sees Russian uniforms and the old army caps with the oval plaques at their peaks. I have met Russian refugees in London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Marseilles, Monte Carlo, Rome, Athens, Saloniki, Nagasaki, Kobe, Adrianople, Belgrade, Vienna, Budapest and every other European and Asiatic city in which I have been in the past three years; and if by any chance my travels had taken me to the north or south pole I should have expected to find that a few Russian refugees had preceded me.

Figures gathered by the American Red Cross and allied organizations which are doing relief work among the Russian refugees show that in Europe alone there are 2,100,000 of them. These figures covered the period to November, 1920. The refugee streams have been pouring out steadily since that time, however, and the numbers have increased. There are no figures available on the numbers of refugees that have come out of Russia through Siberia and are living in Japan, China, Manchuria and in box cars along the lines of the Trans-Siberian and the Chinese Eastern Railway, but scattered reports indicate that they are in excess of 1,000,000. The Red Cross figures for Europe show that there are 1,000,000 in Poland, 560,000 in Germany, 175,000 in France, 50,000 in Austria, 50,000 in Constantinople, 30,000 in Serbia, 25,000 in Finland, 20,000 in Italy, 17,500 in Esthonia, 15,000 in England, 12,000 in Latvia, while the remaining 140,000 are divided among Switzerland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Egypt, Tunis, Greece, Sweden, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia and the various refugee camps which were established in the vicinity of Constantinople after the Wrangel disaster.

Penniless Gentlefolk

In many ways these Russian refugees are the most unfortunate people that it has ever been my lot to see. The Russia which they knew has vanished from the face of the earth, so they have no government to which they can turn for assistance. For the most part they are people who have had no training whatever in any form of useful endeavor; so the only positions that can be offered to most of them are those of porters or watchmen or janitors or dishwashers or waiters or similar unskilled pursuits—and such positions are few and far between. For the most part, too, they are people who had lived their lives in comfort if not in luxury until the Russian Empire went on the rocks with a terrifying crash; and to-day there are few of them who have anything which they can call their own. Their clothes, in hundreds of thousands of cases, have been given to them by charitable organizations; their food comes to them in the same way, and in such a way that they never know whether or not there will be food for them on the morrow. For months, and in many cases for years, they have been buffeted from pillar to post, and have undergone such bodily and mental anguish that their morale can only be discovered with a divining rod.

Here, for example, is the not unusual case of the Countess Olga Kapnist, whose husband was chief of the Imperial General Naval Staff during the war. Before and during the war she and her family had everything that wealth and social position can bring. I met her in Rome through the Princess Yousoupoff, who is at the head of the Russian Red Cross there.

Princess Yousoupoff is living with friends and is not entirely wrecked. Countess Kapnist, however, embroiders linen and makes underwear so that she may support herself and her five children. I took her off in a corner and she told me her story in a flat, monotonous voice which would have been more appropriate to a discussion of the proper method of cooking beans than to the story which she told me.

When the Bolsheviks seized the reins of government in Petrograd the Kapnists decided that it would be well for them to hunt a more retired spot. So they went all the way down across Russia, past the Sea of Azov and the country of the Kuban Cossacks to the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains, where they had a summer home in the watering place of Essentuki. Essentuki and two near-by watering places, Pyatigorsk and Kislovodsk, occur repeatedly in the conversation of a large percentage of the wealthy Russian refugees who fled from the north to the south of Russia and were evacuated from the south; for the three towns were to Russian society what Newport and Bar Harbor are to American society. People who fled from the north of Russia turned instinctively toward Essentuki, Kislovodsk and Pyatigorsk as being so far removed from the center of Russia that nothing could ever happen there.

Early in 1918, however, Bolshevik governments were set up even in these remote towns. At the beginning the new authorities were quite amiable and the people who had come down from the north for safety decided to stay where they were. In the summer the Russian cavalry commander, Schkouro, working as a part of Denikin's army, began a series of cavalry raids for the purpose of freeing the Caucasus from Bolshevik rule. As a result of these raids the Bolsheviks began to take hostages, to requisition personal belongings and to kill the hated bourgeoisie. All the men in Essentuki who had been at all prominent in the old imperial government were seized and thrown into jail, among them being Countess Kapnist's husband. After that, she explained, she couldn't leave.

In October the Chesvi Chaika had a grand clean-up of hostages, as the Bolsheviks found them too hard to guard and feed. In one night fifty-nine of them were slaughtered. The husband of the Countess Kapnist was decapitated with an ordinary ax. Among the others who were murdered at the same time were the ex-Minister of Justice of the Russian Empire, the ex-Minister of Communications of the Russian Empire, General Radkoumitzeff and Prince Ourousoff and his brother.

This killing was followed by a series of requisitions on the part of the Bolsheviks which relieved the countess of all her jewels, money, silverware and other valuables, so that she and her five children were entirely without means. With some other equally unfortunate women she started a coöperative store, where provisions could be purchased a little more cheaply than in the ordinary provision shops; but the Bolsheviks, finding that the venture was profitable, closed it up. Two months and a half after her husband had been killed the Bolsheviks arrested her on the ground that her husband had been anti-Bolshevik. Her five children were left to shift for themselves. At this time a part of Denikin's volunteer army under Wrangel was marching on the Caucasus, so she and many other women of good family were kept as hostages. When Wrangel's men got too close to Essentuki for comfort the Bolsheviks fled, taking their hostages with them. They took them all the way to the Caspian Sea, where they released them.

Determined to get back to her children, the Countess Kapnist rode in freight cars, on the roofs and running boards of coaches, and even on the fronts of engines. On the way she met Wrangel, who told her that he believed her children had been sent on to Odessa. She kept on, however. When she reached Essentuki she found that her children had disappeared. The next day she came down with typhus and was on the verge of death for seven weeks. Her friends located her children in Novorossiysk and had them sent back to her. She stayed in Essentuki, living on the bounty of her almost equally unfortunate friends until early in 1920. Then the Bolsheviks came again; so she and her children fled to Novorossiysk—a trip which ordinarily takes twelve hours, but which took her eleven days and nights.

Two Exiled Princesses

In Novorossiysk she lived in a freight car for a time, and finally, when the British evacuated Denikin's army from Novorossiysk to Constantinople, secured a place in the hold of a British ship. The weather was very cold, and she and her children had to stand in water for three days; but they were leaving the Bolsheviks behind them, so nothing mattered. In Constantinople her son caught scarlet fever. The British sent her and her children to the concentration camp on Prinkipo Island, near Constantinople, where they lived for four months. Then her friends in Italy sent her enough money to get to Rome. When I talked to her she was supporting herself by needlework, but she hoped to be able to open a *pension* for tourists if she could ever find a suitable house—and somebody to back her.

The case of the Countess Kapnist is by no means an unusual one.

There are two Princesses Galitzin in Rome. One is an old lady whose husband was the head of the Czar's estates at Gatshina, and very wealthy. She was brought out of Russia by her son and daughter after the Denikin smash. They were both penniless, but the son rushed back to the Crimea to fight with Wrangel. The daughter supports her mother and herself by teaching, for she speaks several languages, as do most of the wealthy Russians. The mother, weakened by exposure and the horrors through which she had passed, had only a few weeks to live when I reached Rome.

(Continued on Page 54)

Free

This Cake of Klenzo Toilet Soap with Each Purchase of the New Large Family 50¢ Size Klenzo Dental Creme

This Saturday and all week until next Saturday—July 2nd to July 9th—you can buy Klenzo Dental Creme in the new, large *family* size for 50c and receive one cake of the new Klenzo Toilet Soap, full size, FREE.

THIS Economy Offer is made to introduce to you this convenient new size of Klenzo Dental Creme and to acquaint you with the new Klenzo Toilet Soap.

The new, large size Klenzo tube contains enough Klenzo to brush your teeth twice a day for *nearly four months*. There is no larger tube of any dental cream on the market.

And it contains that refreshing Klenzo Creme which leaves that Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling in the mouth and makes the teeth so white. It does all a dentifrice *can do*, and *is* all any dentifrice *should be*. If Klenzo does not do your teeth good and satisfy you in every way, you can have your money refunded.

The new Klenzo Toilet Soap is pure, cleansing and soothing to the skin and has the deep-woods scent of the pines.

These are days of economy. We are all forced to save. The new Secretary of the United States Treasury says we must *all* save. Why not save on constant household necessities, viz., tooth paste and toilet soap?

This is your opportunity—a giant tube of cool, clean Klenzo Dental Creme for 50c and a full size cake of the new Klenzo Toilet Soap FREE. (This same offer in Canada, 60c.)

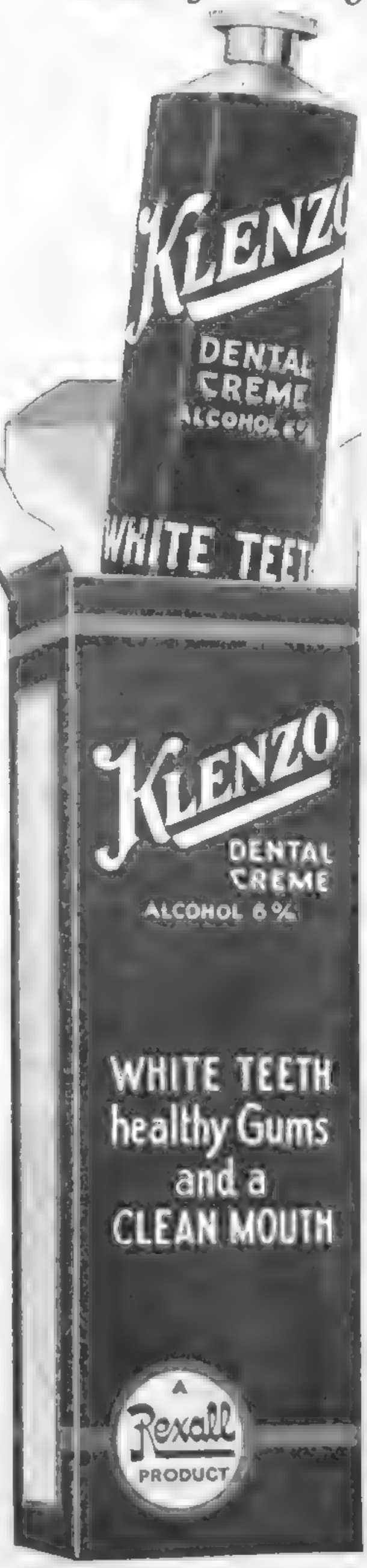
Why not lay in an economy supply? You must buy them sometime. Why not now—all at once—and save the cost of as many cakes of soap as you buy tubes of Dental Creme?

Go to your Rexall Drug Store today and take advantage of this offer. Their stock of Klenzo may not last. You can obtain this Klenzo Economy Bargain only at

The Rexall Stores

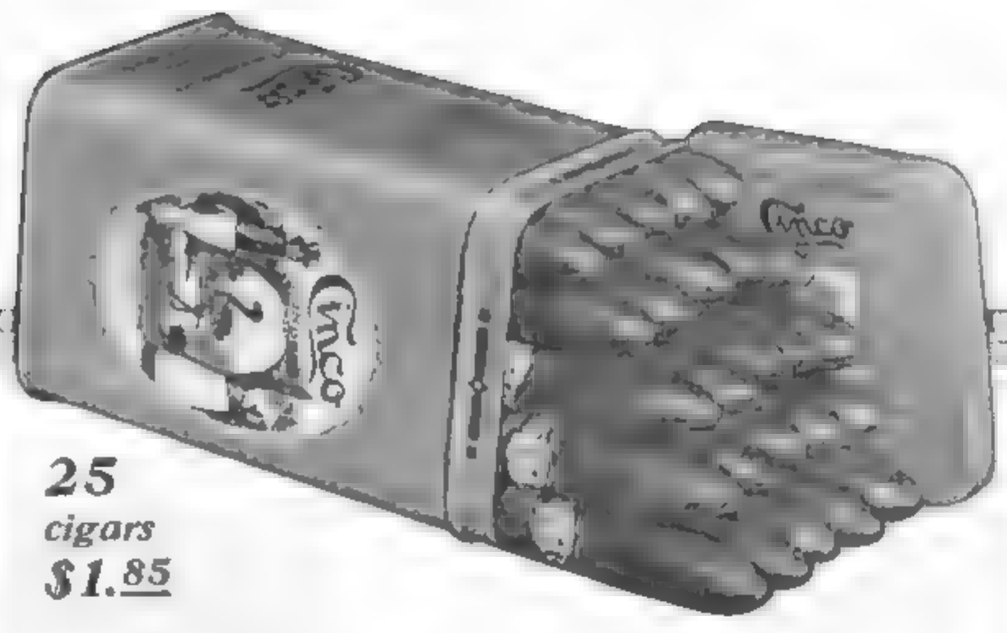
an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain united for world-wide service.

Actual Size of Package



UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS



25
cigars
$1.85

Packed in tin for your convenience

These two tin packages are designed for your convenience and to keep your cigars in perfect smoking condition.

The small tin holding 25 cigars carries conveniently in the door of the car, in the satchel or even in the pocket of your fishing or hunting coat. It's the ideal week-end or vacation package.

The larger Cinco Handy Humidor is the most compact container of 50 cigars on the market. Convenient for vacation, too, it is also suitable in the home or office. With hinged top, hook catch, and handle, it has a dozen uses when empty.

Cinco cigars are the largest selling brand in America. Quality has made them so. Buy them by the box.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INC.
PHILADELPHIA

"STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE"

50 cigars
$3.65

(Continued from Page 52)

The other Princess Galitzin was also very wealthy. She plays the piano at dancing classes, and is glad to earn six lire an hour, or about twenty-five cents. Her husband is very anxious to get a position as chauffeur.

The Russian Embassy in Paris is the headquarters for the Russian refugees in France who have no money, no jewelry to sell, no clothes, no jobs and no hope. The Russian embassies in Europe are sad reminders of Russia's departed grandeur. The grounds are seedy and unkempt. Dust has settled heavily on the portraits and the mirrors and the gilded chairs. The buildings are dingy and fusty and down at heel. In place of the scores of liveried servants who sprang from behind every portière and from the shadow of every piece of furniture to take the visitor's wraps and to escort him from room to room in the old days, there are now only occasional hungry-looking attendants in threadbare civilian dress. Sometimes one even finds an ex-admiral or a former general acting as door attendant or embassy messenger, but more often the work is done by soldier refugees in their ancient uniform blouses.

The sister of the Russian ambassador in Paris, Mademoiselle Maklakoff, devotes her entire time to assisting refugees. The first time that I walked into the embassy a long line of them was waiting to see her. A young woman had just collapsed from hunger. Every woman who was waiting wore mourning, and not one of them had enough money to buy food for herself or her children on the following day.

Trade Schools

Badly off as are the refugees in Paris, Berlin, London and Rome, they are infinitely better off than those in the camps or the smaller centers, for those who are young and able and willing can usually find something to do which will partially support them. The hundreds of men and women and young girls who were reared in luxury and idleness in Russia are helped in the large cities to learn trades which will make it possible for them to support themselves. Thus in Paris a committee headed by Mademoiselle Maklakoff sends men refugees to a school where they learn how to be electricians and mechanicians. In the same school women refugees learn dentistry, photographic retouching and weaving. Another school teaches shorthand.

In Paris I met a young woman whose family was a' very fine one and whose name is one of the best known in Russia. The authenticity of her story was vouched for by the Russian embassy; but the girl herself begged me not to use her name for fear that the position which she had made for herself in Paris might be affected.

This young woman has the knack of designing costumes, though her only efforts in that direction prior to the revolution had been directed toward designing her own hats and dresses. After the revolution, when the Bolsheviks decreed that all persons should work, she had taken to designing costumes for the Petrograd ballet. Her mother was dead; her father was killed by the Bolsheviks; her brother went mad; her nurse disappeared. She lived alone in one room of her family's Petrograd apartment. There was no light and no water to be had, and at night she hunted through the city for fuel. She lived in this way for a year and a half, during which time she was unmolested by the Bolsheviks. But the life, she said, was unbearable, what with the cold and hunger and the lack of her former friends. So she put on the clothes of a peasant and tramped out to the Finnish border. At night she slipped across the line and tramped onward until she reached a small town on the Gulf of Finland. Her entire resources consisted of the peasant clothes in which she stood, a pair of old earrings and a brooch which had belonged to her mother, and a single Russian sable skin which would, she knew, provide a dash of richness for a suit if she could ever earn enough money to buy one.

The first thing about this Finnish town that struck her, she said, was the frightfulness of the hats which the women wore. She said that they were the lowest form of hat life. So she picked out the best-looking Finnish woman that she could find and offered to make her a hat for the price of the materials and two days' food. She said that she disliked to go up to a perfect stranger on the street and make an offer of that nature, because such an approach could scarcely be construed as highly complimentary. The Finnish woman, fortunately, wasn't sensitive, and she accepted the offer. The Russian girl purchased hat material for ten marks, which is as little as it sounds, and evolved a hat which almost made the Finnish woman weep with gratification. It was such a wonderful hat that it even caused the woman's husband to unstrap the family sock and make the girl a present of another ten marks—which is an unusual token of appreciation in Finland.

The sight of the new hat, when the Finnish woman wore it for the first time, almost caused her to be mobbed by acquaintances who wished to know where she got it. The young Russian woman at this point interjected a remark which will bear out the suspicions of men who are obliged to pay the monthly bills of their womenfolk.

"Women of all classes and all positions," she said, "are always interested in hats and are always ready to buy hats."

At any rate, the Finnish woman revealed the source of her new hat, and the young Russian woman was immediately flooded with orders. She made hats for practically every woman in town, incidentally using up all the available hat trimming; so expeditions were formed by heckled husbands to shoot Finnish sea gulls in order that more hat trimming might be provided. Out of that one town she cleaned up 6000 marks. With this sum she headed for Paris, where the carefree tourist willingly submits to highway robbery in order to acquire the indefinable something which is popularly supposed to go—and frequently does go—with a Paris hat. She worked over to Stockholm, down to Copenhagen, over to Berlin and across to Paris, stopping long enough in each place to make enough money in hat establishments to pay her way to the next stop.

When she reached Paris she was broke, and knew no one. She went to the Russian embassy, where Mademoiselle Maklakoff, after hearing her story, loaned her enough money to rest for a few days, and got her a little attic room in an out-of-the-way corner of the city. She started out to hunt a job with a few sketches of ideas which she had for dresses. She tried one of the very best dressmakers in Paris and was hired instantly. Probably almost every American woman who looked into the fashionable dressmaking establishments of Paris in 1921 has seen this young woman's costume sketches.

Busy and Happy

For working from nine in the morning until seven at night and evolving five costumes a day she received 275 francs a month—or less than five dollars a week—and her lunch and dinner. She had a few words to say concerning the exploitation of labor in France that were strong enough to fry eggs. She declared that she had worked in a good many places since the revolution, but that she had never worked in a place where girls were forced to work for such pitiful wages as in Paris. Her sketches became so well known that she left the dressmaking establishment, did her work in her own room and sold the sketches to the highest bidder. Then a woman who had saved enough money to start an establishment of her own made her an offer to go into partnership with her. The young woman is well on her way to an independent fortune to-day. She is still living in the one room that Mademoiselle Maklakoff got for her, and as fast as the money comes in it is salted away in the bank.

I asked this young woman whether her experiences in Soviet Russia and in escaping from Soviet Russia had affected her in any way.

"Not in the least," she replied. "I've been too busy working, and when I'm working I'm always happy. I'm glad that I had to start working, and I know that I shall never stop. Even when I go back to Russia I shall keep on."

It is a pleasure to chronicle this girl's experience. The experiences of most of the refugees are very different. Many of them are too old to be intrusted with work or to undertake it if it exists. Many of them, having been trained to no sort of work whatever, are unable to locate the only sorts of unskilled labor of which they are capable. Many of them, unfortunately, are unwilling to work at tasks which they consider below their dignity. And very many

(Continued on Page 57)

Keep that schoolgirl complexion

A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after early youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing regime is thorough without irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

10c

Remember blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

Daily cleansing is your protection against skin troubles. Powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Discovered 3,000 years ago

The use of Palm and Olive oils as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

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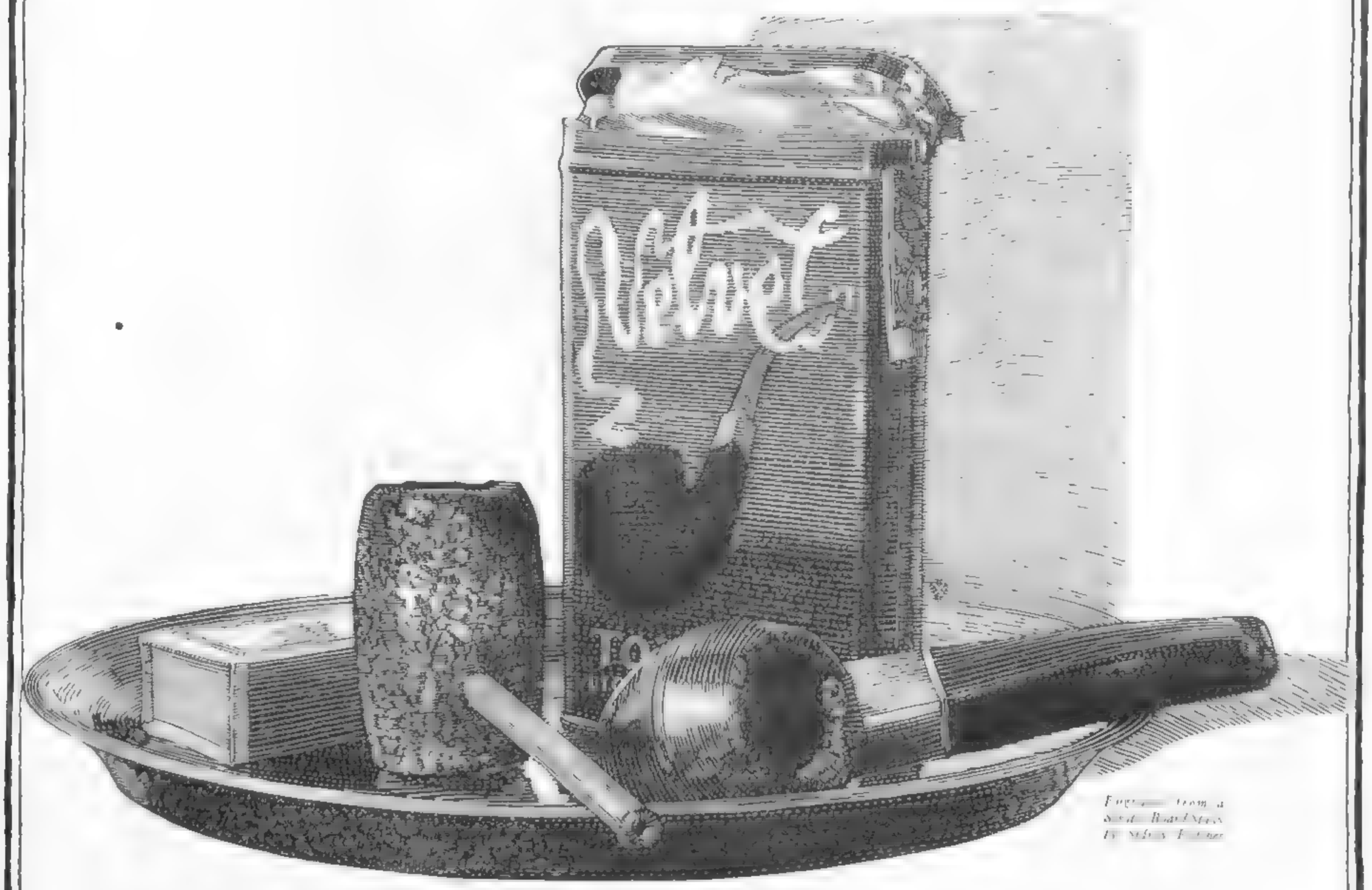
Try Cleopatra's way to complexion beauty

She used cosmetics of every kind to enhance her charm, but cleansing with Palm and Olive oils came first. The same rule, applied today, will keep your complexion fresh, youthful and free from blemishes.

Use the same Palm and Olive oils, mild and soothing. They are scientifically combined for the use of modern women in Palmolive—the beautifying cleanser.



OLD CORN COB & BUCK BRIAR

LET THEM TALK — AND YOU'LL HEAR SOMETHING

LISTEN—"Don't jam us full of those harsh, bitey tobaccos and then expect us to give you a square deal. We can't do it. The tobacco's got to be right.

"GIVE us a chance; fill us with mellow VELVET—that sun-ripened KENTUCKY BURLEY. Nary a bite and no harshness there. Just couldn't be. It was aged in wooden hogsheads for two years. And believe us, you can't beat that way to mellow tobacco and make it just right for a pipe.

"TAKE it from a pair of ole timers—fill your pipe with VELVET and you'll know what real pipe smokin' means."

Copyright 1921, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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of them, for various reasons, are unwilling to work at all.

This latter class, oddly enough, is not usually recruited from among the ranks of the old Russian aristocracy. The best and the most willing workers among the refugees are the aristocrats who had never done a genuine stroke of work in their lives until the Bolsheviks became socially prominent. The officers of the best regiments of the old Russian Army will accept any sort of position which will enable them to live—as a general rule. The officers of the Russian armies subsequent to the revolution are very different propositions. I was discussing the matter with the Russian ambassador in Athens—Prince Demidoff.

"Our greatest problem in providing enterprises in which the Russian refugees can work," said he, "is to make the men work. Many of them won't work at all. We can't get them to work. They want to sit around and be fed. The only way to handle them is to put a strong man over them and drive them to work by sheer force."

Nearly all of the Athens refugees are officers and men of the armies that fought the Bolsheviks in South Russia.

"The officers of the new army are a sorry lot," said Demidoff. "They're lazy and impossible."

The same statement was made to me by people who worked with the Russian refugees in London, Paris, Rome, Finland and Warsaw. Enormous numbers of them not only have the regular Russian temperament, which is the stolid, dull Slav temperament exaggerated by centuries of stern taskmasters who did all their thinking for them, but this temperament has been further exaggerated by years of army life, by the wanderings of the past few years and by the charity on which they have existed since they left Russia.

The Czar's Regiment of Coachmen

In Paris alone there are enough Russian refugees of all classes to populate an entire Russian city. There are professors of every branch of learning, doctors, authors, lawyers, judges, merchants, financiers, legislators, engineers and skilled workmen of all sorts. There are also enough barons and counts and princes to supply a dozen Russian cities with many more titles than they need. The business of titles, like the business of Czar's coachman, was carried to excess in Russia. Wherever my wanderings have carried me in Europe I have always been shown a Czar's coachman. There is a Czar's coachman in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and every other European capital. It is my belief that if the Czar's coachmen who are now refugees in Europe were to march in review they would take more than forty-five minutes to pass a given point. Evidently the Czar had a fresh coachman after every meal, and the business of hiring and firing Czar's coachmen must have grown to huge proportions. It may be that the Czar had to have a coachman whose complexion matched each one of his uniforms, or something of that nature.

The matter of titles was even worse apparently. At the Russian embassy in Constantinople a colonel of an old Imperial Guard regiment was giving me some refugee addresses, and he named a certain lady whom we will call Princess Kokine. I stopped him.

"How is it," I asked him, "that there's a Princess Kokine here when there is also a Princess Kokine in Paris and another in Berlin and another in Warsaw and another in Rome?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a large family," he replied. "There are enough Princess Kokines to stretch all the way across the Black Sea if you place them end to end."

He explained further that if a Prince Kokine had seven sons each of them would be a prince, and that each son of each of the seven would also be a prince, so that at the end of a few generations there might easily be enough Prince Kokines to form an eight-team baseball league. In certain parts of Russia, notably the south, the title of prince appears to have been very similar to the title of colonel in Kentucky and other Southern states, where it is frequently awarded by tacit agreement to gentlemen who have killed more than one rattlesnake or otherwise served the public in a noteworthy manner.

A Petrograd prince spoke to me very disparagingly of princes from the Caucasus and declared stoutly that anyone in the Caucasus who had more than one house was a prince by common consent. This statement, I am sure, is slightly exaggerated; but it is certain that among Russian refugees princes and princesses are almost as common as are home-brewers in America.

When one first comes in contact with Russian refugees one becomes quite thrilled at news of a princess working in a restaurant; but after a time information concerning a toiling princess is of no more moment than information concerning a loafing Czar's coachman.

At the beginning of 1921 the refugees in Paris were divided into three classes. The first class was made up of the persons who had large estates and great wealth in Russia before the revolution. Most of these people escaped from Russia with a few beautiful furs and jewels, which they could sell in order to tide them over for a time. Some could live for only a few months on the proceeds of these sales, while some could live for two or three years. The second class consisted of persons who earned comfortable salaries in Russia, but depended entirely on their work—such people, for example, as professors, lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, doctors, artists, engineers, bank clerks and government employes. The third class comprised the skilled laborers—stenographers, milliners, mechanics, and so on.

Relief for the Stranded

There are several banks in Paris which are managed by wealthy Russians. A certain refugee named Porlotsoff, who had factories in the Urals and was assistant to the Minister of Foreign Affairs before the first revolution, evolved a scheme whereby the refugees who could prove that they had property in Russia, stocks and bonds in Russian banks and other valuable holdings which were not accessible because of the activities of the Bolsheviks could negotiate loans from French banks. The Russian-managed banks backed these loans, and it was arranged that every person who could prove large Russian holdings could borrow 1000 francs a month for himself and 500 francs a month for each person dependent on him. These loans were to be granted until March 1, 1921, the understanding being that the Bolshevik government was to collapse by that date, so that the borrowers could get at their possessions and repay their debts. By Christmas of 1920 the Paris banks had loaned 10,000,000 francs on this arrangement. On March 1, 1921, the arrangement stopped.

How the first class of Russian refugees in Paris is living to-day nobody seems to know. Nobody seems to know in any city how the Russians manage to exist, as they so frequently do, without any work and without any apparent means of getting money and without any possessions which can be pawned or sold.

The second class of refugees in Paris—those who were comfortably situated in Russia but did not have independent fortunes—were, up to the first of March, the most miserable. They were unable to find work in Paris which corresponded to the work which they had done in Russia. Most of them knew only the Russian language; thus they could not be employed by French or English firms. The engineers alone of this class were able to get along, because their knowledge of machinery made it possible for factory owners to employ them as manual laborers.

The Russian embassy in Paris maintains a school for the children of this second class of refugees, though in time it may be enlarged to take in more. It is a poverty-stricken little school, and a good part of the money which makes it possible is given by Americans or French. The teachers are all Russian refugees, and they are paid from 250 to 500 francs a month apiece. That's between twenty and thirty dollars a month, but they say they can get along on it because the bulk of the school's money needs to be spent for books.

This school teaches the children enough French to make it possible for them to get into the French high schools. The children are given lunch at the school. Those whose parents have secured positions pay 100 francs a month, while those whose parents cannot find work are taught for nothing. The cook in the school kitchen, by the way, is a Russian lady from Tamboff. In Russia she was extremely wealthy. When she and her three children arrived in Paris she was penniless. The two littlest children are taught and fed in the school for nothing. The oldest daughter, who is sixteen,

WHEN good teeth become monotonous, then the humdrum facts of Dr. Lyon's *safety* talks will cease to be interesting. It has cleaned safely, polished brilliantly and preserved teeth for over fifty years. It contains no harmful or doubtful ingredients —involves no risk.

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The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

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FREE SAMPLE—Powder or Cream
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Dainty white buck-skin Educator for a proud young miss.

Straight Boned Feet Coming In

CORNS, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, are becoming old-fashioned—passe. Misshapen feet will soon be as inexcusable as bad teeth.

Today's foot-wear slogan says, "If it isn't *healthy*, it isn't *stylish*."

Keep up with the times. Get your pain-twisted feet into good-looking Educators—the original foot-health pioneers. For Educators not only prevent the start of foot troubles, but help Nature correct old ones. They simply "let the feet grow as they should."

Get Educators for all the family—baby to granddaddy. Every one will be everlastingly grateful.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

A Free Book on Crime

"Bent Bones Make Ugly Feet" tells

White Buck-skin shoe for young miss

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

helps with the cooking and thus pays for her lessons.

The question of the education of the Russian refugee children is of course a very serious one, as almost any family would discover if, after wandering penniless around the world for many months, it were dumped down in a strange country without money, without friends, without textbooks and without any knowledge of the language of the country into which it had been dumped.

The third class of Paris refugees the skilled workers—had all the work that they wanted until the big strikes occurred. So many French people were thrown out of work by them that now the French naturally give their available positions to their own people, and there is less and less work for the Russians every day. Consequently all three classes of Russians in Paris were in about the same fix by the spring of 1921, and the fix was not one which could by any stretch of the imagination be classed as enviable.

Refugees in Poland

In my notebook I find the following Parisian cases, fortunate ones for the most part, of persons who were well known in old Russia:

Count Hendrickoff is about sixty years old. He was a wealthy man in Russia, and for forty years he was attached to the Foreign Office. He came out after the first revolution. Rheumatism in his hands makes it impossible for him to work. The Russian embassy allows him the equivalent of two dollars a week for a place in which to live, but its resources are so limited that it cannot allow him more. Since it cannot, it does not ask how the count manages to get food. There's no use in harrowing one's mind with a situation that can't be remedied.

Princess Shakoffskoi, with her two daughters, lives in a single room at Versailles. Her husband was killed by the Bolsheviks. She lives by embroidering linen, but not too well.

Madame Vesiloffskaia lived in Petrograd, where her husband was in the Finance Ministry, and very wealthy. She has sold almost everything she owns in order to live. She is unable to get work. She has two daughters. One of them works in a bank at a very small salary. The other is ill.

Princess Ourousoff is happy and reasonably successful making hats and embroideries for Worth, the costumer. Princess Obolensky has developed a marked knack for making stylish dresses, and has been so successful at it that she has never had to be helped. Princess Gargarin is one of the social lights of Paris. She goes, as the phrase has it, *everywhere*; and one sees her name constantly in the society columns of the Paris papers. Yet her only means of support is a position in a Paris office which pays her 600 francs a month, or the equivalent of about five hundred dollars a year.

Though I should rather dislike to say so in the hearing of any of the Russian refugees in Paris, the Paris refugees are more fortunately situated than those in any other part of Europe, with the possible exceptions of London and Berlin. This is because Paris is a large city, in which the possibility of work is always present. The same holds true of Berlin and London. There is always a possibility that a starving refugee may find something to do in these places before he slips over the divide. This is a thin possibility to dangle before a starving man or woman, but the fact remains that it is a possibility.

When one moves into Poland, however, one finds himself in a country where the bulk of the population has very little decent food to buy and an insufficient amount of money with which to buy it. Early in 1921, when I reached Warsaw, one received 960 Polish marks in return for an American dollar, instead of the normal rate of five marks for a dollar. One good pair of women's shoes cost from 8000 to 10,000 marks, and the wage of a waitress in a restaurant was in the neighborhood of 600 marks a month.

It is scarcely necessary to go deeper into the economic situation to show that the hundreds of thousands of Russian refugees in Poland, lacking money and jobs, are in a nerve-racking position. It should always be borne in mind that these people are the only world-wanderers who have no government to which they can turn. An American, stranded, jobless and moneyless in a strange land, can go to his consul; and if he deserves help the consul will get him back to America somehow. The Russians have no consuls to whom they can go, and no country to which they can return. They've got to find work, and if they can't find work they've got to beg or die.

Poland can't even feed herself. The American Relief Administration, more familiarly known as the Hoover crowd, is daily feeding 1,100,000 children under fifteen years of age with its usual energy, efficiency and lack of waste motion. Older persons must shift for themselves. Even the Poles find the shifting very difficult; while the Russians, strangers in a strange land, find it more perplexing than any Einstein theory. So pitiful has been the state of the Russians in Warsaw that the American Relief Administration conducted a so-called intelligentzia kitchen in that city and fed 1500 adult refugees there each day—aristocrats, army officers, professors, doctors, lawyers, actors. Adults have to be pretty badly off when the American Relief Administration provides food for them, for it is essentially a child-feeding organization. Yet 1500 people is a very small fraction of the whole.

To get in touch with the Russians in Warsaw one goes to a hotel near the palace which before the war was occupied by the governor-general of Russian Poland. On the top floor of the hotel, in a rather shabbily furnished room which looks down on the copious snow-covered chimney pots of the palace, lives Mme. Ludmila Lubimoff, head of the Russian Red Cross in Poland. Before the war Madame Lubimoff lived in the palace which she sees to-day from the windows of her room, for she was the governor-general's wife. Her husband was a miniature czar, holding practically unlimited power over the people under him. To-day he acts as secretary for the Russian Red Cross, and is paid 400 marks a month, or in the neighborhood of forty-five American cents.

Every little while he goes to the police and receives permission to remain in Poland; and at police headquarters he is always received with respectful consideration, because he was a very just and kindly and well-liked governor-general.

Before he became the governor of Poland he was the governor of Vilna, and what was known as a palace master, or *Hofmeister*, of the imperial court.

Mr. Lubimoff's Escape

As for his wife, she was a very beautiful woman whose influence was great and far-reaching. Even to-day she is an unusually handsome woman, with great masses of molasses-candy-colored hair and the whitest of teeth, and eyes which squizzle pleasantly at the corners when she welcomes the old friends who drop in on her for sympathy—and help; such people, for example, as the former governors of Russia's greatest provinces and former Imperial Guard officers and counts and barons and princes whose names were known the length and breadth of the empire. Madame Lubimoff herself, by the way, was born a princess, and was what the English-speaking Russians usually speak of as "reech, reech and reech"—which seems to be their invariable manner of emphasizing richness. When she and her husband fled from Petrograd she saved a larger amount of jewels than most fleeing Russians were able to save. This was due to the assistance of the Persian consul in Petrograd. This gentleman, who was a Pole, although he represented Persia, sent her jewels to Finland by courier. Consequently she and her husband can exist for another five or six years by selling now a jewel and again a jewel. They must live frugally in one room, and they can eat only the simplest fare if the jewels are to last that long. When they are gone there will be nothing.

Madame Lubimoff was somewhat delayed in her get-away from Soviet Russia by the fact that her husband was languishing in a Bolshevik jail awaiting execution. One day she was called to the telephone. When she answered a man's voice asked whether she were Ludmila Lubimoff. She replied that she was, whereupon a female voice took up the conversation. It proved to be the voice of a lady with whom Madame Lubimoff had gone to school many years before—one Angelik Balabanoff, who is one of the most notorious Bolsheviks in all Soviet Russia. Some time since she had made a sensational trip to France and back to Russia again without passport or visas—a fact which caused the French Government much anguish. Balabanoff had just learned of Madame Lubimoff's presence in Petrograd.

"You will be surprised," she said to Madame Lubimoff, after the two had hysterically voiced their delight at hearing each other's voices after so many years—"you will be surprised when you hear the name of the man who asked for you over the telephone just now." Madame Lubimoff at once stated that she was consumed by curiosity.

"It was Trotzky," declared Balabanoff. "He is here at my apartment and he telephoned to oblige me."

"If he is so willing, then, to oblige you," replied Madame Lubimoff, "ask him to oblige you further by having my husband released from jail."

And on the following day Madame Lubimoff received an order, signed by Trotzky, releasing her husband. She at once sold enough jewels to purchase a false passport stating that her husband had permission to go to the Ukraine to buy leather, and so they came out into Poland together.

Madame Lubimoff's Charities

Madame Lubimoff, as I said before, is head of the Russian Red Cross in Poland, and it is a very fortunate thing for the Russian refugees that this should be so. Early last winter the central office of the Russian Red Cross in Paris ordered her to discontinue the activities of the Russian Red Cross in Poland because of lack of funds. Instead of discontinuing she enlarged her field of activities.

"I could not stop," she told me. "These are my people and they were dying."

So she hustles around all day, this woman who was "reech, reech and reech" a few years ago and the first lady of that section of the land in which she is now doing her hustling. She looks after the workshops which she has started and the feeding stations which are keeping her people from starvation and the dispensaries which look after the sick; and in her spare moments she tears around to the Americans or the Poles or anyone at all and begs for more. She has become a very accomplished beggar and is not discouraged by rebuffs. If she cannot get a case of condensed milk for a kitchen she will gladly take two cans; and if she cannot get an automobile load of cloth for a workshop she wouldn't think of scorning half a dozen pairs of pajamas, which her workshops can make into shirts, plucking out each thread and cunningly recutting them. It was pleasant to hear the relief workers putting her on the griddle, as one might say.

"Darn her," they'd say, "she's an awful nuisance! Asking for a sack of flour, and if you haven't got it asking for half a sack or a quarter of a sack! You want to look out for that woman! Don't go near her or she'll ask you for money sure as shooting. Yes, sir, come right out and ask you for it! Can't hold onto a cent while she's around, darn her!"

Very ferocious and contemptuous, these young men were; and the next morning they'd scratch their heads meditatively and privately figure out some way whereby they could send her a little more flour or a little more milk or maybe even a few Polish marks. They're a terrible lot of cynics and hard-boiled eggs, these relief workers of ours.

The main idea behind all of Madame Lubimoff's efforts is the foundation of workshops for Russian refugees which shall pay for themselves and clear enough profit to feed the people who can't work. She has a working colony of 300 skilled workmen out at Sulejuwek, near Warsaw. All of these workmen are specialists in such things as fine leather work, fine brass work, the making of Russian enamel, and so on. They make only beautiful things, and the market for all that they make is a large and eager one. Then there are two big sewing shops employing 300 women and equipped with twenty American sewing machines that were the gift of Americans.

When I was in Warsaw this shop was working on the remaking of hospital shirts which had been given to the Russians by the American Red Cross on the condition that they be remade. Every stitch on the hospital shirts was picked out, and the pieces were recut and resewed so that they made very natty shirts for street wear. In one month this shop had shown a profit of 100,000 marks, because the shirts produced by it were eagerly snapped up. The boss of the shirt factory is Princess Meschersky.

(Continued on Page 61)

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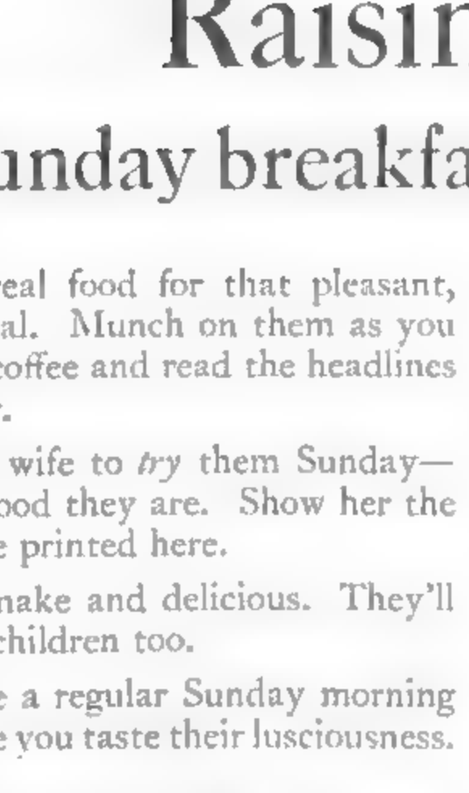

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(Continued from Page 58)

Meschersky is a great name in Russia, and when the Bolsheviks ran the princess out of Russia they lost a good forewoman. Prince Meschersky used to be Russian consul general in Shanghai, but in Warsaw he couldn't get a job. Finally the Russian Red Cross let him peel potatoes in return for his food; so he peels diligently every day, and eats heartily, and seems remarkably contented with his lot. Probably he bears in mind how much more unpleasant it would have been if he couldn't have anything to eat.

The women who work in the sewing shops are paid 150 Polish marks a day, and are given three meals a day for which they are charged thirty marks. The Polish mark, at the time of which I wrote, stood at 960 marks for the dollar. The lunch at these workshops costs the Russian Red Cross twenty-two marks a person, and is sold for ten marks. A modest dinner for four people at either of the two good Warsaw hotels, at the same period, cost between 3000 and 4000 marks.

Plucky Aristocrats

"It is my fear," said Madame Lubimoff to me, "that the American Red Cross may make an end of giving to the Russians, and I spend all my days hunting and hoping for machines and tools so that more and more of our people can have work. It is all they ask—work. The Poles cannot give to us, for they are only existing like little children who are learning to stand on their feet. If you will ask your people for machines or for tools for these Russian people—even one machine or one hoe is better than none at all—I beg that you will ask your people for such things. We are all very great beggars now. I am sorry that it is so. It was not always so. Just machines for sewing or for working in the ground."

Let us look at some of the Russians in Warsaw. Here, for one, is Prince Outomsky, who was widely known in Russia as a patron of the arts. He was one of the wealthiest men in that very wealthy city, and to his salon came the greatest artists and authors and actors in the empire. The Russian Red Cross, learning that he was in unfortunate circumstances, hunted him up. They found him and Princess Outomsky occupying one-half of a tiny room, and their half was set off from the other half by a curtain of torn and ancient cloth. The two of them were making cigarettes as rapidly as they could, for if they worked very rapidly all the day they were able to earn as much as twenty marks a day. The investigator who hunted them up had belonged to a great family in Petrograd and had known the prince in the days of his wealth.

"When I came to the room," she told me, "this man began to cry quite like a child."

They had been reduced to such extremes of poverty and hunger that he had begged on street corners. They were taken to the Red Cross kitchens and put to work. The princess started as a waitress, and was then elevated to the position of cashier; and between them they now earn 4000 marks a month, or the equivalent of four dollars.

"They are now quite happy," said my informant, "for they feel that they do something for their people."

Prince Outomsky has large estates in Poland, but they have been requisitioned by the Polish Government, as have the Polish estates of many other Russian refugees. Sometime when things are running smoothly, says the Polish Government, the Russians may be paid for the things that have been taken from them.

Madame Kaswoffsky owns very large estates in Poland, but she is doing office work for the Russian Red Cross for 2800 marks a month and her dinner each day, because her estates have been seized and she has nothing else. The seizing of the estates of Russians has had some queer results. The Bolsheviks robbed Prince Mirsky of his estate near Minsk. He therefore organized a band of guerrilla fighters and robbed his own home of his own belongings.

Three miles out from Warsaw in a two-room hut at the edge of a forest lives a Russian gentleman named Oblonsky, who was the architect of the imperial palaces in Petrograd. He has now secured a position as forester and regulates the cutting down of trees and the disposition of fagots. His wife was killed by the Bolsheviks. He has six children. The eldest is sixteen years old and has a lame leg. Nevertheless, this boy walks into Warsaw each morning and spends the day making tin cups out of condensed-milk cans. When he has finished making cups he goes to a Russian school, which keeps him fairly busy until eight o'clock at night. Then he can relax and enjoy life; so he gets Red Cross food for his five brothers and sisters and plugs out along the frozen roads with his lame leg to the little hut in the forest.

The shirt factory of the Russian Red Cross has an expert needlewoman in the person of Madame Herschelmann, wife of the General Herschelmann who was governor-general of Moscow and later commander of the army in the Vilna district. Three days before I reached Warsaw last winter Madame Herschelmann arrived there in rags with her nineteen-year-old daughter. They had started from Oranienbaum, which is near Petrograd, for Finland; and to the person who had undertaken to get them into Finland they had paid 30,000 Finnish marks. The Finns caught them, however, and as the border was closed to Russians at that time and as they had no permission to enter, they were put back across the border. The Russian border guard immediately arrested them. Madame Herschelmann had a few diamonds hidden in her clothes. With most of these she bought her freedom. She immediately tried the same means of escape once more, selling the remainder of her diamonds and her only good clothes in order to get the 30,000 Finnish marks. On the second attempt she and her daughter were successful, and from Finland they begged and tramped and fought their way to Warsaw. The daughter has a clerical position in a warehouse, where she earns 1500 marks a month. Madame Herschelmann is paid eighty marks a day—or about eight American cents—for her shirt making.

In the kitchen which cooks American Relief Administration food for Russian refugee children there is a cook named Madame Koudraftseff. This lady was the wife of the vice mayor of Petrograd. He was arrested and put in prison after the revolution, and on one very cold winter night an order was issued that he should be moved to another prison about three miles distant from the one he was in. The guards started with him, but the cold was so intense that they chose an easier way—they shot him and threw him in the Neva. His wife, who has four small children, was mentally unbalanced by the shock, and remained so for five months. She then fled from Petrograd and ultimately came to Warsaw, where she and her four children have been fortunate enough to find the half of a room in which to live.

From Wealth to Poverty

As I said before, few of them die from the horrors and hardships through which they pass, but many of them are mentally affected. In Warsaw, for example, is General Prigoroffsky, who commanded an army corps in the Great War. He had more decorations for bravery and service, say the Russians, than almost any other officer; and he was very wealthy. His son was killed by the Bolsheviks under particularly unpleasant circumstances, and the general was unable to locate the body. He consequently has what is known as the *idée fixe*, and insists on asking all people whom he meets whether they know where he can locate his son. He goes up and down the streets of Warsaw asking this question. For that reason it is impossible to get work for him. He cannot get his mind off his son.

Then there are Senator Ragowich and his wife and daughter. Senator Ragowich was governor of the district of Kovno at one time, and he was also Minister of Religion; and he, too, was "reech, reech and reech." The senator's wife was born a princess. He now works as a laborer in a warehouse, while his wife cooks and does laundry work. The daughter was one of the attendants of the Czarina. Her brother was killed by the Bolsheviks, and now—to quote my interpreter—"All the day she is quite mad, doing a dress during the daytime and undoing the stitches during the nighttime." She is a very pretty girl, this mad daughter of the Ragowich's, and is only nineteen years old.

One finds strange mixtures among these refugees, and as much democracy among aristocrats as even the Bolsheviks, with their Comrade This and Comrade That, can show. The Russian Red Cross has a dining room at its headquarters, and among the waitresses are Princess Rukoff, whose

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husband, Admiral Rukoff, was executed by the Bolsheviks, and two young women whose father, named Juzaffsky, was butler to the Czar and went with him to Tobolsk when the Bolsheviks took him there. Likewise, in the shirt-making shop, working with Princess Meschersky, is the wife of Denisoff, who was one of the many coachmen of the Czar.

An army of 9000 men, known as Wrangel's Third Army, was formed from Russians in Poland by General Permikin, the idea being that it should advance through Kieff to Odessa and go to Wrangel's assistance. It never got to him, however, and it is now interned in camps in the cities of Ostroff, Thorn and Lukoff. These men are in very bad shape, and have little food and practically no clothes. A great many of the officers cannot leave their beds in the daytime because their clothes are entirely worn out, and they can get no others.

There is a Russian political committee in Poland which is working for the relief of these men, and at the head of it is a man named Boris Savinkoff. Savinkoff, under the old régime, was regarded as a wild revolutionary; but the Bolsheviks consider him a dangerous reactionary. It was Savinkoff who organized the men who assassinated the Grand Duke Serge and Plehve, Minister of the Interior. He was very much wanted under the old régime, and one of the men who was pounding along on his trail at all hours of the day and night was Governor Lubimoff. Lubimoff used to ransack every corner of Petrograd for him. Savinkoff was a dear friend of Marshal Pilsudski, Chief of State of Poland to-day, for Pilsudski was an ardent hater of the old Russian régime and a constant worker to free Poland from Russian rule. Savinkoff and Pilsudski, in fact, were what might be called old prison chums, for both of them had frequently been jugged, so to speak, together and had a wide and intimate knowledge of the interiors of the leading Russian jails. So it was only reasonable that Pilsudski, as Chief of State of Poland, should put Savinkoff at the head of the committee to look after an interned Russian army. Politicians must stick together.

But in this position Savinkoff is obliged to work almost daily with Madame Lubimoff, head of the Russian Red Cross; and when they so work the secretary who takes down the minutes of the proceedings is M. Lubimoff, whose sleuth hounds used to bay ferociously at Savinkoff's heels. It is a rare situation.

"I must help this army," declared Madame Lubimoff, squizzling her eyes at me, "but I am quite shocked that I must speak with this man."

A Masterpiece in Beads

I went up to Madame Lubimoff's room one afternoon for some information regarding refugees. The woman who opened the door to me and who brings tea for callers and takes their wraps, and by so doing earns just enough marks each day to keep her from starvation, is the wife of the former assistant manager of the Warsaw post office when Warsaw was under the Russians. I was followed by a meek-looking gentleman in a rusty black suit, and soon learned that it was Mr. Gilchin, the governor of Bessarabia, who now acts as messenger boy for a Polish firm, and is very glad of a monthly food packet from the American Relief Administration. Directly behind Mr. Gilchin came another meek-looking gentleman, who proved to be Colonel Kessalaeff, a former Imperial Guards officer, now acting as errand boy for the Russian Red Cross. On being introduced to a bevy of such people one cannot help but feel that he is in a madhouse, and is frequently inclined to enter into the spirit of the occasion by declaring loudly that he is Oliver Cromwell or Alexander the Great.

A young woman came to the door while I was talking to Madame Lubimoff and asked a question. Madame Lubimoff went to a drawer and took out a package.

"A Russian lady," she said to me, "fled from Petrograd with nothing but a pocketful of beads. With these, on the way, she knitted a beautiful bead bag, and now she wishes to sell it so that she may have something to eat. But she asks such a great price for it that I fear she cannot sell it"; and she thereupon handed the package to the young woman with expressions of regret.

I asked to see it. It was one of the most beautiful bead bags that I have seen in all my travels through the bead-bag centers of Central Europe, and the stupendous and overwhelming price that the maker was asking for it was 8000 Polish marks—which at that day's rate of exchange amounted to little more than eight dollars to an American. I told Madame Lubimoff that I could surely get one of the Americans at the Hotel Bristol to buy it if the girl cared to leave it with me, and with that she opened another drawer in her desk and drew out a silver plate a foot in diameter, incrusted on the face with designs in Moscow enamel. Engraved on the back was an inscription stating that the plate was the gift of the Grand Duchess Anastasia to the mother superior of a Moscow convent on a certain important anniversary in 1913.

The plate was almost as heavy as a frying pan. It was the most treasured possession of that mother superior, and the only thing that she had been able to carry with her when she fled from Moscow. She had reached Warsaw in a pitiful state of poverty about two weeks previous, and had turned the plate over to Madame Lubimoff to be sold. Madame Lubimoff didn't seem to know the price which she should ask for it, so the servant—the wife of the assistant manager of the Warsaw post office—was sent out to a jewelry store to have it valued. She came back and said that the jeweler had offered 12,000 marks for it—twelve dollars for a plate worth more than two hundred! I suggested that Madame Lubimoff have it properly valued so that I might be able to help sell it, but I heard no more of it.

Refugee Jewels

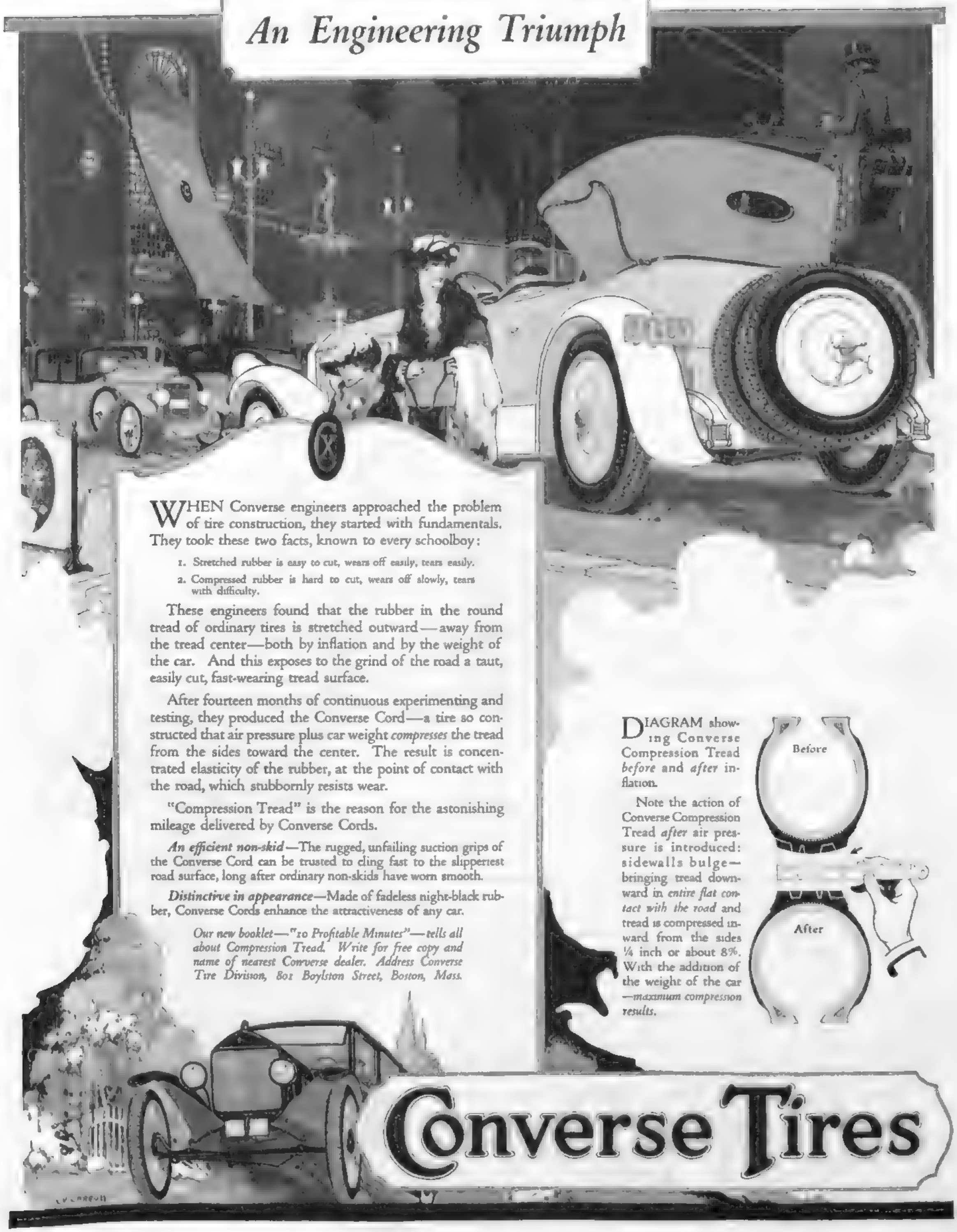
This illustrates, however, the cutthroat prices for which destitute Russians who have managed to escape with small treasures of jewels or plate or furs are obliged to sell their belongings when the pinch of hunger or cold or sickness becomes too great to be borne. One hears remarkable tales in Europe of diamond tiaras bought from Russians for $500 or $600; of sable coats sold for the equivalent of fifty dollars; of gorgeous emeralds purchased from helpless refugees for the price of a decent meal for four people. I have never happened to encounter people who had made these remarkable purchases, and I should think that those who made them would be as reluctant to tell of them as they would be to boast of stealing pennies from a dead man's eyes. All of my information concerning them has been third or fourth or fifth hand and consequently worth very little.

I have no doubt that many of the stories are true, and it is a fact that in almost any European city one can buy jewels sold originally by Russian refugees which have passed through four and five hands and yielded a handsome profit to each purchaser, and which can still be purchased at a far lower price than they could be purchased in America. It is also a fact that there are a lot of cheap traders from Galicia and the Levant in every part of Europe who pretend to have Russian-refugee jewels at one-tenth of their value, and who are feathering their nests handsomely by palming off flawed diamonds and paste pearls and phony sables and platinum with the accent on the "tin" on gullible Englishmen and Americans and other kindly but avaricious boobs from the outlands.

One of the most distinguished lawyers from Kieff, Mr. Riekshensky, plodded into Warsaw not long ago in a ragged suit and with no shoes or stockings or underclothing. Just before he left Kieff the Bolsheviks killed his sister. He is working in an American Red Cross warehouse. He has twenty Imperial Guard officers working under him. The former governor of Novogorod holds the keys of the pantry of the Russian Red Cross kitchen and doles out the meager supplies. Colonel Ivanoff chops wood for a relief dining room. M. Javorsky, one of Petrograd's leading comedians, hands out checks in the same dining room.

And so it goes in England, in Switzerland, in Turkey, in Finland, in Hungary, in Egypt, in Germany, in Tunis, in Italy—all over the civilized world. Like dead leaves, these people have drifted to the four quarters of the earth; and there they lie, some in heaps and windrows, and some still drifting helplessly before the wind. The scum of Europe pours to America by every ship with comparative ease; but the Russians must move heaven and earth and the State Department before they can go. Of all the sad spectacles which I have seen among the wreckage left by the war, the spectacle of the Russian refugees is the saddest.

An Engineering Triumph



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DOINGS IN NORMALCYVILLE

(Continued from Page 4)

in pleasant and profitable testimony of that deep and abiding affection, or they fear those fellow toilers so much they dare not do anything else.

The result is equally marked whichever way it is. Normalcy is the state of being normal, and no Ohio politician is normal unless he has a job. Wherefore, as of the ten individuals elected and reelected Presidents since the Civil War seven were born in Ohio and five were Ohio men when elected, the normalcy of the Ohio politicians has been marked; but not more so than at present—not more so.

If an Ohio man became President, as many Ohio men do, and aught else was observed the omen would be ill, for it would denote both neglect of formula and lack of realization of precedent and responsibility. Wherefore, although many have been censorious of an early and allegedly undue installation of numerous Ohioans in places of public trust and pay, the situation does not call for criticism but rather for applause. Here is an Ohioan operating in a strict Ohio manner. Inasmuch as Fate has decreed that at least half of our Presidents shall be Ohio men and we know the Ohio method and have stood up under it so many years, why carp? Furthermore, there is no known method of changing it; there is no very bad result from it; and it partially answers the question: What sort of politician is Harding?

Mr. Harding is two sorts of politician. He knows how to get what he wants for himself, and he knows what he wants to get from others. Nothing has been experter or more efficacious in White House history for many years than his prompt installation of those of his fellow Ohioans he desired in the service of the country in that service. He knew his Congress, having served therein. He knew that a Congress that is hopeful is helpful; a Congress that is expectant is exemplary. He knew that the time would come, with him as with every other President, when, congressional desires having been met in the way of patronage and perquisite, he would have that Congress on his hands instead of at his feet. So he got his, first.

It is quite true that Congress, in many of its powerful individual units, raged over some of the appointments Mr. Harding made. They did not meet either the plans or the expectations of those powerful individual units; but was there lack of confirmation and support? Not that was noticeable. Not in important particulars. An incoming President must be obeyed; an outgoing President may be flouted. The one is a prospect for patronage, the other a worked-out vein. And the gentlemen up on the Hill in Washington are expert miners, each and every one.

A Politician by Pervasion

There was that matter of the Colombian Treaty. It had hung heavy over the heads of the Senate for years. It was the pet aversion and derision of Colonel Roosevelt. It was scorned and rebuked by the Senate. It so happened that the ratification of that treaty was a part of the integral policy of the new President, a section of the plan of accomplishment he had made, and for reasons that have to do with a required and desired solidarity of American hemispherical interests for purposes of international maneuver. Anyhow, President Harding wanted the Colombian Treaty ratified.

He did not wait. He sent it to the Senate immediately, before he was warm in his chair. There was Senate protest. "What's the hurry?" asked Harding men. "What's the use?" asked the Democrats. "Over our dead bodies," said the former Rooseveltians. The treaty was ratified.

Observe: A day or so after the treaty was sent to the Senate, and after the preliminary explosions had subsided and the line-up was sufficiently established to enable the President to find where he stood on the matter, two distinguished senators, colleagues and from a state that had done well by Harding, anxious to get a start on their patronage matters, made an appointment with the President. They were none too keen about the Colombian Treaty—lukewarm, not violent or exclamatory, just passive. They had been in frequent conference since election day over the Federal offices in their state, and had a slate prepared. They felt that, as senators, all that was necessary was to submit this slate, with their united recommendation, to the President, and thereupon action would be taken and in short order patriots of their own choosing would get on the pay roll, displacing Democrats who were waxing fat on the perquisites thereof, and had so waxed fat for eight years. It was high time to turn them out.

Before leaving for the White House these senators met the correspondent of the principal newspaper of their state. "We are going to the White House to talk about the patronage in our state," they announced. "Look us up when we come out and we'll tell you what we hear."

They went to the White House, they saw the President. After they came out the newspaper correspondent met them as arranged. "Well," he said, "what did you hear about the jobs?"

"Nothing," answered one of the senators.

"But," said the other, "we heard a whole lot about the Colombian Treaty."

We cannot escape Presidents who are politicians any more than we can escape politicians who are Presidents; but as politicians they are as divergent in their methods as they are dissimilar as individuals. There was Roosevelt, who was a politician of the high hand; and Wilson, who was a politician of the high brow. There was Taft, who was a politician by brevet; and McKinley, who was a politician by birth. Now comes Harding, who is a politician by pervasion.

Suavity and Efficiency

It would be no more than fair to the visiting legions who tramp into the White House, intent with getting something for themselves, to put a sign over the door reading "Beware the smile." Every morning during the hours for callers one may hear in the executive offices the pleasant rattle of the presidential ladle as he dips up for his guests brimming beakers of the milk of human kindness from his inexhaustible cans, to speak in paraphrase of Philip Guedella; every morning there smacks the soft impact of glad hand with gladder, and the whole place is illumined, even saturated by the smile. It is an agreeable thing to an agreeable man to be President, and glorious for those who come ardently in—back home again after eight years' wandering in the bleak expanse where never a Federal pay roll sprouts nor a perquisite plant rears its profitable plumes.

Pervasion is the word. The politics of Harding starts with that smile and that clinging handclasp, and spreads and seeps, germinates and grows, penetrates and pervades. Nothing is forced; no cold frames or hothouses are used. It is a matter of preparing the ground, planting the seed, watering expertly, watching the sprouts, tending the young shoot carefully, allowing it to bud, bloom and bear its fruit; and the interesting thing about the process is that often the seed that is planted does not bring forth a tree that bears the fruit that was expected by those who were thinking to be the beneficiaries thereof. Along the line, from planting to picking, by the adept operations of his political Burbanking the President often works the magic that changes the product from what may have been expected by those who were concerned in the sowing to what he himself desires shall be the harvest.

The recipients are often astonished at the outcome, but they are seldom aggrieved, because the mutations are so gradual, and the atmosphere so genial, and the work done in so kindly a spirit and with such an air of benefaction and benediction that protest is ungracious; the more so because the harvest, though it may not be the expected harvest, is never outside the limits of party regularity. However, it is beginning to dawn on those who stand around at the beginnings that the ends attained are mostly the exact ends desired by Mr. Harding, no matter how individual and insistent to others a certain result may have seemed.

The Knox peace resolution gives a typical illustration of the processes. Soon after the election, in the days when the "best minds" were going to Marion, Ohio, to inform and instruct and guide the President-to-be, at his own invitation, based on his humble statement that he,

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poor chap, looking forward at his task with humility and concern, needed their counsel and advice, the Knox plan for ending the war by resolution was big on the program. We were out of the league, we would not take the treaty, we stood by ourselves, and so on. And they planted the seed of the Knox resolution, and the outlook was that soon after the Government changed hands it would grow to maturity and blossom and bear its desirable fruit.

They planted the seed, but as the thing sprouted strange leaves appeared, and it turned out to be not a tree but a shrub, and the branches thereof were trimmed and pruned, and the Harding ideas were grafted thereon, very politely and with the utmost consideration for all concerned, and the watering was from the White House watering can, and the cultivating was done by the hands of the chief cultivator, and after it had budded in the Senate it was quietly transplanted to the House of Representatives, cut back to the stalk, covered with burlap and put in a dark place. All the processes were kindly, calm, but persistent. It was a measured and moderate operation, but there it is, in a dark corner, instead of out in the middle of the field of our international relations; and the amazing thing about it all is that everybody is satisfied. Especially the President. Pervasion is the word.

The processes are disarming. They are not to be combated. The thing is done with skill and finesse. The President, apparently nonresistant, resists; apparently humble to humility, prevails; apparently seeking counsel everywhere, gives counsel to those who need it; apparently the servant, is the master. We all remember the statement by the emphatic Penrose, before the President was installed: "It doesn't make any difference who is Secretary of State. The Senate will handle and dictate the foreign relations of this country," or words to that effect.

There was no protest from the President-elect—not a word. He heard the senators. He listened to them with a smile. He took their suggestions and their demands with an equanimity that seemed to indicate a complete responsiveness. He made no sign. Then he quietly and in the most affable manner appointed Charles Evans Hughes Secretary of State, which showed that to him, at least, it did make a difference who was Secretary of State; and although from the view of a certain section of the Senate the difference in the case of Hughes was most marked, the Senate confirmed Hughes without a whisper of protest; and it isn't the Senate that is handling or dictating the foreign policy of the United States.

Fuming But Fettered

It was the same with Hoover. From the moment that Hoover's name was mentioned as a cabinet possibility there was excited and emphatic protest by a certain section of the Senate. Hoover was and is anathema to the Old Guard. Harding listened. The Old Guard are his friends. He speaks their language, or did; but his vocabulary has changed some. Harding listened with appreciation, but not with announcement of assent. Then he appointed Hoover, and the Old Guard confirmed him. They couldn't do anything else. Harding had pervaded.

The Senate oligarchy fumes, but it is fettered. Four years stretch ahead of them, and this calm, smiling man up at the White House, having been of and one of them, knows how to handle them. He has his policies, but he is in no hurry. He crosses no bridge until he comes to it, but he doesn't make the mistake of allowing the Senate to build the bridge for him. He is the bridge builder. Nor does he let go his hold on his greatest asset—patronage. He might easily have indicated his gratitude by hurrying to meet the demands of the senators for their shares of the pork, but he knows that patronage is an asset to the bestower of it only so long as it is not bestowed. Once given it is a liability. Acting on the cardinal Ohio principle that unless he gets his first he will not get his at all, he has the Senate at his heel instead of at his throat. How long he can keep the Senate at his heel is to be proved by events, for the Senate fancies itself mightily, and a war may develop that will be interporcine rather than internecine. However, at this writing the Senate is at heel, and though that position may not be relished it is regular. Trust Harding for that!

The Old Guard in the Senate had the firm conviction that with Harding as President the Old Guard would run the Government. Why not? He was one of them, and he was nominated by them—they said and claimed. They started out the day after election to impress their plans and desires on Harding. Now, at the end of May, three months after Harding went into the White House, they find that they are not running the Government, and that Harding is running it—genially, affably, but running it just the same. It was and always has been the idea of the Old Guard that the presidency is an appanage of theirs, their perquisite, and that the chief end and aim of all Republican Presidents should be to operate the Government for the aid, comfort and support of the Republican Party. They think of everything in terms of the G. O. P. They were so obsessed of this that even before inauguration they organized the kitchen cabinet that was to be the real power in the Administration, that was to help and handle Harding. It had five members, this kitchen cabinet, but now, after three months of meetings and discussions, the members of it are oppressed with the haunting and horrid fear that instead of being a kitchen cabinet theirs is only a kitchenette cabinet; and it may be so—it may be so.

Every President must attend to partisan matters, and all do. Still, there are other phases of the United States than Republicanism. You can't make the Old Guard believe it, but it is the fact. Wherefore, it came as a shock, just before his inauguration, when the fairest of vistas was soon to open before them, to learn that the President-elect said to one of the oldest and the guardiest of the Old Guard: "Ike"—his name wasn't Ike, but that will suffice—"Ike, the difficulty with a lot of this stuff is that my job is to be President of the United States and not merely the boss of the Republican Party."

Resilient, Adaptable Politics

We have had all sorts of Republican politics in Washington since Republicanism began, as such; from the temper of the Conkling days, the tempest of the Roosevelt days, to the tolerance of the McKinley days; but never before the pervasive and pervading politics of the Harding days. It is politics that starts affably, continues affably and ends affably; that begins with a smile that looks sympathetic and ends with a smile that is obligatory. Between these smiles it spreads, ramifies, goes around corners, composes here, disposes there, conciliates, commands and combines. And the main thing about it is that though seeming to be nonresistant it resists, though seeming to surrender it subjugates, though seeming to accept it directs.

This politics is slow moving, resilient, adaptable. It surveys before it proceeds. It takes its time. There is nothing sensational or subversive about it. It ambles along amiably, and presently the thing is done, and mostly the thing that is done is done the Harding way. Commitments have strings tied to them. Caution is the groundwork. Though it has no new aspects as politics, it has new applications as presidential politics, and so far it is working well for two reasons: The first is that it keeps the Congress expectant and, hence, amenable; the second is that it maintains its own status, without making presidential encroachment on Congress on the one hand or allowing congressional invasion of the White House on the other.

Washington always is hypercritical of Presidents, and especially of new Presidents, political Washington being hard to please; and, when it comes to that, not worth pleasing. However, there is a reflex of the amiability and affability of the Harding operations all through the place, or was when this was written. Washington knows better than elsewhere the perplexities and size and importance of the problems pressing in on Harding, and Washington says that he has done very well so far. Washington, of course, always maintains the attitude that the worst is yet to come; but so far Washington concedes excellent results, and has adopted the attitude of "Don't shoot the piano player: he is doing the best he can." Now, judging from purely exterior evidences, that is probably the attitude that Harding desires Washington to maintain, and the country at large, because if the people will hold to

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KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

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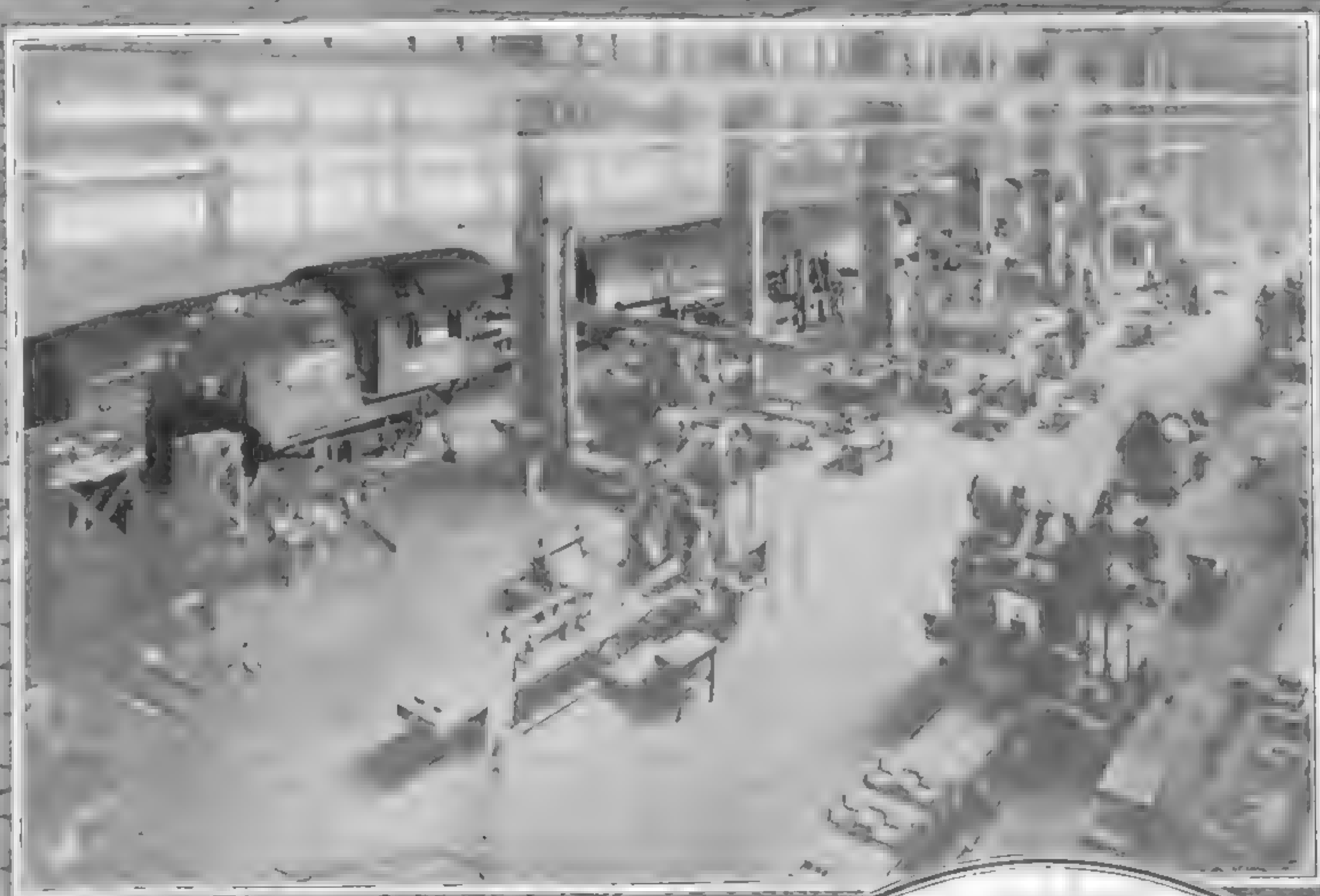

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HERE is the supreme test for factory floors—ton after ton of ponderous weight—year after year of grinding strain. Few floors could survive such terrific abuse encountered in these mammoth railroad shops.

Some would be ground to powder; others would crack and splinter. Kreolite Floors *endure* in service such as this because they are the *one* factory floor best fitted to the needs of all industry. They are bound together for unit-strength. The tough end of the wood *alone* is exposed to wear.

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Kreolite Floors are not a compromise—they are made distinctly and expressly to meet the needs of every factory, which makes them particularly adaptable for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, areaways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries and stables.

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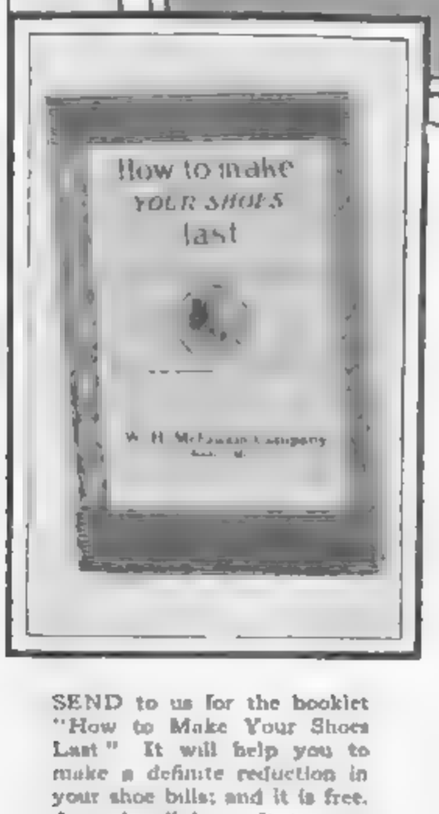

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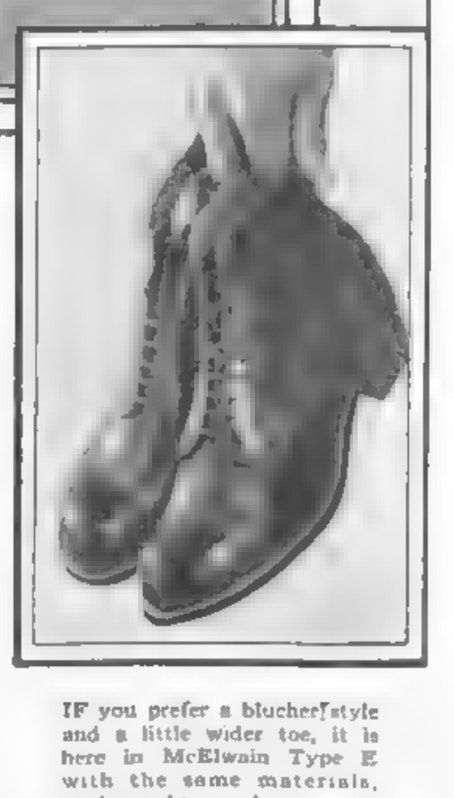
Your job. You made it fit your *job* —the common sense of you and thousands of other men who demand not only looks and leather but extra wear. You demand a shoe that is better-for-less a long time after more expensive shoes wear out.

Your feet. When you made that demand, McElwain answered with Type D, and 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants have McElwain Shoes. Any one of them will show you that McElwain Type D will fit your feet.



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MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES
for Dress and Everyday Wear.

McELWAIN

TRADE MARK

Better SHOES for less

(Continued from Page 66)

that view Harding will have a chance to show whether that best is any good or not, and whatever the result it is safe to say that it will be a Harding best that is done—a pleasant, smooth as possible, genial and calmly considered best, but a Harding best, Congress agreeing or disagreeing, as the case may be. Three months is a short space in four years, and the Senate is crafty and clandestine, but the Senate has no monopoly on craft, and as it stands, Mr. Harding sits in the dealer's chair.

When a new administration comes in all is peace and happiness at the start. The new cabinet member greets his new brother of the cabinet and is glad to be associated with him in the great work that is to be done. The new Congress stands in solid and receptive phalanx, wishes well and is buoyed by hope and agreeable withal. Everything is elate with expectancy and permeated with optimism. All are brothers and all with their shoulders to the same wheel, which is the wheel of progress for the beloved republic.

Presently, as things settle down, and the routine begins, and the disappointments hover, and the jealousies develop, and the vanities intrude, the atmosphere changes. The new cabinet member looks appraisingly rather than approvingly at his colleague, and prepares to fend off encroachments of his own domain by his ambitious fellows as well as to put into operation a few little ambitions of his own along similar lines on adjoining preserves. The new Congress becomes critical. The office-seekers are sick with hope deferred. Then the real troubles of a President begin.

It seems probable that this new President, because of his facility for conciliation and compromise and his measured methods of pervasion, will fend off trouble as long as any, and longer, but it is conceivable that there may come a time when he will find himself between the Old Guard and the New Thought. It is conceivable that he will find himself with Hughes and Hoover and a few others on one side, and Penrose and Lodge and Daugherty and Fall and associates on the opposite side. It is conceivable. Then we shall see just how good the policy of pervasion is. Or perhaps we shall see a shift from pervasion to subversion, from conciliation to command. It all depends. This Administration will not be without its interesting phases.

Meantime one gets indisputable proof of the longevity of the species through a visit to the White House, for flocking into the outer rooms of the executive end, and into the offices of Secretary Christian, and beating at the doors of the President's office, are men who were climbing the stairs that led to McKinley's offices in the old days, and who clamored at the doors of Roosevelt and of Taft. The same men—after the same jobs or something just as good. And added to these are scores of newer ones from all over the country, who seek the pleasant surcease of the pay roll. The President sees them patiently, talks to them pleasantly, and is inclined to prolong his talks rather than shorten them. He poses for pictures with them, and writes letters to them, and shakes their receptive hands. He sends them away in a happy haze.

The reflex of it is outwardly apparent all over the Capitol. To be sure, up in the Senate, various of the oldsters glower and grumble, and the place is not without its prophets of disaster. But observe the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes, for example; that cold and austere and whiskered man of former days. It is a mellowed Hughes who now is evident, a genial and an almost garrulous Hughes, who radiates good cheer, speaks to the newspaper correspondents in terms of affection, meets the diplomatists with a hearty humor, and exudes the spirit of brotherly love, but not too brotherly—just brotherly enough.

"He's a great man, Hughes," said an enthusiastic cabinet colleague. "Why, when we are discussing a matter in the cabinet he listens while we all make our statements or express our opinions, and then, concisely, with a clarity that is amazing, he sets forth a syllabus of what we have all said, summarizes our opinions and thought, makes a clear, judicial, comprehensive interpretation and construction of his own of all our views into one compact precise condensation."

"Then what?" asked the listener.

"Then we do what he says."

Speaking about best minds—but we were not; not at the moment, anyhow.

It is so all along the line. The era of geniality is at hand. We are all men and brothers. If you want your picture taken with the President drop in and ask for it. There are batteries of cameras waiting—batteries. If you want to confer with Charles Evans Hughes at the State Department, call around. If you desire to advise with Will Hays the door of his office is open, and Hays sits within with his finger on the great throbbing pulse of the Post Office Department, putting heart into the service—heart.

They have all taken their cues from the chief. There never was so cordial or so approachable a collection of cabinet ministers. There is Denby, who was in the ranks as a marine in the last war, and was a sailor in the Spanish War, and he is imparting the human note to the fussy old admirals who have sat in shell-backed exclusiveness in the Navy Department, even though Josephus knew something about the common-people stuff himself. And Jim Davis. First time I saw him was away back yonder when he was the boy leader of an iron-workers' strike in Wheeling, and he still carries his union card—mark that—he still carries it; and he'll make a record in the Department of Labor too.

To be sure, Hoover and Mellon and Weeks, it may be, haven't their ears so closely attuned to the throbs of the throbbers, but they are attuning them, and listening—listening. And Daugherty and Fall—two good journeyman listeners and hearers and operators, also. All friendly, all affable, all of the atmosphere. It is the era of good feeling—good pulse feeling, and of saying it with a smile.

Even the Democrats have not deserted the place. They are there, still there, in great numbers. They are determined to do their bits, although the fortunes of politics have cast them into private life. Almost a hundred of the former Democratic office-holders have settled down in Washington, and they are busying themselves with three lines of occupation, to wit:

Practicing law;
Writing books;
Doing both.

The whole place burbles, save in the Senate. The Republicans are glad to be back. The Washingtonians are glad to have them back. Everybody is glad—so far.

CUPID TAKES UP ADVERTISING

(Continued from Page 11)

seat—at least I hope I have. There are some addresses in it that I wouldn't lose for anything. Oh, I'm so glad you hadn't gotten away."

They went back to the classroom. A gray-and-silver-beaded bag lay on one of the front seats. Dorothea picked it up with a gasp of relief. Brian put out the classroom lights again and the two walked down the dim corridor together.

"It's a little late," said the man. "If you don't mind I'd like to see that you get home safely."

The girl looked up from under the flattering mushroom brim of her dark hat.

"I'm not a bit afraid," she said, "but if you mean that you'd really like to ——" She smiled provocatively.

They walked over to take a bus, Brian in the clutches of an unusual interest and excitement. Here was his chance, fate-given, to satisfy his curiosity. A few adroit questions—Dorothea was very pretty, her blue eyes brightened by the winter wind, her hair soft and light against the black rim of her hat.

But once seated in the bus, bowling quietly along, with every chance open to him, Brian was caught by some inhibition of delicacy. It seemed strangely indecent to pry, strangely unfair. He did not know exactly why it should be unfair. If this girl had not written the mysterious papers, surely there could be no harm. And if she had, the initiative had been hers. It was a piquant situation. He showed up the inhibition as overscrupulous, silly; but nevertheless it held him. All reason working to the contrary, he could not bring himself to ask a leading question. The sense of the unfairness of it was too strong.

Suddenly he realized that the prying seemed unfair, not to this pretty young woman sitting beside him but to the wistful wraith of a youngster who had woven silly dreams about an overgrown cub of a college boy and had not thought it irreligious to pray a whistle out of blowing.

So without a guiding touch he let Dorothea chatter on. She had a high, sweet voice.

"Dad thinks it's silly of me to take this course," she confided. "He thinks that running the house—my mother died when I was six—is all I ought to do. But, mercy, running our house is nothing! We've had the same housekeeper for five years, and she runs the rest of them, anyway."

Brian inferred that "the rest of them" referred to a corps of servants. Dorothea looked expensive. The soft silver of her long squirrel coat, the cut of her trim street boots, the fit and newness of her gloves—every detail contributed to an air of graceful, easy luxury.

She chattered on in her sweet flutelike voice about how much more fun it was to be doing something really interesting like taking this course, for instance, than playing bridge and dancing every night. Toward the end of their homeward journey Brian's delicacy was rewarded by an unsought crumb of information. Not much of a crumb, though.

"But that was while we were still out West."

"You used to live in the West?"

"Oh, yes; we've only lived here for five years now."

She did not specify which state had been her old home and Brian would not ask her. "Out West" to a New Yorker, he knew, might be anywhere from Buffalo to the Pacific Coast. It might easily be Minnesota. Or it might more easily not be.

And that was all the information of that kind that Brian had received when he left her at her home, a tall, narrow, rather impressive looking brownstone house.

"If you aren't busy with advertising every single night," she suggested, smiling up at him, "I'd love to have you come up and see me some time."

"Thank you," said Brian. "I'll surely be glad to."

Not waiting till he reached home Brian unrolled the evening's class advertisements on the street car, looking through them for one faintly typed in blue. There, although he had scarcely expected to find it, it was.

"You may sometime have to advertise a whole class of products instead of your own particular brand," he had told the class. "For instance, if you are advertising John Doe's canned beans to a public that has always baked its own, you will have to advertise the general idea of buying baked beans in cans before you can establish a market for John Doe's particular cans. Assume for this week that the public is not already sold on your general proposition and try a few paragraphs that will arouse interest, not in your own particular product but in the big class it belongs in."

"Think of the help that a girl—any old girl—could be to an advertising man," the faint blue type began. Grinning appreciatively Brian read on:

Think of the advantage he would have over his competitors if he really understood the working of the feminine mind. And a girl—any old girl at all—could tell him all about it. She could tell him the correct answers to long mooted questions such as:

Do women dress to interest other women or men?

Why do most women dislike to be surprised?

How can you tell whether a woman is being nice to another woman because she likes her or because she dislikes her?

These are the merest samples. You could ask her any question under the sun about her sex; she could tell you honestly how she, herself, felt about it; and in her answer you would have the feelings of some million-odd other women—we all honestly feel so much alike about so many things. She could take off the cover and let you watch the wheels go round until you realized that neither she nor any other woman was a mystery at all. She could make the eternal feminine perfectly comprehensible to you, as easy to read as a road map.

She could—but would she?

"You little devil!" said Brian. "You cute little devil!"

HYCLORITE

(An Antiseptic Passed by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association)

THE public should know more about the American Medical Association, the great co-operative organization of over 85,000 medical practitioners.

By a vigorous educational campaign against the nostrum and quackery evil, the Association has saved the American public millions of dollars and prevented untold suffering.

The Association has done more to raise the efficiency of the profession than any other factor in the history of medicine—this through its Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, the Council on Health and Public Instruction and the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals.

All this far-reaching, constructive effort has been supported entirely by members of the Association. There has never been any solicitation of funds from the public.

A medicinal preparation accepted by the American Medical Association must not only be genuinely valuable, but the advertising and selling methods of the company must also be rigidly honest and in accord with the highest ethical standards.

To illustrate: The makers of Hyclorite submitted it to the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the A. M. A.

The preparation was subjected to rigid examination regarding its chemical and clinical qualities. When investigation proved it was a reliable and worthy antiseptic, it was officially accepted by the Council.

Every label and advertisement pertaining to Hyclorite has been passed upon by the Association. Claims made for Hyclorite must be unquestionably truthful. The 42 personal and household uses suggested for Hyclorite have been proved safe and efficient.

In buying a product accepted by the American Medical Association, you are safeguarded by the rigid standards of a great, impartial organization.

Bethlehem Laboratories, *Incorporated*
Bethlehem, Pa.

Made by
General Laboratories
Madison, Wis.

Light-but lively!

IVORY GARTERS are so light that you don't realize you're wearing garters—except for the fact that your socks stay up perfectly.

It's the scientific construction of Ivory Garters that makes them so unusually comfortable, serviceable and economical. They are long life elastic all the way 'round—no pads—no metal to corrode or eat the fabric—no dead cloth to rob the elastic strength. Because there is no fixed angle, Ivories fit any leg and hold up any length sock. They can be worn loose and will not slip, nor bind the muscles or cause leg fatigue. You can wash Ivory Garters in cold water and always have a fresh, clean pair on hand. The clasps, being smooth and excellently made, slip into place quickly and easily. There are no rights or lefts to be confusing.

There is one way to be certain you're getting every cent of your money's worth—ask for, demand Ivory Garters. Your dealer has them. Ask for Ivory Garters and learn how to really enjoy genuine leg comfort.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
New Orleans, U. S. A.

Single Grips 35c and up

Double Grips 50c and up.

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

And he did not know whether he was apostrophizing the blue-eyed Dorothea or not.

He telephoned her the next day, but the first evening she could give him was Friday. It was a most exciting call—Mr. Camden, a genial old gentleman with a white goatee, considerately taking himself off soon after having met the stranger, thus giving his daughter's acquaintance the sanction of paternal approval.

Dorothea, delicious and more expensive looking than before, in orchid chiffon and a string of pearls so tiny that they were probably real, chattered lightly and delightfully of this and that. She played for him on an expensive-looking grand piano and sang some little French songs with an expensive-sounding accent.

And Brian sat, apparently a polite and interested caller, inwardly a seething unrest of curiosity.

Was it mere chance or designing mischief that made her say, in talking of a motor trip she and her father had taken, "And he was so disgusted because I could never look up anything for him on the road map. I never can get the things straight—I can't even tell which way we're supposed to be going."

That faint blue phrase "as easy to read as a road map"—was this purely coincidence or was it twinkling, deliberate roguishness? He left at eleven as tantalizingly far from certainty as when he had arrived. It was arranged that he was to take Dorothea out to dance some evening the first of the next week.

She chose Wednesday, and Brian, after a half hour's deliberation over whether or not to wear his evening clothes, was profoundly thankful that he had when she came down to meet him in demurely audacious black lace. That meant a taxicab, of course, and the smartest place he knew to dance.

It made it a rather expensive evening, and until near its end Brian had a bit the feeling of being cheated. He had determined to drop the tantalizing element of the unknown out of his mind and attempt to get acquainted with Dorothea in a natural sort of way. This proved surprisingly difficult.

She urged, as socially wise girls always do, "Now tell me all about yourself."

But faced with so all-embracing an invitation, Brian realized suddenly that there was nothing much to tell. It did not matter, however, as the music began just then and by the time they returned to their table she had apparently forgotten her request.

Dorothea danced like a white anemone in the breeze, but at the little table between dances boredom flitted above, threatening every now and then to settle bleakly down upon the two. They had so little to talk about. Dorothea told him some very mildly interesting personalities about persons he had never seen; he felt a bit heavy and found it difficult, occasionally impossible, to think of anything at all to say. Then Dorothea began flirting with him a little, in a dainty windflower sort of way. This, too, was rather out of Brian's line, but naturally he found it more exhilarating than the personalities had been.

Then the orchestra began a medley of tunes that dated several years back. The two were foxtrotting to We Were Sailing Along on Moonlight Bay when Dorothea smiled up at him.

"Remember how they always used to dance the circle two-step to that?" she asked.

Brian's lagging interest came to attention, double-quick time. He looked down at her sharply. She dropped her lashes with a teasing smile. This was one of the tricks of her windflower coquetry; she had done it a dozen times before, that evening. Was this time any more meaningful than the others had been? Did all girls who came from the West call the Easterners' Paul Jones a circle two-step?

Then Brian had an inspiration. Every instruction he had given in the Monday-evening class the unknown had followed ingeniously. He would catch her this time. If Dorothea was the unknown he would set her a problem.

So, "I want to be sure that each of you has the imaginary product he is supposed to be advertising very clear in his own mind," he told his pupils at the next week's meeting. "Write me a description of the one you've chosen. Never mind anything about the buyer, don't tell of the general class to which your product belongs. Describe the product itself; the little ways in which it differs from others of its class."

He suppressed a grin as he completed his instructions. He felt sure that the unknown would respond to the challenge. Would the description fit Dorothea? Was there more than mere coquetry in the teasing, fluttering glance that even now she was giving him from her seat in the front row?

He fumbled eagerly through the stack of papers that came in after a rather long wait to the next Monday night. At first he thought the only one he wanted was not there; but at last he found it, stuck to the paper above it. The unknown had accepted the challenge.

I suppose I, myself, must be the product I am advertising. I can't very well describe myself, though. I might have a bumpy forehead, for instance, and big feet, and yet be so nice that nobody would ever notice them at all. But in an advertising description what ultimate consumer would ever read a word beyond the bumps and the big feet? My sterling qualities of soul and mind wouldn't have a sporting chance.

Besides, I can't describe myself, tell exactly what color my hair is, and just how many cubits long and how many cubits wide I am, without having you able to look right down among your twelve lady pupils and say to yourself, "Why, there she is, the little snip, third from the end!"

But I will not be baffled—I will give a description of myself, but one by which nobody could ever possibly recognize me. It is the description that a lover once wrote of me. Any mysterious Madame X could walk right into Sherlock Holmes' flat on Baker Street, and if he had nothing to go by but the way she had once looked to a lover he couldn't possibly tell whether she was the same lady or not.

The lover who wrote my description has been married for some five years and has a pair of twins, one of whom, I hear, at present has the quinsy. I no longer cherish any tender feelings toward him, but I have always kept this one letter. It is a great consolation if you ever get blue or lonesome or to thinking that you don't amount to much, to be able to take out a letter like this and read it through and think, "Well, anyway, there was a time when I looked like this to somebody."

No mere man can possibly appreciate how it bucks you up. So here, copied verbatim, slang and all, is the description of my product:

"I'm not naturally jealous, but I keep thinking that every man who sees you wants to take you away from me. I don't blame them any—a man would be a fool if he didn't want you. You're such a peach, so pretty and sweet and clever and good. You'll laugh at the 'good,' but you are—good and brave and unselfish and honest and sweet. You're so full of fun even when everything's gone wrong. But do you know what I love best of everything about you, more even than your smile that I'm always raving about, is the way you always understand. You're just a darling, that's all. I'm not much of a writer, honey-girl, but when it comes to girls you've got them all stopped."

There was a time when I couldn't read this through without tears coming to my eyes, it was so achingly sweet to have somebody feel that way about me. It made me wish I could really be like the girl he thought I was. Even yet, in spite of the twins and the quinsy and not especially liking the man any more, I can't seem to see that letter as just a joke. I guess that's why I'm showing it to you. Even if you don't know who I am, I like to put my best foot forward.

I suppose every girl in the class has looked that way sometime to somebody, but it doesn't seem to change our looks to the rest of the world. So here is the description, and I defy you. Look the twelve of us over and see which one it fits!

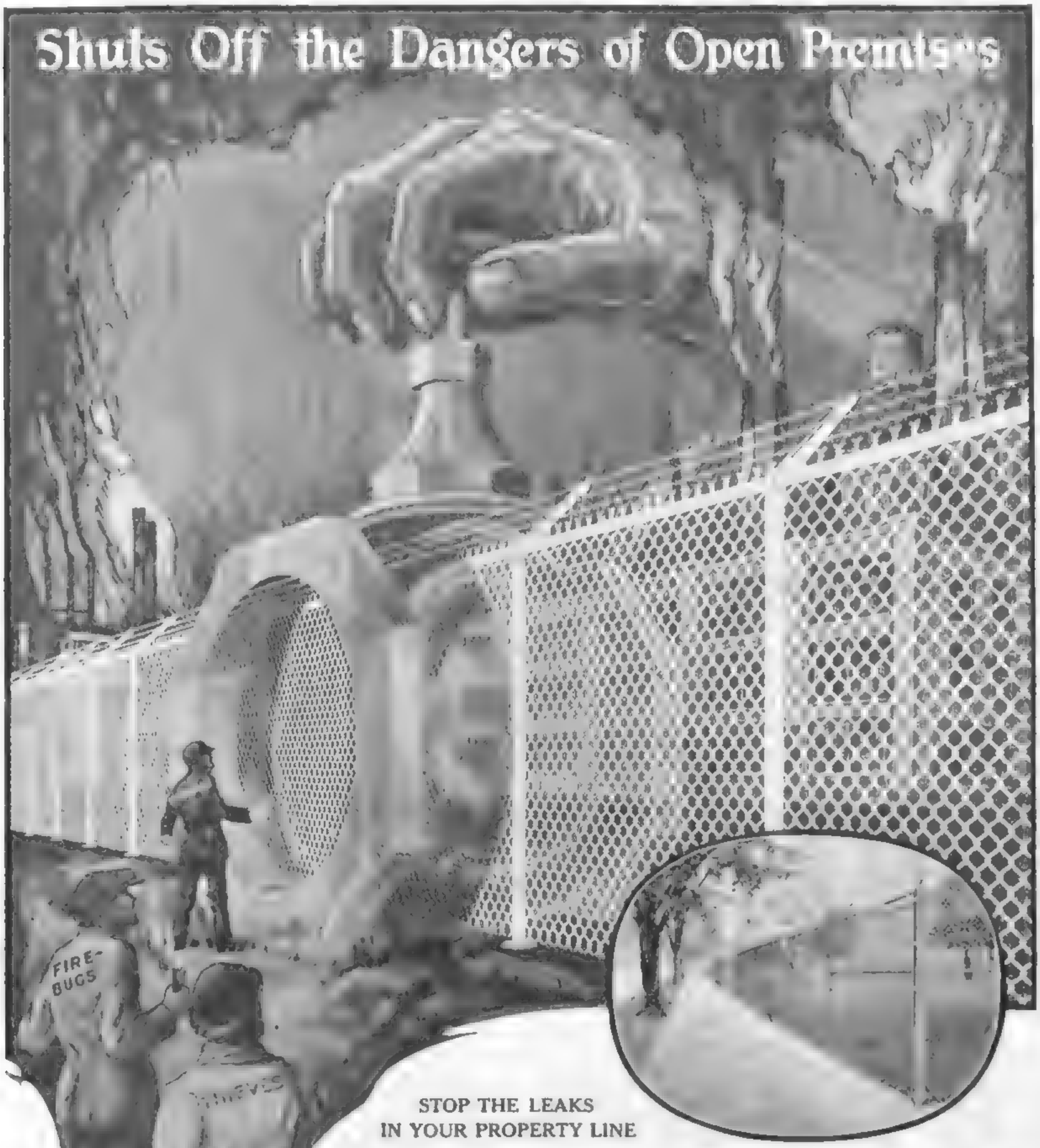
But Brian did not wait to look over the twelve. The very next night he was at Dorothea's. Two other young men were calling, too, and Dorothea, sparkling from one to another, was radiant. One of the other callers was an experienced conversationalist, so Brian had long, silent opportunities to sit back in the shadow of his big wing chair and study Dorothea.

The light from a dull copper wall bracket splashed over her, turning her hair to spun sunshine. The square cut of her black velvet dress showed a neck as soft and white and kissable as a baby's. "Pretty and sweet and clever and good"—yes, the lover's description might fit Dorothea. "Brave and unselfish and honest and sweet"—Brian wondered. "Full of fun even when everything's gone wrong . . . the way you always understand." Did the description really fit Dorothea like her black velvet frock, that had been planned and cut and tailored for herself? Or was its fit more like that of a ready-made suit that must be altered, raised a little here, taken in or let out a little there?

Dorothea, her laugh as clear and sweet and ready as the tinkle of wind chimes in

(Continued on Page 73)

CYCLONE FENCE



STOP THE LEAKS IN YOUR PROPERTY LINE

With Cyclone Fence, your control of factory premises reaches out like a mighty arm and encircles all territory enclosed.

As easily as you would operate a valve in a steam line, Cyclone Fence enables you to open and close a giant valve in your property line. You regulate, at will, all coming and going—you bar undesirables—you admit only those of your choice.

Cyclone Fence is built of steel throughout. Heavy, chain link fabric is mounted on strong, steel frame work. Posts, set in concrete, are topped with steel extension arms which carry three, 4-point barb wires.

ASK FOR BULLETIN No. 28

"LOOK FOR THE *'RED TAG,' THE MARK OF QUALITY*"

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY, *General Offices*, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

FACTORIES: WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS CLEVELAND, OHIO FORT WORTH, TEXAS

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago Minneapolis St. Paul Indianapolis Detroit Rochester Philadelphia New York Baltimore Kansas City Oakland Portland San Francisco Los Angeles

Quick Weights Direct From the Dial

THAT'S modern weighing efficiency—saving time and labor and increasing accuracy by eliminating all additions and calculations.

The Fairbanks Dial Scale is the only scale that gives the total reading at the tip of the indicator right up to its full capacity. It follows the same principles that have made Fairbanks Beam Scales the standard of the world. It is remarkably simple—no springs, cams nor tapes; no complicated or delicate parts.

Years of successful everyday service have shown new records of fast, accurate weighing in every industry—in factories, railroad freight stations, express depots, steel mills, warehouses, paper mills, publishing plants, packing houses and many others. Some of the country's largest railroads use whole batteries of these scales—often two dozen on one freight floor.

This scale will help *you* get better weights more quickly. There are many sizes and types for use under every possible condition and the complete scale is backed by one responsibility—your assurance of satisfaction.

FAIRBANKS SCALES

(Continued from Page 70)

an open doorway, turned gayly from one caller to another. And through the evening Brian sat quietly in the shadow and wondered. It was nearly time to go when suddenly he knew Dorothea had been listening sweetly while the best conversationalist told an incident of a girl they both knew.

"I think it was awfully ungrateful of her, though, to turn down Lois' invitation like that, without any excuse at all," she protested as he paused.

"Well, I suppose she feels kind of sensitive," the caller defended the absent one. "Losing everything suddenly like that, she knows she can't keep the pace with Lois' crowd any more and ——"

"But Lois wouldn't have expected her to return it in any way," Dorothea interrupted, "and I'm sure I don't see why she should be sensitive with any of us."

"Well, of course, it would be quite a shock to anybody," the caller insisted, "to realize suddenly that you couldn't do anything as you'd always done it, to realize out of a clear sky that you were going to be poor."

"Oh, of course," Dorothea agreed politely, "it would be. But doesn't it seem as though a girl with all the advantages she's had would have a little more *savoir-faire* even at such a time? Why, the way she refused Lois was so blunt it was almost rude. She ——"

And in her sweet, flutelike voice Dorothea answered Brian's question. From the shadow of his wing chair he looked at her and knew. He wondered why he had not known all along. The sweet prettiness of her, sitting in that splash of golden light, was the sweetness and prettiness of youth alone; of youth sheltered and petted, of youth untried, unthinking, intolerant. She had never had to be "so full of fun when everything's gone wrong." Not even her lover would have written "the way you always understand."

Brian did not go to see Dorothea again. He had never been interested in the real Dorothea, only in the girl he had thought she might be; a girl whose personality wrinkled and sagged on the expensive, tinkling reality of Dorothea like some glowing gown on a simpering wax model too small to wear it.

Could it be that the unknown was really Betty Smith, after all? Brian winced from this possibility, and suddenly another occurred to him. Perhaps this teasing ghost of a forgotten circle two-step had been too clever to write her own advertisements and her delicious jestings on the same typewriter. She might, then, be one of the seven whose weekly exercises were handwritten. With both Betty Smith and Dorothea eliminated, she might be any one of the ten others.

Small wonder that Brian spent precious business hours in trying to think of assignments that would be fair to the rest of the class and yet would set traps for a clever, parodying pen. He earned an office reputation for absent-mindedness that week, and thought of several tricky traps. He might as well, however, have saved his time.

For in Monday's set of papers was the faint blue typing. And it read:

I could go on like this forever, but I'm not going to. It would be fun to keep on twisting your businesslike assignments around to where I could follow them and yet make my advertisements all about you and me. It would be so easy to find the "main talking point" of my product, for instance, as you were discussing in class last night; or to make up a cute little trade-mark. But I'm not going to—I'm scared.

I was in your department store yesterday—oh, yes, I know you're advertising manager for French & Goodson—and while I was buying a book you got out of the elevator. It was the first time I had ever seen you out of class, and it turned me almost as faint as it did that only time I ever saw you off the football field. Also, it woke me up. I realized suddenly that you were a real person, not just a thrilling ideal who appears only Monday evenings, like a cuckoo out of an eight-day clock. And I thought, really for the first time, how I should feel if you ever should find out who I am. That settled this nonsense for good and all. No matter how mysterious I might think I was being, sooner or later my foot would slip.

It was a lot of fun while it lasted, though. For me to be writing something about us and to know you were reading it. I know you do read these "advertisements," because whenever you start to brush down your little tuft of hair that sticks straight out you stop and look as fussed as a funny little kid whose teacher had caught him peeking in examinations.

I really intended to write only the first one, but then it got to be fun, a stunt, to see how many of your orders I could follow. Besides, I didn't have much else to do. It's hard to get acquainted in this city, isn't it? Honestly, for a while I was so lonesome that I was tickled to death when a filling came out of my tooth. Going to the dentist gave me one regular engagement when someone would be expecting me, would recognize me and call me by my name instead of "Yes, madam," or "Hey—you!"

But I'm getting to know people a little now and I'm going to forget you're anything but the cleverest advertising man in the world, and learn all I can from you. Then after a while I shall get an advertising job of my own and make so much money that I can have an apartment with a kitchenette and a piano and a gate-leg table with a blue jar of yellow daffodils on it.

And open bookshelves! I'd no more put books behind a glass door than I would a hearth fire or a friend. Think of being able to buy a book whenever you like, without having to think how heavy those you already have make your trunk every time you move. I'll buy all the new books that are said to be really good, so as to keep my mind from getting heavy around the waistline, and then I'll have Pride and Prejudice and Vanity Fair and all of Dickens—maudlin or not, I like him!—The Way of All Flesh and Sentimental Tommy and Fanny Burney's Diary, to read over and over again whenever I get a new book that I don't like.

And whatever you want—a splendid business of your own or a big name or some special girl or—well, whatever you want most, I'm going to keep right on hoping that you'll get. You have a right to every one of them, because, Brian Dunn, I honestly believe that you are just as impossibly nice as I used to imagine you must be.

That was the end. There was no mistaking the finality of it; the very good wishes smacked of farewell. Brian revolted against this finality with a healthy, masculine young rebellion. The girl was one of ten whom he saw every Monday evening—he would find out which one. It sounded simple enough, but like so many simple-sounding problems there was a catch in it. He did not know how to find out.

He could not face his class and say, "Will all the young ladies who have ever lived in Minnesota kindly rise?"

All other clews he had were of such a personal nature that there was no hope of finding any one of them writ large on a pupil's brow.

Besides, facing forty-two pairs of eyes the next Monday evening, Brian was overtaken with an amazing fit of shyness. Absent-mindedly he raised his hand to stroke down the recalcitrant lock in the back, and caught himself just in time. To his helpless disgust he felt himself reddening clear down to his collar. With an embarrassment that was almost panicky he plunged into the week's lesson, and during the entire two hours was unable to meet the eyes of any one of his pupils, including even the men.

Walking home through the winter night Brian realized that it must have been the same kind of panic which had swept over the girl when she had seen him in French & Goodson's, and which had made her suddenly abandon her parodying. Suppose he could find out which girl she was, it would be fearfully embarrassing for both of them. In reality, too, neither of them might like the other. After all, it was a rather silly thing to do, this trying to ferret out her secret. It would be a monstrous unkindness to her too; might make her feel that he had not understood her mischievous little game, had taken it in the light of an advance.

By the time he reached his apartment he had decided to drop the whole matter, to lay it away in lavender as a pleasant little episode, closed and done with. It was a sensible, kindly, adult decision. But he had made it without reckoning on the queer, homesick wave of disappointment that swept over him when, hurrying through the week's grist of class papers, he found that there was no faint blue mystery among them. She might have changed her mind, you know.

So he got out all her old "advertisements"—he had at last fished even the first one out of the wastebasket and kept it—and read them through. Long before he had reached the God-bless-you with which she had written finis to the little adventure, he had forgotten his sensible, kindly, adult decision. Embarrassing, disappointing, even unkind though it might be to do so, he had got to find that girl!

But how? That was the problem, and it remained the problem for a week, two weeks, three. He thought of plan after plan, only to reject each one. Mere curiosity would have languished and died on such lack of encouragement, but Brian's desire to solve the problem grew keener

NATIONAL
Metal Molding

In the HOME

EVERY wired home needs more "Convenience Outlets"—conveniently placed electrical receptacles to which electric appliances, portable lamps, etc., may be easily connected.

These outlets do away with the discomfort and inconvenience of connecting appliances to lighting sockets. But to do the wiring necessary to install them is frequently difficult and expensive. Often, the better way is to have them installed with National Metal Molding, which makes it unnecessary to cut into walls or floors, and consequently saves time, trouble and expense.

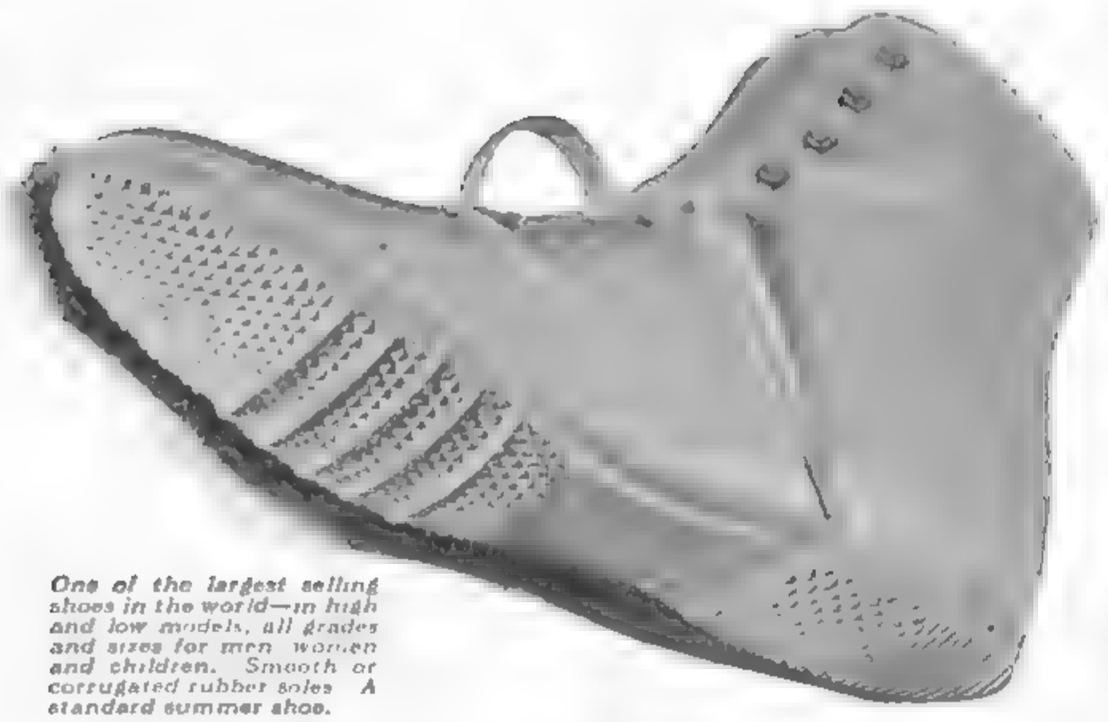
By using National Metal Molding, the wires can be run on the walls, or along the base board, and neatly enclosed and thoroughly protected. Metal Molding is neat, inconspicuous and absolutely safe. If desired, it can be painted to match the walls or woodwork of any room.

Ask your Electrical Contractor or your Lighting Company about it.

Write for our Metal Molding booklet —it tells how to use electric service to the greatest advantage.

National Metal Molding Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Brings Electricity Where Needed"



One of the largest selling shoes in the world—in high and low models, all grades and sizes for men women and children. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles A standard summer shoe.

Now the largest selling summer shoe in the world

Why it's among the best liked in this whole line of canvas rubber-soled shoes for summer

MORE pairs of this shoe are sold than perhaps any other shoe in America. It is so practical and so comfortable that the demand for it is almost universal among men, women and children. Scarcely a shoe dealer in the United States who does not have it in stock.

It is only one of the many different types and styles of Keds. Keds for outdoor games, Keds for camping, Keds for everyday wear—in the home, on the street—there's a style for every possible need of men, women and children.

With their easy, springy fit, Keds put new life in your step. Light, cool, smart, comfortable—that's the whole Keds story. It explains why so many millions of pairs were sold last year.

All Keds are made by the United States Rubber Company, the oldest rubber organization in the world.

You can find Keds at every good store where shoes are sold. Try on the various models—notice how light and cool they all are. If your dealer does not have the type for your particular need, he can get it for you in a day or so. Be sure to look for the name Keds on the shoe—the guarantee of quality and service.

United States Rubber Company

A practical man's work shoe—heavy brown or white canvas upper, corrugated rubber sole, box toe, exclusive steel and fibre arch support. Will withstand the roughest wear.

US

Keds

Not all canvas Rubber-soled shoes are Keds Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company Look for the name Keds on the shoes

and more demanding with each day of unfulfillment. It grew almost panicky as the winter Mondays grew gentler with hints of spring, and the advertising course drew near its close.

And then, as it so often happens, the best opportunity of all came from a source quite outside himself. Months ago he had urged upon Mr. Goodson the necessity of adding another member to the advertising staff of French & Goodson. He had also said, "It strikes me that we ought to do something special for the book department. I'd thought of running a little paragraph every day advertising reading in general, not any special books. I've an idea that the reason our book department runs so low is because there are too many people like the woman who said 'I don't care much for books. I s'pose it's because I never learned to read.'"

Mr. Goodson had laughed but had not offered to increase the advertising staff, and the force, already overworked, had found no time to carry out Brian's book-department idea. But now, after months, the seed, apparently languishing on barren soil, suddenly bore fruit.

"If you can get some adaptable woman who can write the semibooky, semipopular thing you want for the book department, and then get some snappy ideas for some other departments, too, we might take her on."

Like a flash of giddy, excited light Brian thought of the circle-two-step girl. She wanted an advertising job; she liked books in a human, popular sort of way; she was clever, original, and she could write. It would surely be quite fair to French & Goodson.

The next Monday evening he sketched in the position vaguely to the class. Then he added with studied carelessness, "Several weeks ago, in one of the papers, the phrase 'reading all the new books to keep your mind from getting heavy around the waistline' appeared. I confess I don't recall whose paper this was in, but the writer is the person we want to try out in this position. If he or she will speak to me after class I can go into the details then." He paused and cleared his throat casually. "The position ought to develop into something rather good," he added.

It was very well done, very subtle, and the little apple of temptation which he dangled at the end pleased him especially. His pleasant glow of self-satisfaction was lost in the blaze of excitement and suspense, but it glowed on nevertheless through the remainder of the class. It was, however, a short-lived one. Nobody stopped to speak to him after class.

So sure had he been of his bait, so confident of his own diplomacy that at first his one feeling was of surprise. It occurred to him that the mysterious unknown might have been absent that evening. Eagerly he sought his roll book. For the first time in weeks the attendance had been perfect. Every one of the forty-two had been there.

And then the finality of it swept over Brian. The glow of pride in his own subtlety was puffed out in a breath. The girl had seen through it, straight to his real purpose, and this was her answer.

So this was the end. He could not in common decency make any further attempt to learn her secret. She had preferred to keep it, even in the face of such a temptation. Brian could imagine just how great the temptation must have been.

"Poor little kid!" he thought.

Someway he felt sure she was little. Poor little kid, who had always been so full of fun when everything went wrong, who had been so lonesome she had been glad to go to the dentist's! She had known all that this position would have brought her—the gate-leg table with the blue bowl of daffodils, the kitchenette and the piano, the open bookshelves. He had dangled all this before her, and because she must keep her secret it had dangled just out of reach.

"Poor little kid!" he repeated, half aloud.

At that moment he wished more than anything else in the world that there were only some way he could give her everything she wanted and step out of her secret, altogether, himself.

Spring twilight blew softly in through the open classroom window the next Monday night.

During the question period the aggressive woman in the early thirties asked, "Has the position you spoke of last week been filled, Mr. Dunn? Did the person you wanted take it?"

Brian waited a moment.

"No," he said; "she didn't want it."

He knew, of course, that the aggressive woman would stop after class and apply for the position herself. She was not fitted to hold it; her sample advertisements had proved that. He decided to speak first to the quiet little girl who had advertised the imaginary tonic. Her "You *can* buy beauty in bottles" campaign had been both shrewd and charming.

But the quiet little girl spoke to him first. She paused at his desk while the aggressive woman was still holding a discussion with somebody in the back seat at the close of the class.

"If the woman you were speaking about doesn't want the French & Goodson position," she asked, "won't you please let me try it? I like books, too, and I'd—I'd try awfully hard."

Brian rose, looking down at the inconspicuous figure in her plain sailor hat and suit with its crisp white collar and cuffs. She was nice, he thought suddenly, this soft-voiced, eager little girl. For the first time he looked, really looked, at her face. It was a nice face too. Not conspicuously, expensively pretty like Dorothea's, perhaps, but undeniably nice. It had a sweet, tender mouth and merry eyes.

To Brian there was something suddenly startling about the quiet little girl's eyes. They did not match the wistfulness of her face, the gentleness of her voice, the demure simplicity of her dark suit and sailor. They did not, in fact, match a quiet little girl. They were twinkling, gay, audacious eyes. When she raised her lashes it was as though suddenly upon a stage set like a prim New England sitting room stepped some dashing, slim swordsman of old, be-caped, be-plumed, a-swagger; youth, adventure, romance.

Perhaps it was because Brian had been thinking so intently of the unknown girl that her lover's description flashed into his mind—"brave, unselfish and honest and sweet—so full of fun even when everything's gone wrong—the way you always understand."

His question suddenly in his eyes, Brian looked at the girl beside him. She met his look gallantly for a moment. Then slowly she reddened. The flush, hot as fire, blazed up to the soft hair under her sailor, down her neck to the crisp organdie collar. Brian knew hotly that he was crimsoning too. The girl dropped her eyes almost at once, but not before he had seen them swimming in sudden tears of shame.

"Oh, I thought I could—I wanted the position so much!" she faltered.

"Please—please!" Brian's voice was husky too. "Please don't mind. If you only knew how I've wanted to find you!"

"I thought I could—could ——" she repeated chokingly.

"Get away with it," he supplied. "You could have if I hadn't been trying so hard not to let you." He touched her little gloved hand awkwardly, timidly. "Please don't mind," he begged. And as he saw her bite her lip to keep it from trembling, "Please!" he repeated miserably.

She looked up at last, just the most fleeting, shamed ghost of a glance, but long enough to show her the honest misery in his face.

"Why, there's—there's nothing for you to feel that way about," she said.

Then Brian was inspired.

"I can't help it," he said. "I've got to keep on feeling this way just as long as you do."

She met his eyes for a gallant moment.

"I'll try to stop then. If you could just forget ——"

"I will," he promised eagerly. "You take the position and we'll forget all about—anything else. But I do want you to have the place!"

Then they hastily, determinedly talked of the position, while the aggressive woman and a half dozen other pupils waited impatiently to speak to Brian. They deceived the seven waiters, these two; perhaps they deceived themselves and each other. Perhaps they both believed that they were keeping the tremble out of their voices, the fearful, ecstatic questioning out of their eyes; perhaps they really thought they were starting afresh on a businesslike basis and could hide all the Forest of Arden behind one lone billboard of commerce.

If they really thought so, how he must have chuckled, the mischievous God of Love, who is a pretty clever advertiser himself, and was at the very moment blowing April in at the open window.

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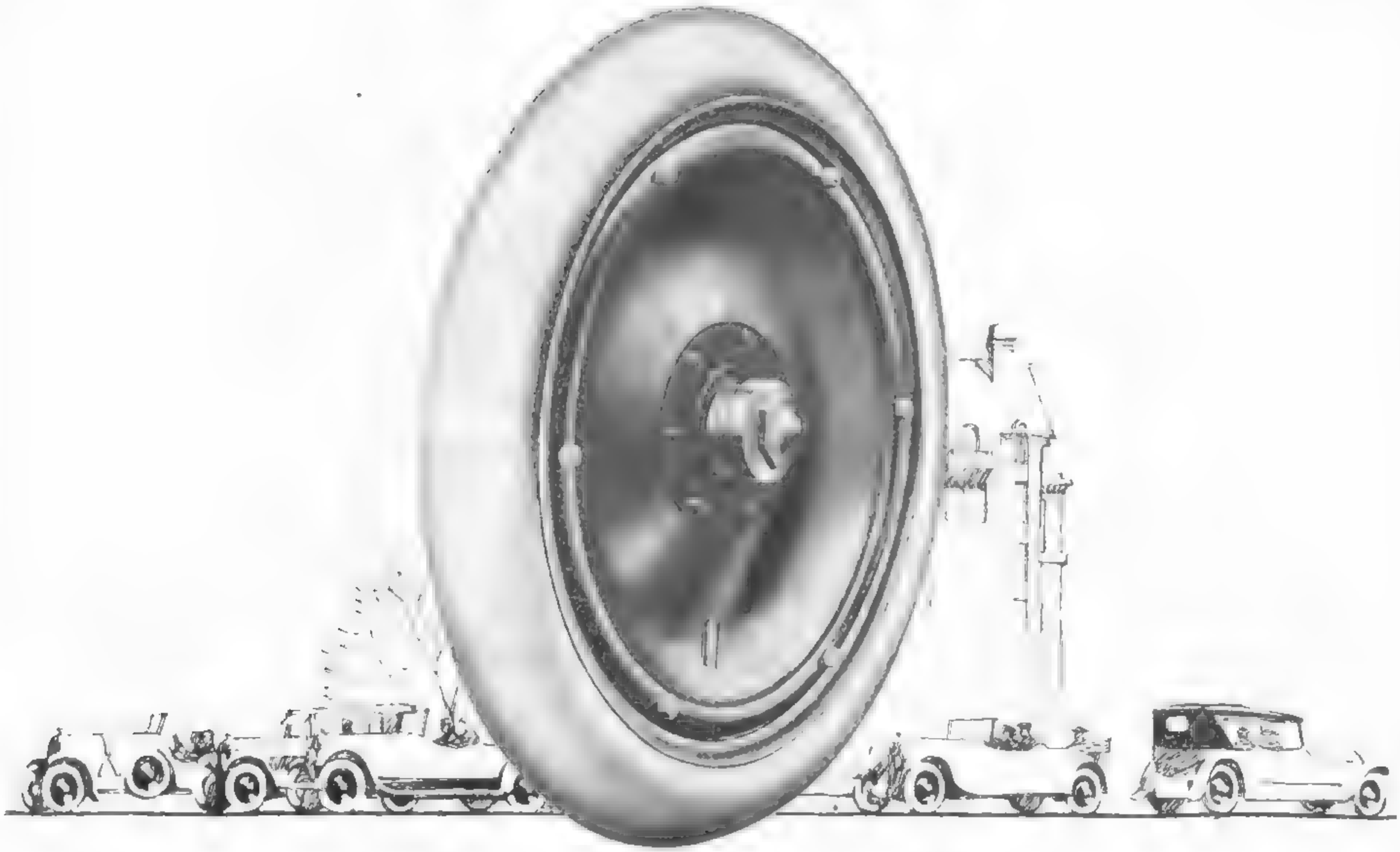

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Gier Tuarc STEEL WHEELS

JASON AND THE FLEECE

(Continued from Page 7)

"What's that, dearie?" inquired Aunt Mabel sharply, fearful, perhaps, that her niece had taken counterfeit money. "What've you done?"

"I've opened my eyes at last," said Vivienne. "This world I've been living in is nothing but a sham—everything's false. But now, thank God, I've won the love of an honest man—the honest love of an honest man!"

"Oh," said Aunt Mabel, greatly relieved, "now it comes out! That's fine, dearie—that's fine! Not but that it's what I expected of you, with your ladylike looks and your figure and your legs and all. But it's just fine, all the same! And that young Jason's a nice boy. I could see he was a marrying man just to look at him."

She went over to Vivienne and kissed her enthusiastically on the cheek. She was so sincerely pleased that it was several minutes before she thought of her own interests. Then she said, "And married to all that money, dearie! My little millionairess isn't going to forget her poor old Aunt Mabel when she's married to all that money, I'll be bound!"

Vivienne sat up before she administered what she knew would be a blow.

"Jason hasn't got a cent in the world!" she said. "That's just what makes it so wonderful!"

Aunt Mabel gasped, but on second thought recovered herself, frankly incredulous. She shook a reproving finger at her niece.

"Don't you go making fun of your old aunt," said she, "you little joker!"

"I'm not making fun. It's the truth. Jason's been disinherited. He's going to work on a farm in Montana, and I'm going out to marry him."

Aunt Mabel paled, tottered a little and sat suddenly on the bed.

"Why, Maggie Dooley," she said, "you little fool!"

"Shut up!" Vivienne admonished her sharply. "And don't go yelling my name all over the house!"

Her aunt put her face in her hands and commenced to sob.

"It's the end of everything! It's the end of the world! What's come over you, dearie? You've gone mad, that's what you have—stark, staring mad! O God, have mercy on us all!"

Vivienne stood up, regarding her with contempt. And then, when she realized that poor Aunt Mabel knew nothing of romance, her contempt turned to pity. After all, she herself, until a brief hour ago, would have been as astounded as Aunt Mabel—until a brief hour ago, when the veil had been lifted from before her eyes and she had been able to distinguish the real from the sham. That, at least, was how she phrased her thought.

"Poor Aunt Mabel," she murmured gently, "you don't understand."

Her aunt looked up sharply, and it was apparent that she did not understand in the least. It was equally apparent that she was resentful.

"So you're going to fling everything overboard—your career, your comforts, this apartment, jewelry, everything—to marry a pauper! If I didn't think it impossible, I'd say you was in love."

"I am," answered Vivienne.

Aunt Mabel nodded her head slowly and ominously.

"That's a pretty thing for you to confess to, I must say!" she observed. And then, with a flash of anger kindled by the sudden realization that her own fortunes fell with Vivienne's, she added: "You're selfish—that's all you are! You're selfish! You don't give so much as a thought to me. I suppose I'll have to look round for a new place—and at my age, too, just when I was so comfortable and fixed!"

"I'm sorry," began Vivienne.

"Yes, you're sorry! You're awfully sorry! But you're afraid you won't be able to afford to hire an aunt any longer. That's about the size of it. Hire an aunt! Why, you won't be able to hire a maid!"

"I'll do the housework myself for my husband," said Vivienne bravely. "It will be my pleasure to work for him."

"Bla!" said Aunt Mabel. "I give you a week!"

"I'll wait for him for two years—and longer if it's necessary."

Her aunt emitted a long sigh, half contempt, half resignation.

"Well," she said, "when you wake up, dearie, call me and I'll draw you a cold bath."

v

A WEEK later Jason Gray stepped off the train at Bellwood, the nearest railroad station to the ranch at Gray Forks. The agent was waiting for him with a flivver to drive him the eight miles to his property.

"You Mr. Jason Gray?" asked the agent.

"I am," said Jason.

"My name's Tripler—Robert Tripler. I was expecting you. Got your father's telegram all right."

"How d'ye do, Mr. Tripler? Father told me you'd be here to meet me. I've got a trunk on board somewhere, and these two bags. Think we can take all on the Lizzie?"

Tripler laughed.

"She's held more than that in her day," he said.

"I don't suppose you bring the mules into town in her, do you?" said Jason.

"Well, scarcely. We don't often have more mules than we can sell round the neighborhood. Your father hasn't pushed this ranch much, Mr. Gray. But I won't start on that now. Plenty of time for all that later."

He was a pleasant little man, was Mr. Tripler—a pleasant little man with thin sandy hair on his head and thick sandy hair on the back of his hands. Bushy eyebrows hung over his small blue eyes, and a bushy mustache hung over his wide mouth. He wore stained khaki trousers, a gray flannel shirt and a colorless felt hat. Jason liked him immediately.

"I'm an absolute greenhorn," Jason explained when, with the trunk and the two bags piled in the tonneau, they had started along in the car. "Don't know the first thing about ranching, and nothing about mules. But—well, I suppose my father told you the whys and wherefores of my being here."

Tripler grinned a little beneath his mustache.

"Well," he answered, "he told me some, and some I guessed. He thought the change would do you good?"

"Exactly! He thought I was enjoying myself in New York—not doing any work—spending his money. And I was! You may as well know the truth, Mr. Tripler, so we'll start square. I wasn't sent here on account of my ability, but on account of my inability. That's what it amounts to."

"I see," responded the agent cheerfully. And then he added: "Well, perhaps you'll fool him yet. Of course there's not much money in mules, now the war's over, even if you raise a lot of 'em; but there's no reason why you should stick entirely to mules. You might try hogs, say." He chuckled quietly. "Yes, hogs ain't half bad. Mary's got a few pet pigs she's raised all on her own."

"Mary?" inquired Jason.

"Uh-huh. Oh, I forgot! Mary's my daughter. Perhaps your father didn't say I had a daughter. Keeps house for me—for us now, I mean. She's a great help too. Keeps the boys cheerful."

"The boys?"

"Uh-huh—the men on the ranch—five of 'em. They take their meals with us and sleep in the annex. We're very democratic, Mr. Gray."

"You can't hurt my feelings," Jason replied with a grin. "I'm as easy-going as the Prince of Wales. Besides, I'm descended from a man of the people—my great-grandfather was a convict."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Mr. Tripler, apparently greatly amused. "I knew there was something about you I liked. What was his offense?"

"He was a bigamist," said Jason.

Mr. Tripler laughed outright.

"Nowadays," he said as he cleverly nursed the flivver up a hill on high—"nowadays he'd be accused of trying to corral the woman's vote. You'd better not tell my Mary about him."

"Why not?" ventured Jason.

"Why not? Oh, well, Mary's one of those modern girls with ideas. Suffragette, she is. Don't look like one, though, thank God!"

"How old is—is your daughter, Mr. Tripler?"

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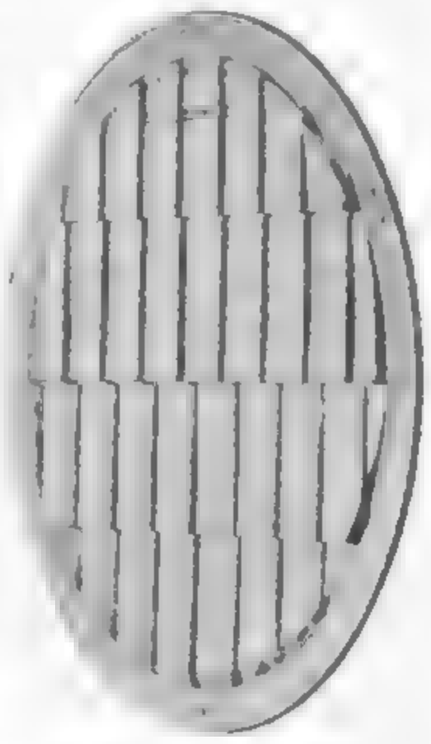

Angle view of Patterson-Lenz (legal everywhere), showing prismatic construction

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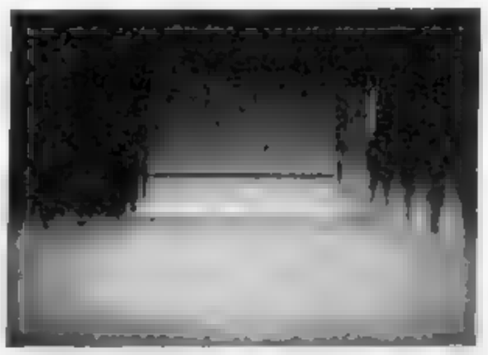

Patterson-Lenz Light at 100 Feet

This unretouched photograph shows exactly the effect of the Patterson-Lenz. The black mark across the screen is 42 inches from the ground—waist high. Note how practically all the light is concentrated and evenly distributed *below* the line—so that even a pedestrian standing in the middle of the road would not be blinded by the beam—yet all the road is clearly shown.

"Mary? How old? I don't know. Twenty-something, maybe. Not much more at any rate. She's voting next November. She says she's a Democrat, but that's only because I'm a Republican. She's like that—looks meek as Moses, but sometimes I think she's as contrary as well, as the chief product of your ranch."

"I'll be glad to meet her," said Jason warmly. "She may be able to give me some pointers. I often think I'd be better off myself if I had a little more stubbornness in my make-up. My father has plenty of it, but he calls it strength of character, indomitable will power, grim determination makes a virtue out of it, you know. But when you boil it down it's just plain mulishness."

"Well," answered Mr. Tripler with an astuteness that rather surprised Jason—"well, when you boil down almost any virtue it's generally just a plain old-fashioned vice. A generous man's only a spendthrift, and a thrifty man's only a miser. A tactful man's a liar, and a truthful man's a damn fool."

"Gosh," said Jason, "you're a—a philosopher or something, Mr. Tripler!"

"No, sir," answered Tripler firmly, "I gave that up when I took to ranching. No money in it. No money in ranching either, but it's more healthy."

The car rattled over the loose planking of a bridge that spanned a small but noisy stream, and under Tripler's guidance made a sharp turn to the left through an open gateway in a roughly laid stone wall.

"The beginning of your property," said Mr. Tripler with a wave of his hand. "There's the house ahead of us—on the right. The annex is across the road on the left. Stables back of the house. That's Mary out on the front steps."

They drew up jauntily in a cloud of dust. Mr. Tripler honked loudly on the horn and yelled for someone called Ben.

"Lend a hand here, Ben, will you? Mary, this is Mr. Gray. Take him along in while Ben and I unload his things."

"How d'ya do, Miss Tripler?" said Jason with great cordiality, for she was not uncomely. "I'm awfully glad to meet you—er—awfully."

They shook hands slowly, sizing each other up.

"I'm glad you're glad, Mr. Gray," said she. "I was afraid perhaps I'd be an unpleasant surprise for you; afraid perhaps you wouldn't expect to find a mere woman on your property, and wouldn't like it if you did."

"Well, to tell the truth," he said, smiling, "I hadn't the slightest idea what I would find on my property. I'd understood it wasn't much of a property, but"—and he reddened under his attempt at gallantry—"but my first glimpse of it is very satisfactory—very satisfactory."

She regarded him in grave wonder. Then ignoring what he immediately felt had been a crude sophomoric speech, she nodded her head and led him into the house.

VI

DURING the next month Jason managed to be much in Mary's company. He was exaltedly in love with Vivienne, of course, and he assured himself it was for that very reason that he sought a woman's society. Men could not understand. Not that for a moment he would have thought of confiding in them even if he had deemed them capable of comprehension. Nor did he confide in Mary—not, that is, in so many words. Possibly, as the French would say, he gave her to think.

Mary was a kind of woman it had never before been his privilege to encounter. She was not beautiful and she was not pretty. Both these attributes he denied her almost at once; but in the very act of denial he said to himself, "She's a nice-looking girl." What he meant, I suppose, was that she was healthy. She was of medium height, and buxom—the plump, dairymaid figure of the old-fashioned English school—and she had the dairymaid's skin and coloring. She suggested orchards and new-mown hay and butter and eggs and cream. Her rounded arms were meant to work a churn or to carry a milk stool and a pail. At least Jason thought that they were. Later he learned that her rounded arms—and, indeed, all her rounded physical attributes—were no true manifestation of the mentality that directed them. For Mary was a student, and by no means a superficial one.

She said to him once when he had come to know her well, "I look like a fat country girl dressed up to attend the county fair, all agog to see the side shows and to drink lemonade. I look like that and I can't help it. I wish I'd get consumption or something."

Jason had laughed, and had not, naturally enough, realized that she was more than half in earnest.

"Not much chance of consumption in this air, I'm afraid," he said.

"No," she agreed, "just my luck. The climate's good for father, but it's too good for me. He was sick to begin with, and now he's getting healthy. I was healthy to begin with, and now I'm getting healthier. I—I'm like sleek cattle."

That, however, was one of her few outbursts of rebellion. As a rule she maintained an outward calm, content apparently with things as they were, cheerful, hard-working, not above exchanging frank repartee with the men about the place—in short, the perfect housemaiden.

Almost at once she proved to Jason that she knew far more about raising mules than he; and, indeed, in some ways more than her father. She was full of theories, figures, statistics and new ideas in transportation and marketing. She had authorities—unknown to Jason—at the tip of her tongue. And she was very eager that he should make a definite success of his ranch; that he should grow rich beyond the average. She was ambitious, not only for herself but for everyone in whom she was interested.

"Why," Jason asked her one evening after supper—"why do you want me to make money? What could I do with money?" He knew quite well, of course, what he could do with money—he could marry Vivienne; but he put the question with an appearance of sincerity.

"What could you do with money?" she echoed scornfully. "Why, at least you could go away from here and give up raising mules! Ugh, what a place! What a trade!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jason easily. "What's wrong with the place or the trade?"

"Everything! Everything, especially for a young man with a sound mind and a body sound enough to hang together!"

Mr. Tripler raised amused eyes from his book—it happened to be one of William James'—and said mildly: "She's off now, Mr. Gray. You've started the avalanche. She'll tell you I'm a graduate of Edinburgh and that if my health had stood by me I'd swayed the world—upset the emperors before the Allies had to do the job. Power of the pen, you know, and all that. She'd have me a Voltaire and a Marx and a Burke and a Jefferson and a God-knows-what if she had her way. Wouldn't you, Mary, eh? Shake the world—that's her idea—shake the world! Well, don't listen to her. When you get to be my age you'll be glad if you can lend a hand to steadying the damn thing a little. It needs it."

"If I were a man ——" Mary began impressively.

"Huh!" interrupted Mr. Tripler, and returned to his book after an open wink at Jason.

"If I were a man," she continued, "I'd go where men were thickest—New York, say, or Chicago—and I'd mix with them and I'd study them and I'd try to help them. I don't mean philanthropy. I mean I'd try to find out what's wrong with them—why all forms of government are more or less failures; why the majority are fools and the intelligent minority either unscrupulous or uninterested."

"God made 'em that way," observed Mr. Tripler conclusively. "And if you happen to be one of the intelligent minority you'd better be careful to remain uninterested. Stick to raising cattle, Mr. Gray."

"Well," said Jason, who in all his frivolous youth had given no thought to sociology—"well, I don't know much about mules, but I guess I'm safer experimenting on them than on human beings. Just the same, I agree with Miss Tripler"—he still called her that—"about going to live in a big city. It seems to me New York's the only place to"—he was about to say the only place in which to enjoy life; but feeling that this was possibly too flippant a sentiment he finished rather lamely—"the only place to learn about—er—about life in."

He meant it too. And he thought of Vivienne—as he often did—and a sharp pang of homesickness shot through him, the pang bred of remembering wonderful,

(Continued on Page 81)

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The Pictures, in their original size, are 1⅝ x 2½ inches, but the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens produces negatives of such sharpness that enlargements can be made to almost any size. Thus with a camera so small that it can be carried in the vest pocket or in a lady's hand-bag, you may have large pictures from your Kodak finisher.

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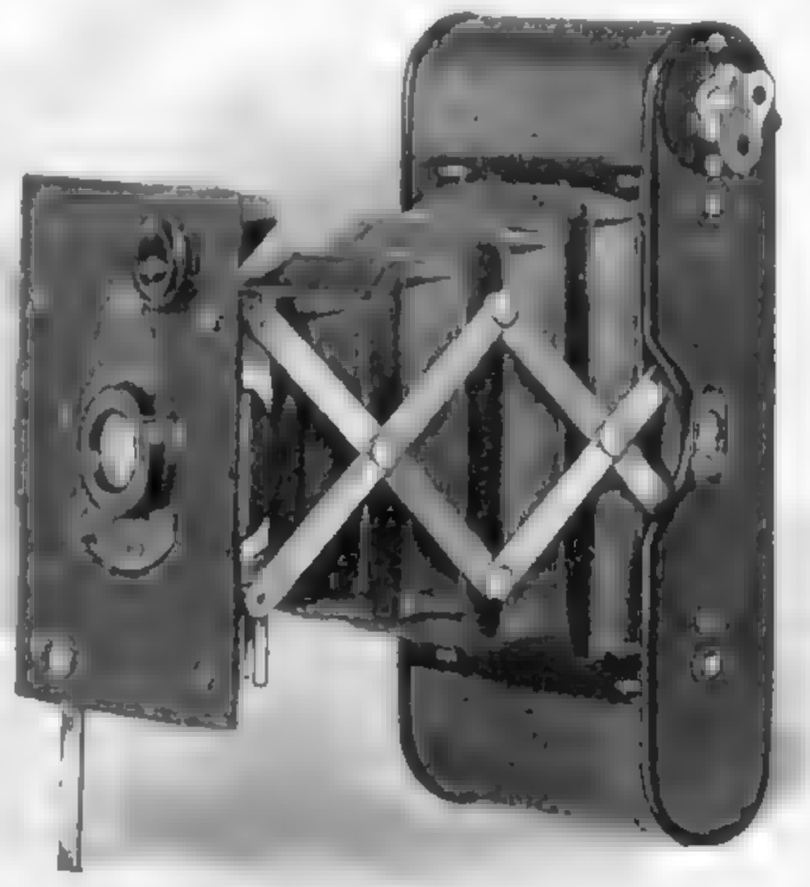

This Vest Pocket Kodak snaps instantly into focus, with no further adjustment, when the front is pulled out.

(Continued from Page 78)

eventful days that to him had seemed the happiest in his life. He recalled Vivienne's slim gracefulness, her beautiful hands, the smooth whiteness of her skin; he recalled the delicacy of her features, the straight, fine nose, the small mouth with its rather thin red lips; he recalled even the perfection of the clothes that she wore and the exhilarating scent that hung about them.

Poor Mary—unfortunate child! The studious, energetic, plump dairymaid suffered pitifully by the comparison. With a glow of not very laudable self-satisfaction he reflected how extremely loyal he was to Vivienne; how no one could compete with her in his heart. Of course he did not realize it, but this rather acute spasm of loyalty had been brought about chiefly by the fact that throughout the evening Mary's conversation had been over his head. She had talked of things to which he had never given a thought—abstract things which did not interest him. And worse, she had implied that he was not much of a man if they didn't interest him. Highbrow stuff, that! Vivienne, on the contrary, looked up to him, and yet did not demand that he climb up on a pedestal. And she was always interesting to talk to, for her conversation was mainly about herself. So, turning his eyes from Minerva, he bestowed the apple on Venus.

VII

OCCASIONALLY Jason and Mary, arising early, would ride together into Bellwood to meet the train bearing the morning mail. Jason looked forward to these excursions with pleasure, for he was young enough to take delight in the stimulation of dawn and old enough to appreciate its beauty. He even went so far as to regret the hours he had misspent in New York, lying in bed until the sun was high. It is true that in the city he had seen the sun rise several times, but only by waiting for it. He had never risen to meet it.

During these rides with Mary he always learned a good deal about his ranch and the way it was being run, and he sometimes learned a good deal about Mary. So he felt that, far from wasting his time, he was putting it to the best possible use. Not, of course, as he told himself, that he was particularly interested in Mary; but by getting to know her well he acquired side lights on her father and his methods. And surely an owner should study the character of his agent—yea, even of his agent's daughter!

On the morning following Mary's vehement discourse on the duty of a young man to be up and doing she and Jason started out for Bellwood just as the early sun was slipping up over the low hills in the east. There was a cold tang in the air, for it was not yet May, and the horses pretended to be skittish in an endeavor to keep warm. They nipped playfully at each other and blew smoking breaths from their nostrils; and they insisted on progressing sideways like a crab.

Mary rode a horse very well, but insisted on riding sidesaddle. She knew herself too plump for breeches.

"Let's let 'em run," said Mary. "It'll do all of us good."

Having run them for about a mile, they drew up at the crest of an incline and surveyed the world.

"What a bully morning!" observed Jason, with that reticence in the use of adjectives that young men display when commenting on the beauties of Nature. And then he added, "Montana's not such a bad place after all."

She regarded him scornfully, kicked her horse gently in the ribs and answered nothing. They moved on.

"Well," argued Jason, "you don't get this in New York—this open feeling. And you can't do much hard riding in Central Park. The wind doesn't whistle through your lungs the way it does out here."

"Who wants the wind to whistle through your lungs?" she retorted. "It's much better, I should say, to have a thought whistle through your brain. And nothing like that happens to you here."

"I never had many thoughts whistling through me in New York, for that matter," countered Jason with truth.

"Just what did you do in New York, then, Mr. Gray?"

The question demanded cogitation. After all, just what had he done? And just why had he hated to leave? There was Vivienne, of course, but he couldn't very well confess that he had done nothing but play round with the most glorious musical comedienne in all the world. Aside from Vivienne, there remained the parties at the Rabelais and elsewhere, the theaters, the races, the prize fights—none of them constituting exactly a suitable career for a young man.

"I didn't do anything very worth while in New York," he admitted at length. "But somehow I got to like it. I don't know. Fifth Avenue with all the pretty squabs trotting up and down showing their ankles and everything; and motors rushing along four or five abreast, smooth and shiny and rich—you know. And big top-heavy green busses racking along between 'em; and the smell of gasoline; and cops at every crossing holding up their arms while little bare-legged kids beat it across. And the things in the windows—pearls and rubies and diamonds and things; and pictures and tapestries and rare old junk; and wax models with all sorts of clothes on—clothes and underclothes—oh, wonderful underclothes! Even the wax models look proud to be seen in 'em."

"Is that all there is to New York?" she interrupted him.

"That ain't the half of it," he assured her gayly, dropping into the familiar vernacular. "There's Broadway—with hotels, restaurants, a bunch of lights, movies, theaters, another bunch of lights—everything advertised in electricity from chewing gum to Shakspere's plays. Did you ever see it about eight o'clock at night? Or eleven o'clock at night? Take a wet drizzly night when the umbrellas are up and the taxis are skidding into one another and the trolleys are clanging away for dear life and everyone's rushing round like mad trying to get in a door or out of a door or round a corner or across a street or into a trolley or out of a taxi; and the rain coming down in buckets and somebody's umbrella all the time in somebody else's eye. But everybody happy. Oh, yes, that's New York! That's a big part of it at least!"

She nodded reluctantly.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that's part of it; but it's not the part I'd choose—not the part that attracts me."

"I know," said he.

They rode into the village, dismounting at the little wooden post office. The mail had not arrived, so they waited along with several others bent on the same errand; and while they waited the postmaster, old Jim Verney, spying them, emerged from behind his bars and addressed them.

"Seen anything of the two strangers out your way?" he inquired.

"Strangers?" repeated Mary. "No, we haven't noticed any strangers."

"Tryin' to buy the Summers' ranch next door to you folks. Anyhow they're tryin' to buy a ranch. New Yorkers, I guess, like Mr. Gray here."

"Tell 'em to come and see me," laughed Jason. "I'll sell 'em my ranch—at a price."

"What's the matter, Mr. Gray? Sick of Gray Forks already?"

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with Gray Forks, Jim! Something's wrong with me, I guess. But I'm not leaving unless I can sell out for more than the ranch is worth."

Jim Verney gave a cracked laugh and shifted his tobacco.

"Well," he said, "no insult intended, but I guess in that case you'll be with us for some time."

"I guess so," replied Jason cheerfully, and the postmaster returned to his cage to sort the newly arrived mail.

There was a letter for Jason—a letter addressed in Vivienne's tall, angular hand. It was by no means the first one he had received from her, but every one of them gave him a pleasurable thrill that evidenced itself very plainly in his face. He tried, nevertheless, to appear calm and unhurried when Mary handed it to him. He went so far as to thrust it unread into his breast pocket; but Mary had other plans.

"Go ahead and read it," she ordered. "I've got a few myself that need reading."

They sat down some distance apart. Mary watched him intently while he read. Vivienne wrote, with all the capital letters possible, and a minimum of punctuation:

"*My Wonder Man:* Your letter has just come telling me all about the ranch and about you and all the wonderful things you are doing and I am the Happiest Girl in the World when I think that you are doing all those wonderful things for my sake. I have been working hard too trying to do my little to be worthy of you and saving all I can out of my salary so that I can come to you when you are ready for me not quite penniless. Only God knows it's hard now to get any decent salaries out of the managers. They don't seem to appreciate me or what I've done on the stage or the position I've made for myself in the public affections by sheer hard work. My last part doesn't suit me a bit and I didn't want to take it at all only Aunt Mabel said I might fare farther and go worse. Everybody in the Profession is complaining about the Hard Times and I hear that Janus herself is out of a job and has to go to London to sing in vaudeville.

"My entrance in the First Act is the only good thing in the play and it ought to get across wonderfully. But they have cut two of my songs and that after I'd been rehearsing for ten days too. I almost quit on the spot when they did that only I remembered what Aunt Mabel said and I thought of you and how both of us must work to earn a home however unpleasant it may be. So here I am still at the grindstone.

"Oh, I must tell you what Jake Eckert, the stage manager, said to me the other day at rehearsal. He said Miss Vincent if I was as much of a lady as you I'd give up musical shows and go into drama. I suppose I am better born than most that he's accustomed to. But I will be so glad when I can put all this life behind me and come to join you in our Little Gray Home in the West. That is a good pun, Wonder Boy, isn't it? I must close now to hurry off to rehearsal. With dearest love, etc. VIVIENNE."

Now, it must be admitted that only a hypercritical lover could find anything at which to cavil in this affectionate outburst; but there was one sentence that filled Jason with deep anxiety. What in the world did she mean by coming out "to join you in our Little Gray Home in the West"? Did she for one instant suppose that he had any intention of spending his married life on the ranch? Did she imagine that it was for that purpose he was trying to earn money? If that were his object, could she not see that there was no reason why he shouldn't marry her at once and live with her at Gray Forks as long as life did last? He already had enough money to provide for that sort of an existence. Weren't women funny?

He'd say they were!

"Bad news?" asked Mary, with simulated sympathy but real curiosity.

He started, looked quickly at her and as quickly away, flushed, shook his head and stammered, "No, a surprise—that's all."

But he was unwontedly silent during the ride home—a fact that did not escape Mary.

She was not, however, allowed to brood long over the meaning of it, for when they reached the ranch house they found two strangers, doubtless those to whom old Jim Verney had referred, engaged in earnest conversation with Tripler. And spread on the table in front of them was a survey of the property of which Jason Gray was the unassuming owner.

"Here," said Tripler as Jason and Mary entered the living room—"here is the man with whom you can talk business."

The two strangers rose and were introduced. Mr. Powell, a large, stout, dark gentleman, smooth-shaven and smooth-mannered, with a great deal of gold in his teeth; and Mr. Upsher, smaller, slighter, apparently more insignificant. Mr. Upsher wore gold-mounted spectacles; so there was gold attached to both of them.

"Mr. Gray," began Powell, "we are really not here to talk business—at least not yet. My friend, Mr. Upsher, and I are merely looking round. Mr. Upsher is in delicate health, and the doctors have prescribed for him an out-of-door existence. As for me, I have always wanted to try my hand at ranching—at least"—he smiled understandingly—"at least ever since I have had enough money to indulge in a luxury such as, I fear, owning a ranch is. So we're out here—Mr. Upsher and I—just looking round, as I said. Naturally we are greenhorns. That's one of the reasons we want to purchase a going proposition—one that has already proved itself."

"Well, gentlemen," said Jason pleasantly, "you have nothing on me. I'm greenest of the green. But Mr. Tripler can explain everything in the world to you. However, it's only fair for me to warn you that I've no intention of selling my property for anything like its value."

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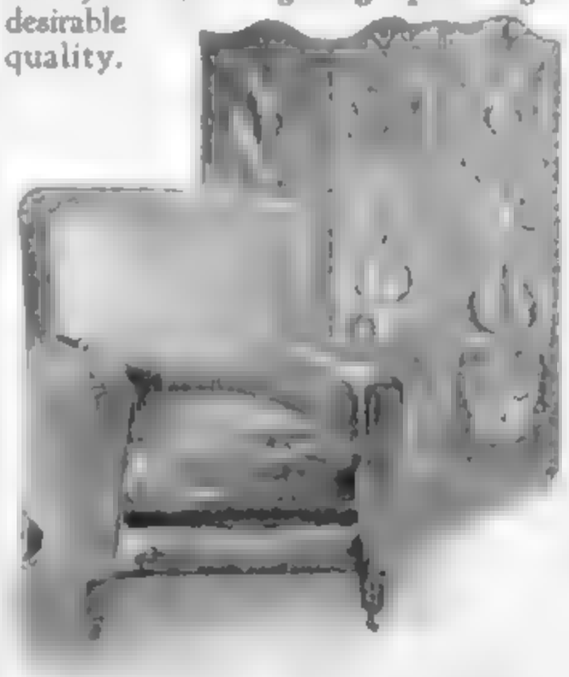

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"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Powell, obviously bewildered by this statement. "You mean you will sacrifice your property?"

"Not at all. I mean I'll sacrifice the purchaser. Whatever valuation Mr. Tripler sets on the property—well, I'll take just twice that price. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Mr. Powell laughed heartily and slapped his knee; and then, observing that Mr. Upsher was not in the least amused, leaned over and slapped Mr. Upsher's knee. Mr. Upsher winced, but said "Ha-ha" rather painfully.

"Well, well," said Powell, "that's frank of you anyhow. I guess, at that, we'd get as good a bargain as we'd get dealing with some of these Westerners. You're from New York, aren't you, Mr. Gray?"

"Yes," said Jason.

"Well, so are we—so are we. It's a small world."

"New York's a big city, you mean," observed Mr. Upsher. "Would you mind, now," he continued—"would you mind allowing Mr. Tripler here to show us round a little, just to give us an idea of the place and what's on it? We have our automobile outside, and where the automobile can't go I guess our legs will take us. You have about six thousand acres, I believe?"

"A little more," said Mr. Tripler.

"Of course," interposed Mary, who had been listening in silence—"of course it's in the stock that the real value of the property lies."

"Of course, of course," assented Powell readily; but he shot her a sharp glance from his usually dull eyes. "It is very possible, though, that we shouldn't care to purchase the stock. Mules, isn't it?"

"Not purchase the stock!" Mary echoed. "But I understood you to say you wanted a going concern."

Mr. Powell reddened and grew confused, and Mr. Upsher said quickly: "We thought we might raise sheep instead. I've always liked sheep. And considering the price one pays for wool—dear me, the suit I have on cost me over a hundred dollars. But, of course, we'd buy your mules, even if we decided to resell them immediately."

"I see," said Mary.

"If you will permit, then, Mr. Gray ——"

Powell, his composure returned, arose, and with a wave of his arm indicated Jason's six thousand acres.

"Certainly," said Jason. "Mr. Tripler, will you do the honors? Show these gentlemen everything they want—and don't even conceal those three mangy mules."

Tripler laughed.

"To be quite truthful," he said, "they're five of 'em have it."

"Good enough," exclaimed Powell heartily, and slapped his knee again. Then they went out.

"Well," said Mary after a pause, "who are they and what do they want?"

Jason glanced at her in some surprise. It had not occurred to him to doubt for a moment the men's sincerity.

"Why," he said, "I suppose they're who they say they are and they want what they say they want."

Mary put her chin in her hands and her elbows on the table, and she regarded him for several seconds in silence. Her large eyes, beautiful but bovine, held a trace of impatience and more than a trace of pity. There was an indulgent smile widening her full Cupid's bow lips.

So might she have regarded a refractory but beloved child.

"Mr. Gray," said she, "I'm afraid you're very young to be a property owner."

"Miss Tripler," said he, "I'm a mere babe, but I'm older than you. Just the same, I'll grant that you're a wise baby. So, go ahead—tell me who they are and what they want."

"They're oil men," she said, and waited for him to register astonishment.

He nodded casually.

"Just what is an oil man?" he inquired. "A man that makes oil?"

"Don't overdo the innocence," she retorted impatiently. "They're here looking for oil, of course. Oil has already been found in the county—not twenty miles from here, in fact. And they're out here to buy up oil land. Engineers, geologists, promoters, crooks—I don't know what they are, but they're looking for oil, and they think there's some on your property."

"Do you think there is?" he asked suddenly.

"Do I? How should I know? I don't know anything about oil. I only know about mules; and," she added a little bitterly, "that knowledge won't do me much good if you sell out now."

He got up and paced the floor, his hands in his pockets.

"Yes," he said half to himself—"yes, I hadn't thought of that, of course. If I sell out, they—well, it would sort of leave you and your father out in the cold, wouldn't it?"

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said hotly. "I assure you, Mr. Gray, I had no such thought."

"Why don't you call me Jason?" he asked.

She made a gesture of impatience.

"Won't you be serious?" she begged.

"Yes; you call me Jason, and then we can be very serious. It's a serious affair, after all, isn't it? I may be rich tomorrow. How furious father would be! Only, of course, I'm not going to sell out."

"You're not!" she exclaimed. "Not at any price?"

"Oh, no! I've made up my mind. Not at any price they'll offer. You see if there's oil on the property it'll keep."

"And if there isn't?"

"Well, if there isn't they probably won't want to buy. It's their business to spot that, isn't it?"

"Yes, but they can't always tell."

"All right. If they can't I certainly can't. And besides, my business and your father's business and your business is raising mules. That's what we're here for—not to go gunning for oil. Don't forget that. As for me, I'd rather make a go of this mule job than strike a gusher, or whatever they call 'em. Oil's just luck, while raising mules is an art, and I'm an artist. Is that clear, Mary?"

She sat nervously twisting her fingers, and she kept her eyes away from him.

"It's clear," she said, "that you're throwing away a great opportunity, just—just because you don't want to deprive father of his job. It's very generous of you, but it's not good business. It's quixotic. And—and father and I can't let you do it."

"Ha-ha!" he cried. "You can't prevent my doing it. I guess I'm the owner of this property, and I guess I've a right to sell it or keep it as I see fit. Besides, I'm not thinking of your father and you at all. Mr. Tripler is my superintendent, but it's my father that pays his salary. You didn't know that, did you? Well, it's true. If I want to sell out your father would still remain in my father's employ—on another job somewhere. So, you see, I'm not considering him in the least. Now do you still want me to sell out to a couple of oily crooks?"

He stopped short opposite her, and he leaned across the table toward her.

"Mary," he said earnestly, "let's make a go of this ranch. Shall we?"

"Jason," she said, "there's nothing I'd like better."

He drew a long breath.

"Atta girl!" he said gently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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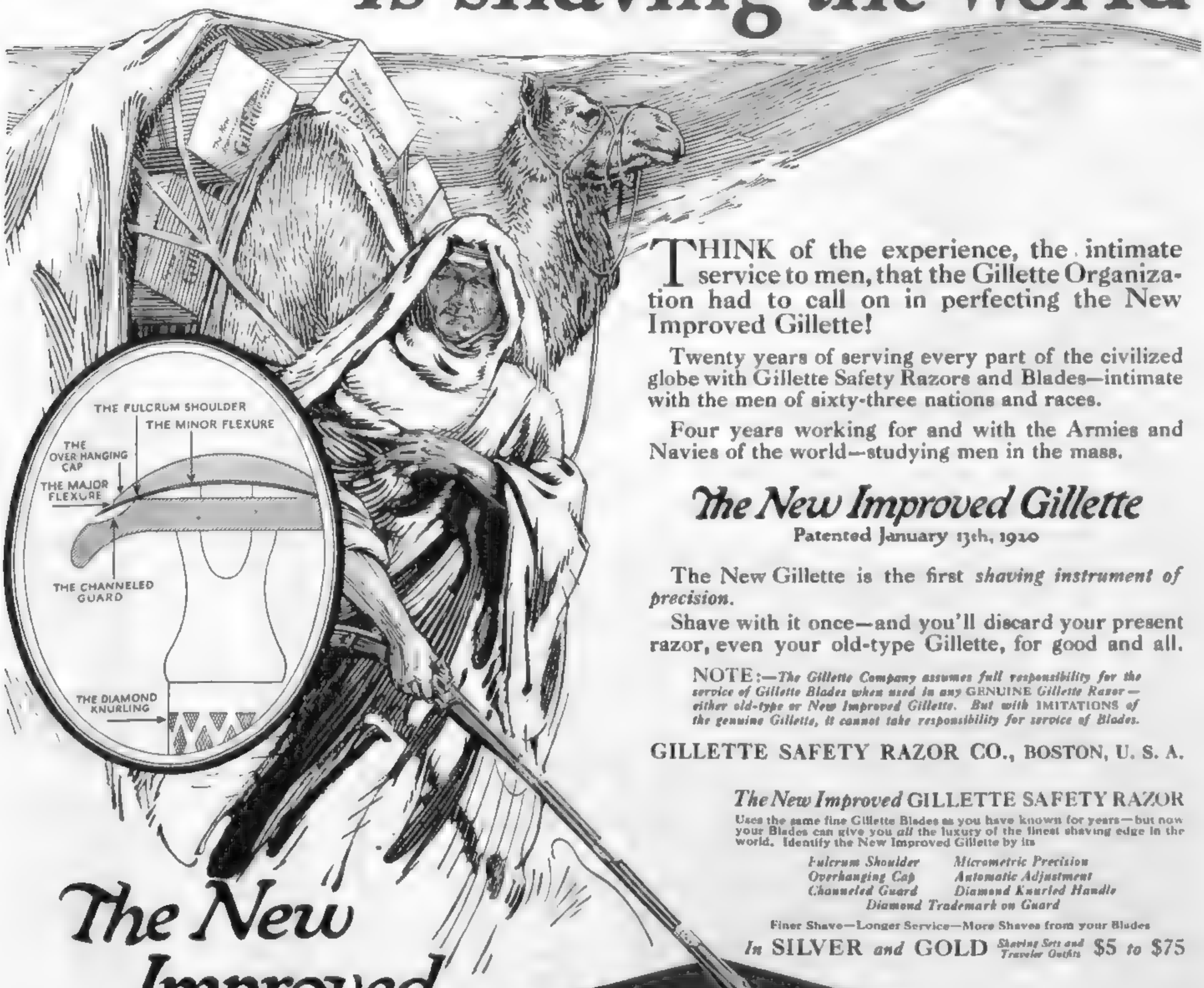

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THE OTHER VOLABIA

(Continued from Page 13)

meeting on Friday we had hoped that it would be you who would preside."

She beamed a full blast of sunlight upon him.

"Anything," she said, simpering. "Anything—anything for me. I am not one of those who seek prominence. I am far too affected by the woes of the world. I never go to sleep nights without thinking of little children wasting away in some afflicted land—hungry and cold. We all seem so helpless. There is so little spirituality left in the hearts of men and women."

She sighed and relaxed into the gold brocade of a vast chair.

"I suppose you will take a box at the Imperial Theater for Friday—for our mass meeting?" he inquired.

"My name would not be mentioned?"

"Not if you desire that it shall not."

"You know how I am. I prefer—I have preferred ever since I was a little child a certain retirement. There are others in the city who do not, I assure you. Where are the box holders' names to be printed?"

"On the program."

"Well, that's neither here nor there then. I will not stand out on such a small matter."

"I was sure of it," he said. "Thank you so much. God will reward you as you deserve, Mrs. Roscoe. And we shall keep this quite exclusive."

By the time Holbrook Gray saw Florida Tennyson again he had signed up thirty-eight members of the committee. It was night. He could see a faint light burning in the back of her shop. Looking up and down deserted Front Street, he tapped upon the glass of the shop door. He sniffed. He could smell coffee—her percolator.

"Heaven bless a girl who can be such a fool as to drink coffee before going to bed!" said he fervently.

A white figure appeared behind the thin linen curtains of the glass.

"Go away, you naughty man!" Florida commanded, peeping out. "I've gone to bed."

"No, you haven't. Look at yourself. You're vertical. Open the door."

"Just a crack," she whispered, peeping through it.

"I want to come in. You look quite proper. It's a tea gown, or whatever you call 'em."

"It's a boudoir wrap," she told him.

"How modest compared with a lady's street atture."

"Go away! Scandal will breathe my name."

"Let her breathe! I intend to woo and win you. If Scandal opens her mouth we will fill it with marital bonds."

"You are so precipitate, Holbrook!" said Florida. "Come in for a minute—one little minute. I shan't marry you or anything of the kind. I have to be urged and urged and urged. When are the posters coming?"

"Posters for the meeting?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow—in every store window in town."

"And the speakers?"

"Bayard Bankleburn, the ex-evangelist, arrives on the 10:15 to-morrow. A truly great man. Give him a brass band—and I've engaged the Volabia Guards Band—and Bankleburn will rouse a crowd of malaria victims and misers to a point where they will give the links out of their cuffs."

"And the general?"

"Gen. Goldir Magyaric? Alas! He lies to-day upon a bed of pain. He will not be able to come, and it's too late to take his name off the posters."

Miss Florida Tennyson yawned prettily. Her pink lips parted like curling rose petals and her white teeth appeared for an entrancing second.

"Holbrook, beloved one, you are delicious," she said. "I hope some day you will renew your declaration of love and once again ask for my fair hand in marriage."

He went away quite happy. The moonlight was upon the river, glistening and radiant white where the masts swayed along the shore. A single star shone brighter than all the rest above the outline of the hideous sculptured figures on top of Soldiers Monument.

"Friday," he said. "Oh, if all remains set until Friday!"

All did remain set until Friday. The posters announced a mass meeting for self-determination for free peoples. On Friday afternoon the Argus-Gazette carried three columns of news. The usual half-tone cuts of Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Roscoe were printed in a box under the caption, "Society News of the Week. The Hearts of Volabia's Men and Women Respond to the Cry of Oppression and Famine." In another column was a list of the boxholders at the Imperial Theater, and of the prominent men—the merchants, bankers, manufacturers and others of Volabia—who, goaded by their wives, had sprung to the aid of the bleeding country, the seat of the dynasty of the ancient Slovenian kings, now the land of shepherds and oil wells.

Above the lighted foyer of the Imperial that evening a huge sign bore the legend, "Democracy for the Enslaved." Under the blaze from the electric sign George Ubeck, the undertaker, with his wife in a wrap trimmed with ermine, stepped out of his sedan car, which was one in a procession of chariots containing the city's best people. There was Medill Smith, the president of the water company; Georgette Corse, the lean heir of Lawyer Corse, who had owned the river-front property; and the Dorchans, who started the country club; and Doctor and Mrs. Petworth, with their house guest, Miss Stella Phibbs, of Montello. There were the two old-maid sisters, the Mandells, in ancient rustling black watered silk; and the dentist, Doctor Bondo, whose lips were thick and whose hands were always perspiring. Holbrook Gray had brought most of the pillars of Volabia to this great occasion. They had stage seats, orchestra seats and boxes. Only the galleries were open for the ordinary run of persons—the unknown, the humble and the lowly.

At eight the theater was full of the hot and throbbing mass. From the boxes and the rows in front bare necks, white gloves and jewels gleamed.

"Just like one of those big New York patriotic or charitable meetings," whispered Mrs. Pursell to Mrs. Snaith, the wife of the chiropractor.

"Exactly," affirmed Mrs. Snaith, who had never been east of Akron. "It really has almost an English or a French flavor."

Banners bearing mottoes were stretched over the front of the balcony—"Equality." "America Was Once Little Herself." People read them while the band played the national anthem of Volabia, an air rarely heard in this country, but one of strange mingling of Occidental civilization and Oriental savagery. At 8:15 the half dozen empty chairs in the middle of the stage welcomed Dr. Bayard Bankleburn and Holbrook Gray, Mrs. Roscoe, the presiding officer, the state senator, the Hon. Boardman Cox, who is all trunk and impressive dome walking on legs whose spindling is always emphasized by a spread-tail morning coat. The audience applauded wildly. Doctor Bankleburn bowed and bowed and at last sat down, leaning confidentially toward Mrs. Roscoe's ear, while his eyes, as if detached in interest, wandered about the house where the steaming assemblage fluttered its programs.

The band ceased playing a jazz at a signal from Holbrook Gray, and the pastor of the Cosden Memorial Church offered prayer. He spoke of the benighted state of human hearts. There were few, he said, mixing his figures of speech, who had ever given ear to the woe of distant peoples. Freedom and self-government were some of the favors conferred by heaven upon us at home. A voice from the gallery interrupted.

"We got both them favors by sweatin' and fightin' for 'em ourselves!" it complained.

"Put him out!"

"He's a Bolshevik!"

Everyone stood up and then sat down again. The Reverend Doctor Bowles went on placidly to confess that even he had never fully understood the situation in the capital of Volabia, Anchanda, and begged that the generosity of the people of this little and more prosperous city might be filled by a paternal—nay, a maternal emotion.

He spoke of the ignorance in which the people of far-away Volabia were steeped, and, though he said it could not be held to be their own fault, nevertheless several murmurs came from the front rows as if the good man had made a political slip in his address to heaven.

MEN who seek real individuality and refinement in their footwear will find them in Ralston shoes

One of the most popular styles this season is the Duke Brogue Oxford, illustrated below. It is a very genteel looking shoe, without the heavy, almost uncouth appearance of many shoes of the brogue type.

Let us send you the name of the dealer in your neighborhood who sells Ralston shoes.

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Brockton (Campello) Mass.

Ralston

Make it a real Holiday—Eat Cracker Jack!

Three generations of boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers, have liked Cracker Jack because of those crisp kernels of popcorn and big meaty peanuts all covered with delicious golden molasses candy.

It's good for them, a food as well as a confection.

There's only one Cracker Jack. Remember that! "The More You Eat, the More You Want."

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Chicago and Brooklyn

Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows, and other "RELIABLE" Confections

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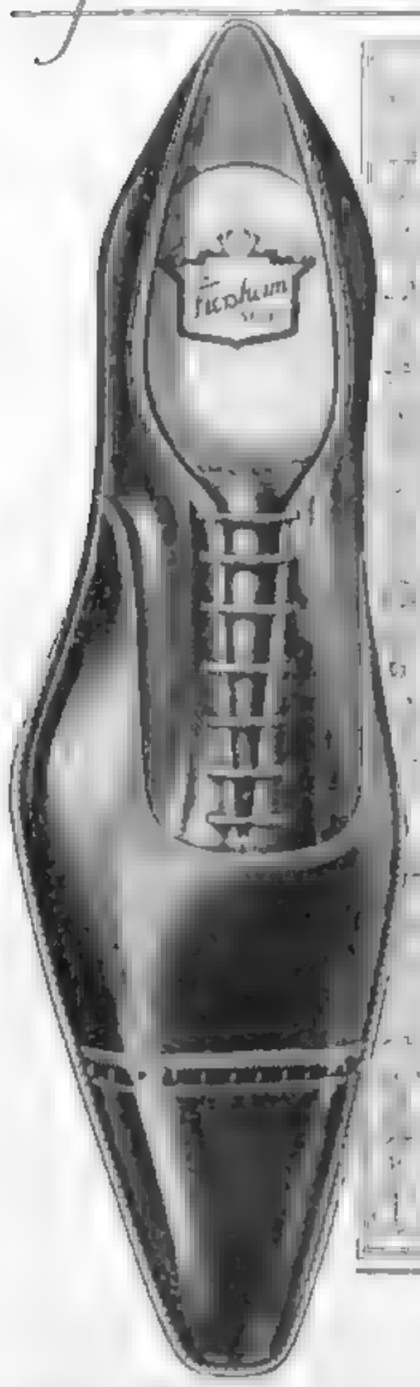

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A Florsheim smart style for warm days—cool because skeleton lined and perfect fitting. The square toe trim gives it that high grade appearance characteristic of Florsheim designing. Worn by men who want distinctive style in good taste.

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The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
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The Hampton—Style M-71

CLIPPETTE LAWN MOWER

The Marvel of Simplicity

Cuts grass, plantain, dandelion and other weeds of any height. Trims right up to walls and fences, under hedges, around flower beds and rose bushes.

A well made, durable machine with few moving parts, protected from dirt. No gears or pinions. Extremely light running. Adjustable cutting height. Adjustable handle. Free Wheel reverse.

One Piece Extra Knives 75c Each

Replaceable knife blade, keen as a razor, tough as a saw. Cheaper to replace than to sharpen. Standard parts and fittings the world over.

Do not cut your grass too often. It never grows too tall for Clippette.

Patented in U.S.A. and foreign countries

Price, $12.00 Net
F.O.B. Lynchburg, Va.

One size only—13" cut

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who did not get our proposition are requested to write for particulars.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for literature or order direct from factory. Use coupon below.

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Please find enclosed check for $ _____, for which ship _____ Clippette Lawn Mower

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

The band struck up a shimmy the moment he had finished, and after a few bars Mrs. Roscoe arose and introduced the world-famed Dr. Bayard Bankleburn.

With the eloquence of this extraordinary man no one could fail to be impressed. Bankleburn had a bulldog jaw. He was a square man—square of figure, square of shoulder, square of hands, head, and even his eyes appeared to be square instead of round. His mouth opened into a square showing large square teeth. He was a cubist's delight. His activity was as extraordinary as his squareness. As he spoke of his humbleness in approaching the subject which deserved the voice of a great prophet he expressed this humility by leaping sidewise, lunging forward upon one stamping foot, clutching at imaginary clusters of grapes hanging above his head and tearing to pieces in front of his prominent chest the very suggestion that the people who heard him could forget their obligations.

He told of the aspirations of the descendants of the Slovenians. He said that he recognized that their claims, asserted upon American soil by spoken or printed word, would be met by vicious opposition.

"And we welcome such conflicts to our midst!" he roared. "If need be, we will adjust the rights of the world in our own ballot boxes!"

Wild and thoughtless applause made him pause and hold both his hands out, palms inverted, to plead in the usual oratorical hypocrisy for silence. He went on to say that the little former kingdom of Volabia, with its racial and national distinction, had been in a state of turmoil since the Crimean War.

"Who shall say that a people so prepared for self-government shall longer be deprived of their rights?" he bellowed, and mopped his forehead, while the audience clapped wildly.

"Here—to-night—we live where justice reigns. Here we have law and order. Here no man suffers wrong. Here each one has his due. Here everyone enjoys health and happiness. Do you suppose the people of Volabia would take this proud boast from us? On the contrary! They worship at the shrine of our attainment!"

Loud cheers.

Said he solemnly, "What will you give for freedom, for justice, for mercy? You?" He jumped forward, pointing at Roscoe, the banker.

"Five hundred dollars!" came the clear ringing voice, as per arrangement.

A flutter. Applause somewhat restrained.

"Mr. Roscoe signs the pledge card for five hundred and no one-hundredths dollars," bellowed Bankleburn. "Oh, my friends, if Gen. Goldir Magyaric were here he, the veteran of many wars and as many more revolutions, would shed tears long held in check. Five hundred dollars! How much am I offered? Pardon me, I mean ——"

The young ladies appointed by the committee began to move through the audience with the pledge cards held out in their little pink hands.

"Sign!" clamored Bankleburn.

The upturned faces appeared to express hesitant emotions.

"The names of all signers, with the amounts subscribed, will be announced from this rostrum!" he declared.

They reached for pencils. Husbands and wives consulted hurriedly in whispers.

One man, tall, thin, grave and white of hair, an anxious, timid, scholarly man, arose in the middle of the audience as if he meant to speak. He sat down again as if the time had not arrived.

Bankleburn did not cease his eloquent urging. He began to read the names from the harvest of pledge cards. He announced the sum total subscribed, with his eyes rolling upward as if to thank the Venus painted upon the dome of the Imperial Theater.

At last, saturated with perspiration, breathless, mopping his square brow with a square handkerchief, he announced that more than four hundred persons had come to the rescue of Volabia. Then he fell back into his chair. At this point Senator Boardman Cox arose without introduction and went to the front of the platform.

"This is a great and eternal testimonial to our community," he said. "It is, however, the part of wisdom to consider that our money should not go to a stricken country separated from our political influence. The Volabians, if I am not wrong, would be the first to recognize that gratitude would compel them to listen to our advice and counsel. Therefore I suggest that we see to it that this and other communities of this great republic should on their own account or through our national Government send American representatives to Volabia to check existent follies, to stem waste and to report perhaps upon the mineral and other resources of Volabia and as to the best means of development of the rich resources of that unfortunate country."

Amid the cheers the Reverend Doctor Bowles arose again, and with a smiling and benevolent face waited to say: "To that suggestion I give my hearty approval. And it would not be amiss for me to mention that one of our duties should be to improve the morals of a people whose standards are not yet our own. Accompanying the worldly assistance we extend to our brethren and the political counsel mentioned by Senator Cox, we will do well to hold out the helping hand of moral assistance. I have read with great interest of the carnival days when these people, coming in from their hillside chalets, dance upon the green and drink native wines. Surely we should not care to have the money given from our goodness of heart wasted in mere revelry. It is our great opportunity to correct, by our example and precept and influence, the evils and follies of a frivolous people."

Half the audience applauded. Again the man who had arisen before in the middle of the house got up, cleared his throat, ran his finger around his collar and in a high nasal voice said his say.

"No need to discuss it! Fraud!"

"Put him out!" said another voice.

"Bolshevik!" exclaimed a lady in blue.

"I say it is a fraud!" he said. "Most of you know me. I am your superintendent of schools. I do not know who this Mr. Holbrook Gray is, but I demand that he answer me. I say there is no such place as Volabia!"

Gray was on his feet instantly. He came forward, limping slightly, and held up his hand.

"Mr. Bascom, the scholarly gentleman who has just spoken, is quite right," he said. "There is no such place as Volabia."

A hush fell upon the audience. Realization began to set in with its deadly chill.

"I demand that he be arrested," Judge Pond shouted with clenched fists.

"No, no, my good and mistaken friends," said Gray. "I do not think you will arrest me. Truth to tell, I do not believe that Volabia will even allow its local paper, the esteemed Argus-Gazette, to print the news of this meeting. Furthermore, I beg you to seat your excited selves, because the entertainment has just begun."

He paused, looking about into their startled faces.

"I came to Volabia because I am recovering from a wound. I am the Holbrook Gray who was a correspondent for—well, that is no consequence. I came here to Volabia to rest. It is quite true that the magazine Volabia Freedom was printed at my own expense. There is no such place as Volabia. Dr. Bayard Bankleburn is an excellent friend of mine. He is an auctioneer from Chicago. You will not arrest me, and since no one has collected any money, I do not see how you can arrest him. And would you want to? Hardly! Think of the signed pledge cards he has!"

Miss Florida Tennyson almost rose out of her seat on the stage behind Gray. He appeared quite magnificent as he waited—a tall, straight, handsome young man, smiling and cool.

"First of all, before we put on the rest of the performance, I want to speak of the finest thing in the world," he said to the select of Volabia. "I refer to the sincere emotions of kindness, generosity, sympathy and pity which make human beings desire to share good fortune and happiness with those less fortunate and less happy than themselves. And if there are many here tonight who have felt these sincere emotions I call attention to the fact that they have risen to heights without cost and with great gain to us all."

He paused again.

"Unfortunately there are others," he went on. "I refer to those who consider themselves social leaders—the little climbing frogs in this tiny self-satisfied puddle of humanity. They capitalized the nonexistent woes of a nonexistent people for a social advantage. I do not believe I am unfair when I say that nine-tenths of those who gave their names as patrons and patronesses of this occasion did so to gain a society advantage and see themselves in print.

(Continued on Page 89)

Your "chemical" breakfast

—a fact that's related to laundered linen

ORANGE JUICE Citric Acid Proteids H_2O, etc.	TOAST Protein Starch Cellulose, etc.
EGGS Vitellin Nuclein Palmitin, etc.	COFFEE Caffeine Legumin Cellulose, etc.
BACON Olein Stearin Palmitin, etc.	SALT Sodium Chloride

A "CHEMICAL BREAKFAST" was served you this morning, and on every morning hereafter you will partake of more chemical breakfasts.

Most of us are unconscious of these "chemical" repasts. We seldom think of our orange juice, for instance, as a solution of citric acid, proteids, saccharines, and water, distilled by nature—or of eggs as a mixture of vitellins, nucleins, and a dozen more high-sounding substances, upon which we sprinkle sodium chloride in the form of table salt.

Yet the simple fact is that all things are chemical—the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat—and the greater number are our useful friends.

This is so, too, of the materials which every housewife uses for the family washing—soap, soda, ammonia, borax, bluing, lemon juice (citric acid)—all are chemical. A textbook very popular with women lists more than a score of others.

And the "chemicals" of the modern laundry? They are only these same familiar substances—a neutral soap and soda for washing; a sour; and Javelle Water and bluing for whitening the clothes.

To illustrate, here are the cleansing agents which modern laundries employ for washing of white wearing apparel: In the first bath—water only; second bath—water and a mild soap to make suds; third bath—same; fourth bath—water and four ounces of soda; fifth bath—water only; sixth bath—water and Javelle Water; seventh bath—water and six ounces of sour; eighth bath—water and bluing; ninth bath—water only. In all, nine waters for every washing.

If the housewife were to use the same methods, she would dissolve, in the first tub, about an ounce of soap. In a second tub she would use a teaspoonful, or the equivalent of one-third of an ounce of sal soda, and into a third tub she would pour about six tablespoons of lemon juice.

Washing, in the modern laundry, has become a process not alone of cleansing clothes but of saving them. How to launder cottons and linens; how to wash silks and woolens; how much and what temperature of water to use; how much soap—all this, and much more, has been worked out for modern laundries—and for the public—by The Laundryowners National Association.

Your family bundle, sent to a modern laundry, is received and returned by people who know the "hows" and "whys" of clothes conservation. To obtain this saving washday service, call any of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

"TASTE THE TASTE"

Underwood Deviled Ham makes the Greatest Sandwich in the World

25c (in stamps) brings a sample can

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The Little Red Devil Recipes" FREE

A booklet of novel sandwich combinations, salads, entrées, etc., quickly made with Underwood Deviled Ham—delicious for summer menus.

THE greatest sandwich for picnics—parties—luncheons—suppers—"spreads." Take it on your next motoring trip. Take it whenever you go camping, fishing, hunting, hiking. Sweet, tender ham, chopped fine and mixed with a wonderful dressing of mild spices, ready to spread like butter. Costs *less per sandwich* than sliced ham. Get a can today. Look for the Little Red Devil.

AT GROCERS' EVERYWHERE.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD CO., 56 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 88)

I was the one who obtained their consent, and it was for me a terrible insight into that snobbery which would even make charity, love of man and kindness the opportunity for exclusiveness."

The front rows and the boxes uttered a frightened murmur.

"Next I speak of the utter, dense and sincere ignorance of this so-called enlightened community. It talks glibly of world affairs, but its real knowledge of distant peoples is a yawning hole of pretentious emptiness. It patronizes a world of which it knows nothing and pretends to be ready to solve problems of which it knows less."

Mr. Roscoe, capitalist and banker, started to get up. His face was red with wrath.

"Sit down, Roscoe," commanded the terrible young Holbrook Gray. "Better for you to pretend that you did not tell me that you knew all about Volabia when you were with the relief workers in Paris. And then there is another thing: Why do you all want your goodness to go out with a string on it? Why must you demand, as the eminent and honorable Senator Cox did, that our kindness shall only be bought at the cost of political dependence of foreign peoples upon our will and at the cost of our eternal meddling with the affairs of other people? Can it be possible that we love only those people who will lick our boots? Must we always try to get a hold on somebody in order to make them over, spiritually and morally, and cut them to our prescribed pattern, as the Reverend Doctor Bowles has suggested? Can't you see, good people of Volabia, that if we go on with this notion we shall become the most loathsome people in the world?"

The audience rustled uneasily.

"Don't be restless," said Gray. "You are caught. You have been bamboozled. In the mass you whisper scandal about innocent souls and live your petty hypocrisies. This is the best evening Volabia ever had. It will do you infinite good. It will show you that your boasted pride in progress at home is a mockery and a sham, and that your charity for distant peoples to whom you hope to dictate goes always to people not much more ignorant, lazy, selfish and imperfect than you are. It is easy to give money you will never miss to save souls far away. What about the thought, energy and resource you ought to be spending to save yourselves and your neighbors?"

Mrs. Roscoe, the Reverend Doctor Bowles and the Hon. Mr. Boardman Cox fixed the stare of their white faces upon this terrible young man who would not stop, but who stood carelessly over the footlights of the stage talking good-naturedly as if he were addressing a drawing-room of old friends.

"Something has been suggested about the rights of the people of Volabia to self-govern," he said. "Something has been said about the perfection of your own fair and honest government. But of course you know that it was by the corruption of your own government that the railroad obtained all its valuable property on the river and made landing places for competing steamer traffic impossible and set Volabia back a half century. Something has been said about the heart of Volabia. But looking down over the edge of this stage now, I can see men who own the real estate where the poor of Volabia are living to-night in property which returns big rents and big death rates."

He turned toward Miss Florida Tennyson. "Exhibit A," he said.

She led four children—thin, unwashed, pale, aged children—on the stage. One little girl blinked at the lights and tried to pull up the ragged stockings which fell down from her bony emaciated little legs.

"These are your fellow townsmen," said Holbrook Gray—"four of them. There are hundreds of others. It so happens that these, with others, are not in school this year. Why not? Shortage of teachers. Why? Because you won't tax yourselves enough to get teachers. One of them has tuberculosis. Why? Because your law isn't enforced and this little boy, not yet fourteen, worked too long hours over a rag grinder in your textile mill. Here are two who haven't had enough to eat in all their lives. They live in your own pretty progressive little town—in the famine district."

The silence was prolonged and painful.

"Come," said Florida Tennyson, leading them out.

She returned with two men and two women. The women were stocky of figure, sodden of face; one wore a greasy shawl. They appeared lacking in any self-consciousness, but the two men, with long drooping arms and bowed loose-jawed heads, looked about suspiciously and with doggedness and fear from under low brows.

"A Lithuanian, two Serbians, a Pole," announced Gray. "Emigrants to America. This evening, I assume, marks your first interest in them. They are your fellow townsmen. They came to America and have been in your town more than two years. They cannot speak more than a few words of English. How have you welcomed them? What have you done to teach them of America? What have you given in attention to them to make them good Americans? In Lithuania, in Serbia, in Poland they would have appealed to you. Right here at your back doors you forget their existence. You leave them to huddle together and understand America as best they may."

Miss Tennyson led them away, and returning brought with her a little woman on crutches.

"I would never have asked this lady to come to-night," said Gray. "She is going out to your poor farm, and she volunteered to come. Three years ago she was one of your factory girls. Three years ago she broke a bone in her hip. With a hospital in town she would have had immediate treatment. Instead she had to be sent to Chicago. The delay brought about bone necrosis. She is an orphan. Three years ago she was a young girl looking forward. Now she is an old woman looking backward."

He examined carefully his strong but slender hands.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully in a low voice which, through the hush, carried into the uppermost gallery—"I wonder whether it wouldn't pay Volabia to chuck a little of its snobbery, a little of its desire to meddle in the affairs of other people and dictate their morals and their conduct and their politics. I wonder whether it wouldn't pay Volabia to learn before it tries to teach. I wonder whether it may be true that the best service Volabia can render the world is by being a better Volabia right here on the home grounds."

There was a stir in the audience, but no answer. He stood waiting, looking into tense faces.

"Well?" said he inquiringly. "Here you are! What are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Roscoe arose in the front row of the orchestra. He was trembling and white, but some inspiration shone from his eyes.

"Those pledge cards," he asked in a loud voice—"they pledge relief to Volabia?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave as much as anyone, and my contribution stands," he announced. "The money raised here to-night ought to be used for a better Volabia—this Volabia. Let's all stand by our pledges. I guess there is some truth in what he says, fellow citizens. Let's make a better Volabia right here—on the home grounds!"

The audience broke into wild cheers. This was certainly relief to Volabia! Senator Cox tried to put a motion to make something unanimous. The clamor drowned his voice.

Doctor Bondo climbed on the stage as the audience began to file out. He demanded to shake hands with Holbrook Gray. But Holbrook Gray had already gone. Taking Florida Tennyson on his arm, he had climbed down the iron stairs leading from the stage door to the dark alley.

"And now?" he said to her.

"Do you want to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"Marry me and take me far away?"

"Yes."

Her voice as she went on was a little trembly, but she said, "I'd be quite glad of either or ——"

"Or what?"

"Both, Holbrook."

Inside the hall Mrs. Roscoe had leaned over the edge of the stage and had screamed to the band to play.

It was playing now; it was playing "Home, Sweet Home."

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Men, Women—

Avoid Tired and Aching Feet

Get Genuine Foot Comfort for $1

Wear Jung's Wonder Arch Braces and strengthen your feet. Relieve tired and aching feet, weak ankles, pain in the heel, instep or ball of the foot as well as in the calf and knee. Such troubles are often caused by fallen arches or weakened conditions of the feet. Ask your doctor!

Jung's Arch Braces Assist Nature

They strengthen the interosseus muscles of the feet by holding the small bones in position instead of building a false support underneath. They correct fallen arches and foot-strain. Relieve tired and aching feet instantly. They prevent that "broken down" feeling. Dance or walk for miles, stand for hours—you just don't get tired. They relieve the extra strain due to the wearing of high-heeled and stylish shoes.

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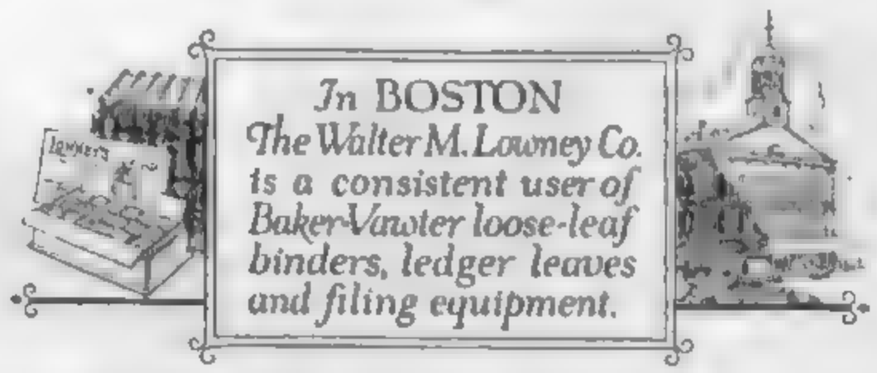

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APPLY Blue-jay to a corn tonight—the *liquid* or the *plaster*. It is done in a moment.

The corn ache will end; the removal of the corn will begin.

Hour by hour Blue-jay will gently undermine that corn. In a little while the corn will loosen and come out. The usual time is 48 hours.

The way is easy, gentle, sure and scientific. A famous chemist perfected it. A laboratory of world-wide repute prepares it.

Millions of corns every year are removed by it. Countless people, by its use, keep free from corn pains always.

Cease your wrong methods. Try this modern, this efficient way.

There is no need for harsh treatment, no need for soreness. And paring is futile and dangerous.

All about you are people delighted with the Blue-jay method. Find out what they know about it. Try it tonight.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Also Blue-jay Foot Soap Blue-jay Foot Powder Blue-jay Foot Relief

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Refrigerator Sanitation
THE White Frost is the most immaculate and most attractive refrigerator on the market.
Built entirely of white enameled steel, its cleanliness and beauty appeal to every woman.
The food trays and ice pan are removable so that they can be cleaned in a jiffy.
The trays revolve so that every dish is always within easy reach. This is a patented exclusive feature found on no other refrigerator.
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If you do not know your local White Frost dealer, write us for his name. Literature on request.
HOME PRODUCTS CORPORATION
750 Factory Road, Jackson, Mich.

HER MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

"Of course not, mamma!" Emmy smiled wanly at the compliment.

"Give me your word?"

"Honor bright!"

"Then," said Mrs. Rosser, "I think it's a very good suggestion. How long will it take you to get ready?"

A week later Miss Emmy boarded a train for the land of sunshine, leaving her friends in Lone Oak in a fever of speculation. But she did not care now what they thought or said. A lot of things might happen during a six months' absence—it could be used to explain away almost anything. And in the meanwhile she would have rest.

Going through the sand hills of the border country toward Arizona a driving rod broke on the engine, whirled around a couple of times, tearing out some ties and sending dust clouds high in air, and then dropped off. The suddenness of the stop they made hurled the passengers into the aisles; but nobody was hurt, and everybody piled out to see the accident and tell one another how miraculous had been their escape. Emmy alighted with the rest, fairly reveling in the excitement. To the others it was a close shave calling for thankfulness; to her starved spirit it was a thrill.

There would be a two-hour wait until another engine could arrive, and after watching the crew clear away the broken parts she started to walk up and down beside the train. Suddenly she stopped. A face was peering at her from over the wheels of the dining car. It drew back swiftly and Emmy went on. She did not tell what she had seen, although she guessed that it was a tramp stealing a ride. But a few minutes later she heard the conductor berating someone in a loud voice, and on going to ascertain what the trouble was, she saw a couple of tramps standing beside the dining-car steps. They had just been ordered out from their niche on the sleepers over the wheels, and as Emmy peered under the car to see where they had hidden she sickened at the thought of their peril.

One was a confirmed hobo; had probably never been anything else and never would be—brazen, dirty, unshaven and vindictive.

He kept inquiring in an undertone of those near him, "Who turned us in?"

The other was a different type, a gay cat, as the professionals dub a newcomer to the ranks. He did not look like a man who would mouch at back doors for his food. The contrast between him and the veteran buzzard at his elbow, who hadn't contributed anything in ten years to the mulligan he enjoyed in the fraternity's jungles, was so striking that Miss Emmy could not take her eyes off him.

He was a big, powerful, upstanding man, dressed in overalls and a decent brown coat. There was stubble on his chin and his face bore grease smears from his long ride on the sleepers, but there was nothing furtive or shiftless about him. He appeared to be heartily ashamed of himself and was red with embarrassment, but the grin he turned on the spectators was honest and infectious. One of them spoke to him civilly, as one man to another, and he straightway borrowed a cigarette. Next moment he caught Emmy's intent gaze, and stared back. She had to look the other way, and he laughed.

"What're you going to do with us?" demanded the older hobo of the conductor.

"We'll take you on to the next stop. We won't leave you way out here," replied the official guardedly.

"And hand us over to the bulls, hey? Well, I'll go along, but I'll pay fare," and he roundly cursed the person who had turned them in.

After a while the engine arrived and they got under way, with the two derelicts aboard. The professional tramp had made good his fare and felt no uneasiness, but his companion would have to take what was coming to him at the next stop.

Miss Emmy, trying to snatch a nap in the car next to the observation, could not get him out of her mind. She visualized him in a cell, and the picture smote her. He was plainly of different mold from the usual run of vagrants. He might be a fine man down on his luck, she decided. Presently she rose and went forward. The man she sought was sitting alone, staring through the window, his elbow propped on the sill. Miss Emmy hesitated a moment, then sat down opposite him. He barely glanced in her direction and continued his survey of the bleak stretches.

After an interval, "Are they going to put you in jail?" she asked timidly.

He turned to look at her, frowning. Then came recognition, and he smiled broadly.

"I reckon so. Looks that way. I ain't got the price of a ticket."

"What made you steal a ride?" was her next question.

He flushed, but instead of answering resentfully, fixed on her an appraising gaze.

"Because I wanted to get somewheres."

"But didn't you have any money?"

Her persistence irritated him.

"No, ma'am, I did not," he said sharply. "If I had had, I'd of been ridin' comfortable like a white man. But a month ago I went broke. There just wasn't a thing doing in my line, and I figured it might be better out in California. They're always building roads or something out there."

"I see. And what will you do now?"

He did not answer—merely humped his shoulders.

"Won't they put you in jail?"

"I reckon they will."

"Have you ever been in jail before?"

He was angry clear through now.

"What business is it of yours ——? Yes, if you want the truth. I spent a night in the cells once for fightin'. But they turned me loose when I'd sobered up."

He did not appear to be ashamed of the incident, only resentful of her prying, and half turned his back.

"Won't you let me pay your fare so you can go on and get that job?" Emmy inquired.

Slowly he turned full face to her.

"What makes you offer that?"

"Well, I don't like to see an honest man go to jail."

"And no honest woman ought to mix up with any bum she happens to run across," he retorted.

The cruelty of it staggered Miss Emmy. She got up to go back to her car.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I didn't mean it that way. But you touched me on the raw. I ain't got so low that I'll let a woman pay me out."

Miss Emmy sat down again.

"Then why not let me lend it to you?"

"Shucks, you don't know me from a load of hay! But I'd pay you back—honest, I would, ma'am."

She started to open her purse in order to give him the money, and at that moment a wild idea struck her. Miss Emmy paused, laughed at the absurdity of it, then grew pink. Looking him straight in the eye she said, "Would you like to earn two hundred dollars?"

"How?" he demanded uneasily.

"By marrying me."

It was now his turn to laugh. He did so without restraint, slapping his leg. Then he dried his eyes and considered her quizzically. Plainly the old gal was nutty. The survey made Miss Emmy clench her teeth. She could have slain him for that laugh, but a realization of how queer her proposal must sound checked her impulse to leave.

"What the Sam Hill do you want to marry me for?" queried the vagrant. "A nice lady like you could get plenty others."

It was a crafty stroke, and Miss Emmy was somewhat mollified.

"This is a matter of business and not of sentiment," she said curtly. "I didn't ask you to marry me because I want a husband or because I like your looks or anything like that. But I've got to get me a man right soon for—for business reasons, and it doesn't much matter what man I get."

His eyes grew hard, his manner cautious.

"Huh-huh—I see. What you want is to marry me and then we won't ever see each other again. A will, maybe, or a legacy?"

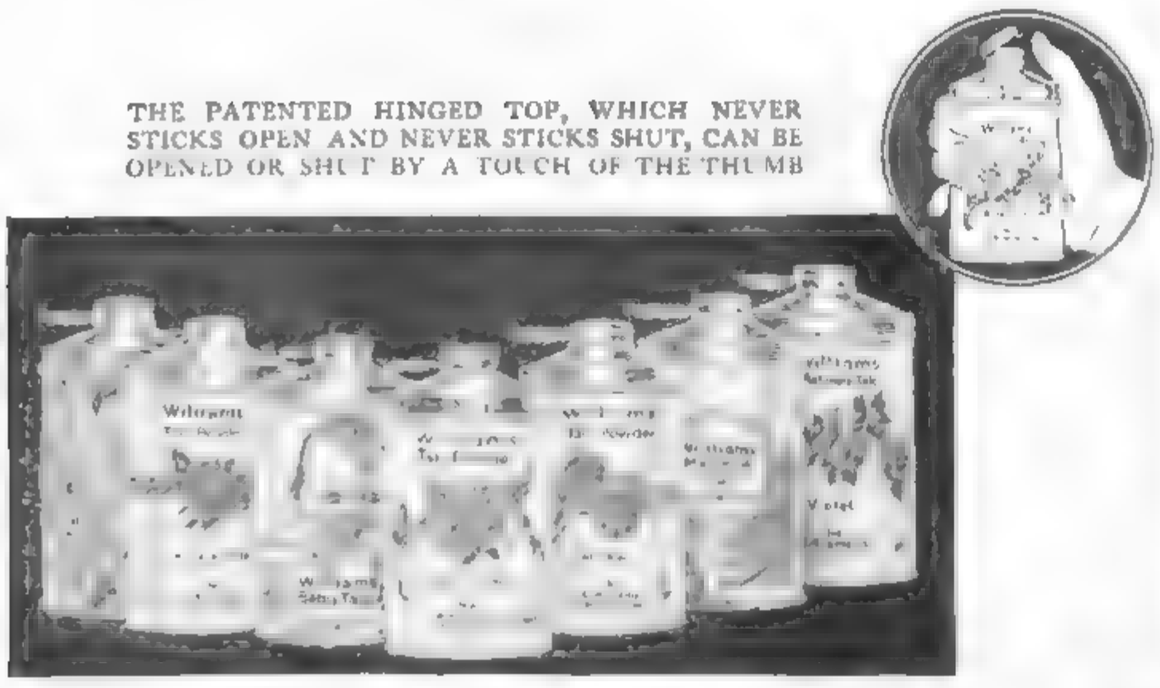
"That's my affair. All you've got to do is to go through the ceremony. Then we part, and we'll never see each other again, I hope." She added, seeing him hesitate, "And you'll get two hundred dollars cash as soon as it's over."

He stared through the window a while.

"Do you know what you're doing?" he asked, his brows wrinkling.

"Perfectly."

(Continued on Page 93)



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The Westinghouse Automatic Electric Oven is perfectly clean. No air enters it during the time the bread is baking. No dust or dirt is drawn in, to settle on the bread, to affect the taste or appearance of the product. No fumes or gases are formed to contaminate. These conditions are possible only to an oven of this type.

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ELECTRIC HEAT FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 90)

"Supposing I'm married already. Then it wouldn't be legal. You're takin' an awful chance, ma'am."

"I am supposing that you are not. Are you?"

"No, ma'am. I came dog-gone near to it once, but I had a piece of luck. She done run off with a baker."

A silence followed this remark. It was broken by Miss Emmy asking, "Well, is it a bargain?"

He took a deep breath.

"I'll go you!" he said. "It ain't like selling out, because we'll never see each other again. And we can get a divorce, can't we?"

"If you wish."

"Then let's fix up all the details, sister, right now. But first ring for the conductor and square him for the fare."

Such was the courtship of Miss Emmy and January Jones. They both got off at the next stop, and she gave Mr. Jones five dollars for expenses. She would have given him more, but entertained a fear that if she did the bridegroom might not appear next day.

He turned up at the specified hour next morning, however, and they were married before a justice of the peace in the afternoon. Then, with her marriage certificate safely pinned in her stocking and a ring of her own buying on her finger, Mrs. Jones caught the night train for California.

Of course she repented of the impulse before twenty-four hours had elapsed. Looking back on it, the act seemed madness. She could not imagine what had driven her to the step—it must have been a brain storm. But it was too late to undo her folly, and she tried to banish her fears. She had one comfort—Jones did not know where she lived. Both had signed their full names to the register, but both had given fictitious addresses. Emmy had been in no mind to place herself at his mercy, lest he turn out a rascal and try to blackmail her.

Shortly before her return home she informed her mother of the marriage, giving nothing but the bald facts. She did not state how she had met her husband, who he was, or what he did. She did not even mention that he was not with her, but this much Mrs. Rosser gathered from the context. Upon receipt of the news her mother went to bed with a sick headache, nor did she tell anybody in Lone Oak.

Emmy was furious when she got back and learned that her friends were in ignorance of the marriage.

"Why on earth didn't you tell people?" she demanded.

"Because I just couldn't—that's why. I hoped and prayed it wasn't true; that I'd wake up and find it was all a nightmare. Who is this man, Emmy?" Mrs. Rosser wiped her tear-streaked face with a handkerchief. "How long have you known him? What does all this mystery mean?"

Her daughter tried to fence.

"To hear you talk, you'd think it was a crime to get married, mamma."

"So it is, like you did," cried Mrs. Rosser. "Everybody in town will be talking about you. We're disgraced!"

Then something happened to Miss Emmy's composure. She began to shake, her eyes blazed, the words came in a torrent.

"Is it so dreadful for me to get married without asking everybody's permission? It's my own affair, isn't it?"

"But how — "

"I won't tell you after what you've said to me. I never will. I did intend to, but I won't now. I'm of age, and I'm quite capable of managing my own business."

"Emmy!" Mrs. Rosser stared at her daughter with much the same feelings a law-abiding hen might experience on the discovery that she had hatched a hawk.

"That's the truth!" shrilled Miss Emmy, her air wild. "Nobody ever even seemed to know I was alive. Why, I couldn't even be nice to a man, or show I liked him, for fear—well, a girl like me doesn't get a chance. So I made up my mind to make my own marriage. There was no other way. I had to rustle a man for myself, and I got me one."

She broke off, panting.

"And I'm a married woman," she resumed more calmly. "I've got that much anyway. He promised never to come near me or bother me in any way. So where's the harm?"

"Harm?" snorted Mrs. Rosser, to whom this intelligence was a revelation. "Child, what have you done? Just you wait and see! Do you reckon he won't want to share it when he finds out you've got an income? Oh, no, not at all!"

"He promised to leave me alone," said Emmy weakly.

"You poor booby! What do you know about the fellow? Why, I bet you never saw him a dozen times! Where did you pick him up anyhow?"

But in that direction she ran into a stone wall. Not another morsel of information could she extract from her daughter. She persevered to the point of a rupture, but Emmy met her importunities with evasions or obstinate silence.

She found it harder to dodge the curiosity of her friends. The ring on her finger broke the news to Annielee and Leila, but they displayed such stupefaction and reluctance to believe it possible that Emmy also produced the marriage certificate to clinch the matter. Then, of course, they almost tore her to pieces in their efforts to extract more. She put them off as well as she could, but the ordeal tried her ingenuity and control sorely.

A dozen times she regretted ever having seen January Jones.

And very soon doubts began to be cast on the genuineness of the marriage. From hints and sly smiles, gossip rapidly progressed to denial that the wedding had ever taken place or that Emmy's J. Jones existed in the flesh. Weren't there a million J. Joneses in the world? And wouldn't it be easy to think up his name? Well?

Not a few Lone Oak skeptics took to tapping their foreheads when Emmy's name came up in conversation. These whisperings reached her in time, occasioning acute distress. Would there never be any let-up to her troubles? The more she struggled to break the mesh the worse she became entangled. If she could only get rid of January Jones and bury the whole episode for all time!

And so thinking, she had another inspiration. Why not bury him? After a decent interval, why not announce that her husband was dead and let the grave cover her deceptions?

"But they wouldn't believe me," she decided ruefully. "They'd say I only made it up. No, that's too raw."

That she should even have contemplated such a ruse shows the havoc made on Emmy's mind by the strain of maintaining an imposture, and as time went on and her friends grew openly incredulous she determined to try it. An item in a St. Louis newspaper furnished her the means. It ran as follows:

The body of an unknown chainman is being held at the undertaking rooms of Lower & Close awaiting identification and instructions. It was found on the right of way of the X Y Z railroad a few miles from the city Tuesday morning. The deceased had evidently been run over, and it is supposed that he worked with one of the track gangs.

"I'm going away," Emmy told her mother, and her expression was a marvel of tragic bearing-up under affliction. "My husband is dead and I am going to bring his body here for burial."

Mrs. Rosser was long past the stage of surprises. If Emmy had announced that she aimed to go and fetch the baby home the good lady would have accepted the news calmly as merely another eccentricity. Reluctantly she had come to the conclusion that her daughter was hipped in a certain direction and that her only course was to make the best of it.

"How did you hear?" she inquired.

"I got word this morning. He was killed in an accident."

"Well, that's one blessing," said Mrs. Rosser piously, and Emmy did not resent it.

Her mother wept despairingly after she had gone, quakingly wondering what would happen next; but reflection brought a gleam of comfort. Perhaps this would end the whole pitiful farce. Perhaps Emmy was doing it for that purpose. From the first Mrs. Rosser had found it difficult to believe in the romance, and now concluded that her original surmise was correct and Emmy had never had a beau at all. She prayed fervently that the poor child would do nothing to provoke a scandal.

The St. Louis undertaker appeared frankly astonished when Emmy applied for the corpse. He asked a number of questions. She answered as well as she was able.

"I don't believe this is your husband, ma'am," he said slowly.

"What makes you think it isn't?"

"Have you looked at the body?"

Where window strength is essential— Probably the most severe test that any store front construction can be put to is along Michigan Avenue, Chicago's greatest shopping thoroughfare. High winds from Lake Michigan and extreme changes in temperature put window installation to the supreme test. This in large measure accounts for the fact that the majority of buildings lining this street have been equipped or are being supplied with

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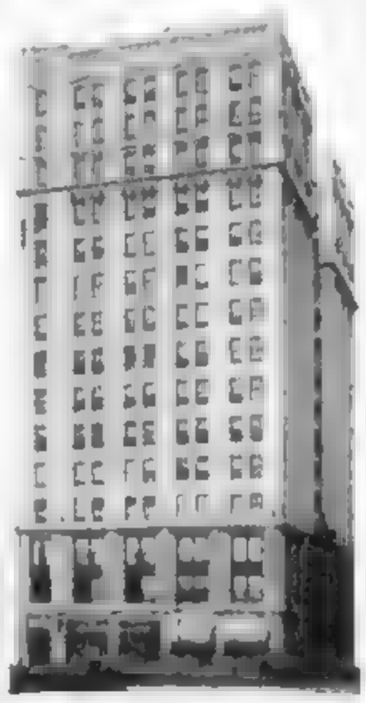

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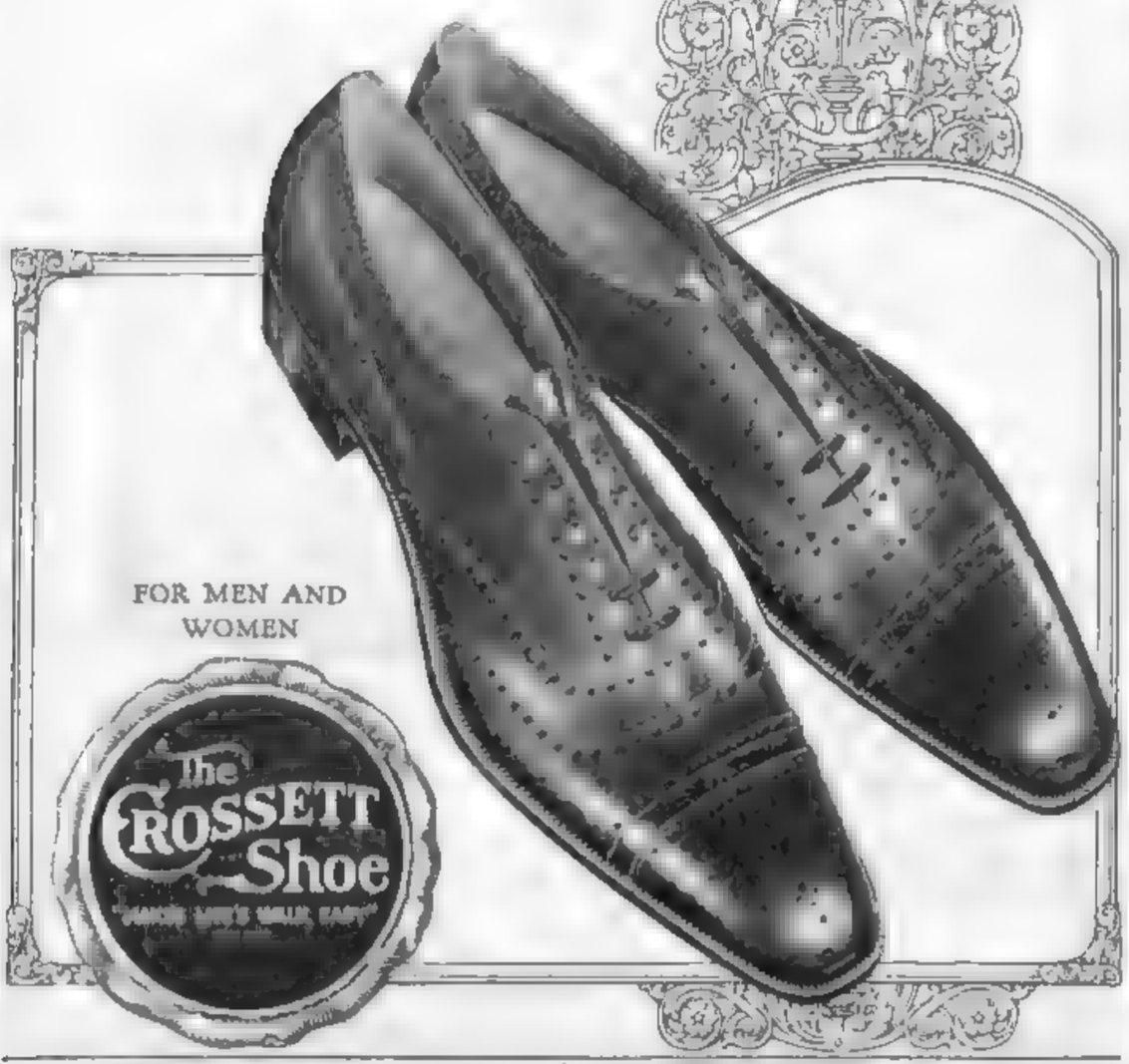

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Name _____ Street _____

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"No," said Emmy, shivering. "I couldn't do that."

The undertaker pondered a moment.

"You're willing to take the responsibility that this is your husband, and pay all expenses?"

"That's what I came here for."

"All right; it's your funeral, ma'am"; and he went briskly to work preparing for shipment.

Apprised by wire when to expect her, the Lone Oak undertaker met the train and took charge of all arrangements. Later in the day he called at the Rosser home.

"I reckon you want the casket sealed, don't you, Miss Emmy?" he asked. He had known her since she was a baby and would never call her by any other name.

"Yes, I think it best—on account of the accident, you know."

He looked at her strangely, but made no further remark.

It was as fine a funeral as Lone Oak had ever witnessed. The Rossers had a numerous connection, and such was the respect in which the family was held throughout the county that people came from miles round, and hundreds who hardly knew them attended out of curiosity.

Early in the morning a lady called at their house, and when Emmy entered the room she silently embraced her and wept. Emmy was touched by her sympathy and, conjecturing that she was an old friend of her mother's, permitted her free access. She promptly took entire direction of everything, receiving callers who came as a mark of sympathy, arranging the floral tributes and giving orders to the undertaker. Mrs. Rosser supposed her to be an unknown friend of Emmy's and was grateful for her efficient aid. So she remained to lunch, sat with the family during the service at the house, walked out directly behind Emmy and her mother and occupied the same carriage on the way to the cemetery.

The friends of the family asked one another who she could be. Rumor had it that the lady was the deceased husband's sister, but next day it came out that she was from the country, an entire stranger to the Rossers, and officiating at funerals was a hobby with her. However, she had done a fine job.

Emmy left all apprehension there in the cemetery. As she came away it seemed to her that the recent months of worry and dread vanished and she was her old self again, free to take up her life where she had forsaken it for romantic adventure. Out of respect for the dead, nobody would bother her now with questions about her husband, and she had no fears that Mr. Jones would learn her whereabouts or that his existence could ever prove an embarrassment. As to the nameless unfortunate who slept in Prairie View, her conscience was easy. He was filling another man's place, but at least he had received proper interment instead of going to a pauper's grave. So she donned widow's weeds and comported herself with a sweet and gentle melancholy.

Had Emmy stuck to the routine of her girlhood life all might have been well. But the curse of unrest was now upon her. She must be up and doing. The blight of romanticism had her in its fell grip. She took to writing for the moving pictures. And of course she was just the type for the work. Her first effort was too saccharine for even a studio mind; but in the second Emmy contrived to invent such weird, fantastic and unnatural situations that the entire scenario department which sat on it pronounced the thing a masterpiece, a vital, throbbing picture of real life, the gripping story of man's perfidy and a true woman's wrongs, which every wife and mother should not fail to see. They sent her a check, and not long afterwards Emmy won to fame by getting her picture published in a film magazine. Also, she spent most of the check joining various leagues and film writers' unions.

Ye gods and little fishes, little did she foresee the consequences of her vanity! For here came a letter from January Jones. He had seen the piece in the magazine and was sure glad to know of her success. How was she anyhow? He was well and doing fine; he hoped she was well and doing fine. He had left California and was now building roads in Arkansas, but he often thought of her and all that had happened. Say, couldn't she smoke up sometime and let out a roar? He would sure enough like to hear from her. And he remained yrs truly, Jan.

A peculiar inward tremor took hold of Emmy on receipt of this missive. She returned no reply, but she knew now that this would not be the last of him. She felt in her bones that never again would she have peace of mind.

Three months passed without incident, and she was lulled to a false sense of security. Then one day on her way to the post office she glimpsed a stranger through the window of Kelly's Eating House, and hurried on with her heart in her throat. It was Jones—not the soiled and shamefaced derelict of the train journey, it is true, but she could never mistake his eyes. For the fraction of a second they had met hers, and their laughing, quizzical expression shook her more than hostility would have done.

Jones nodded after the retreating figure and asked carelessly of Kelly, "Who is that lady?"

"Who? Her? Oh, that's Miss Emmy Rosser, or leastways that was her name. But she's a widow lady now," replied the eating-house man as he drew a cup of coffee.

"Is that so?" Jones was smiling. "And who might her husband have been?"

"I disremember the guy's name now," said Kelly. "But from all I hear he was a no-account."

Mr. Jones' manner was very quiet now, but also very purposeful.

"When did he die?"

"Let's see—I think they done buried him about six months ago. It was right queer too. Nobody knowed for a long while she was married, and wouldn't believe it until she brung the body home. Why?"

"Well, nothing much—only that lady is my wife."

Kelly paused in his work of spreading fly paper and said in a grating voice, "Say, let me tell you something! Miss Emmy's one of the finest women in this town, and you cut out that bunk right now. Understand?"

"But it's a fact!"

The loyal Kelly would not listen to him, but nevertheless the news became common property before the morning waned, and if a bomb had been dropped into Lone Oak it could not have caused more intense consternation.

Mrs. Rosser heard it from the rector's wife and went moaning homeward.

"Emmy Rosser," she cried, "what does this mean? There's a man in town says he's your husband. What next?"

Her daughter had had time to steel herself for this trial, and consequently met it with composure.

"It's true. I saw him on the way to the post office. I must have made a mistake. The man I buried was somebody else. He'd been killed in a train accident, and I couldn't be sure."

Mrs. Rosser stared at her a moment, then burst into tears, rocking her body from side to side.

"Child, have you lost your mind?" she wailed. "Oh, what does it all mean anyhow? Where will it end? I never know whether to believe you or not any more."

"I'm sorry, mamma, but I can't help it. And this needn't make any difference to us."

"Oh, won't it?" cried her mother, stung to anger. "We're disgraced, that's all. But I suppose that doesn't make any difference to you! Oh, oh—I always knew something like this would happen! Your Aunt Alice was a little off too."

"Thank you," returned Emmy, and left the room.

She rang up the undertaker and requested him to call. Ed obeyed in acute distress.

"Sure, I know!" he said before she had half finished her explanation. "I knew all along you'd made a bad mistake, Miss Emmy; but I didn't say anything for fear of stirring up talk. And I made Jim, my nigger, keep his mouth shut too."

"But how did you know it was a mistake?" demanded Emmy, wiping her eyes.

"Well, you see, ma'am, the guy we buried was a Chinaman."

"Chinaman? The paper said chainman employed on the railroad!"

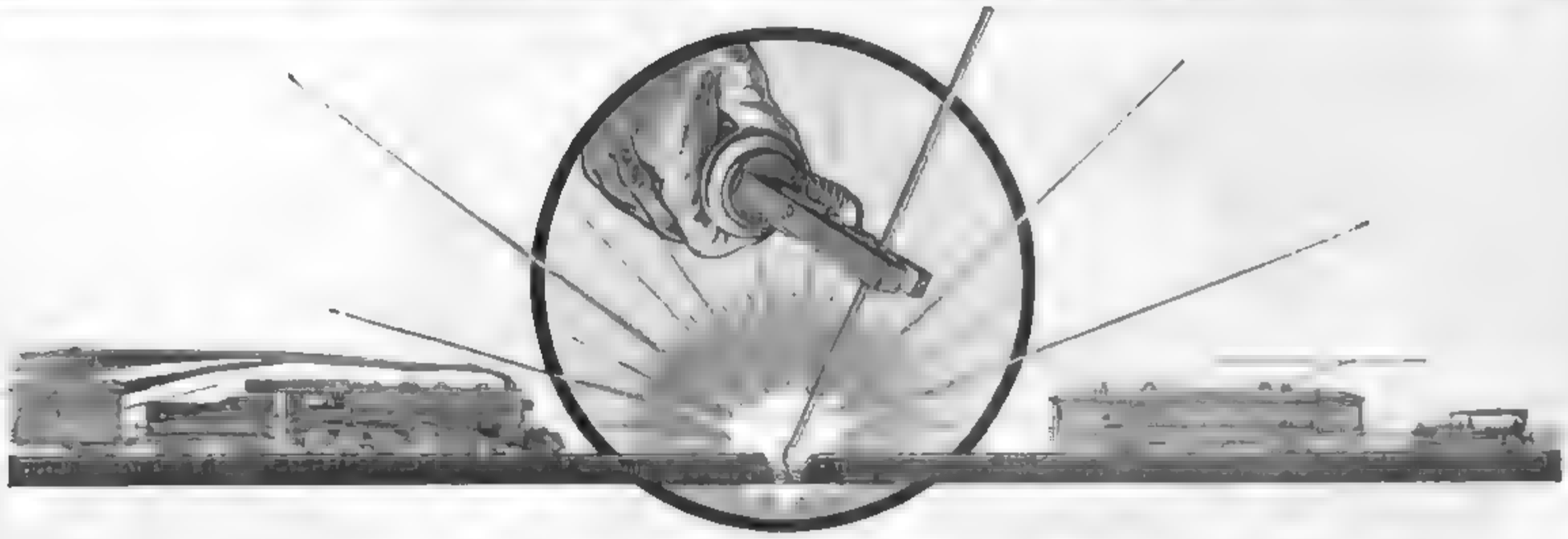
The undertaker nodded. He was puzzled, but reflected that women were often queer about these things.

"Printer's mistake, I reckon. They got the letters twisted."

He promised by everything he held sacred to keep silence on this feature of the

(Continued on Page 97)

LINCOLN ARC WELDER



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(Continued from Page 94)

affair and gave Emmy some excellent advice as to how she should go about her explanation of the mistake.

"It'll all come right, ma'am," he assured her. "So don't you cry."

Emmy carried out his instructions to the letter. She simply announced to two or three girl friends that she had made an error of identity owing to the accident, circumstances, place and occupation having combined to delude her. Yes, the man in town was her husband. Beyond that she would say nothing and, although burning up with curiosity, Lone Oak had to be content with this meager explanation.

Mr. Jones would contribute nothing to satisfy them either, and he was not the sort of individual one questions freely. When somebody ventured a direct query he caught him up so short that everyone else desisted. And in a few days the sensation flattened out, as sensations always do. Work must be done and dinners must be cooked; so after any disturbance life soon slips back into its channel. The better element of Lone Oak rapidly came to the viewpoint that the affair might be nothing juicier than a mistake, after all, and left Jones and Miss Emmy to work out their salvation undisturbed.

He secured the contract for paving the town square, and when it was learned that he represented one of the largest paving companies of the Southwest the citizens corrected their first impression that Jones was a bum, a worthless adventurer come to prey on a woman. Where she met him, how the marriage came about and what had led her to think he was dead worried the gossips sorely, but nothing was flung to whet their appetites.

On a night he came to see her. He was all dressed up in a gray striped suit and his neck was beautifully shaved. At first Emmy sent word by the colored maid that she was not at home, but when Mr. Jones displayed no intention of leaving, but sat himself down to a quiet evening of reading in the parlor, she descended.

"Well?"

Her poise rather flustered January.

"I just dropped in to see you, ma'am, to find out what you aimed to do about this business," he began.

"Nothing. What is there to do? You agreed never to bother me, so please go away. You can go your own way and I'll go mine."

He wagged his head in dissent.

"It ain't so easy as all that," he remarked.

There was a short silence, which Emmy broke by demanding in tones she could not keep steady, "Why did you tell them I was your wife? You didn't have to do that. It was cruel. Nobody would ever have found out."

"Yes, and what did you tell them you were a widow lady for?" he demanded resentfully. "Hey? What did you go and say I was dead for, and grab a stiff somewheres and bury it for me? Do you call that fair and square? Huh?"

"I don't see how it could make any difference to you."

"You don't, don't you? Now you listen to me, woman!" he said. "You got off on the wrong foot somewheres, and you ain't runnin' straight yet. I done told Kelly you were my wife because they were bound to find it out some day—yes, they would too. You can't live a lie, ma'am. And we've got to pay through the nose for every crooked thing we do. Believe me, I know! So I figured it would be best for us both if I told 'em instead of letting 'em find out for themselves. Besides, if I'd waited and we'd both told them they'd have figured we ribbed it up. Ain't that so?"

"But what good did it do?"

"Just this—we're both in the clear now. No deception or nothing. They don't know how it happened, of course, but that's our own business. And from now on you needn't worry."

She pondered this a while.

"Thank you," she said. "And will you go away?"

"When I get good and ready—when I finish my job, and not before." He toyed with his hat as though uncertain what to say next. "Ma'am, there's just one thing I'd like to know: What'd you want to marry for at all? You must've had a mighty good reason to go and do a thing like that."

"Well, I won't tell you."

"All right. But I think I know anyhow. The other girls, wasn't it? And then you got in deeper and deeper, and couldn't pull out."

"Good night. I haven't time to talk to you any more."

She strode haughtily out of the room, but January Jones did not go. Indeed he delayed his departure so long that she returned in order to find out what detained him.

"You still here?"

"I am," he replied cheerfully. "Say, I been thinking this over, and don't you reckon we could fix it up—sort of get together?"

"Ridiculous!"

"Well, I don't know," replied J. Jones. "I'm not so sure about that. I'm a roughneck and you're the daughter of Judge Rosser, but the difference ain't so much outside of this burg, and you could learn me things. I pick up things awful fast. And I'd be mighty good to you, ma'am. I ain't mean. I'd make a real good husband."

"Why, I wouldn't—if you were the last man on earth—do you remember what you did when I asked you if you'd marry me?"

"Uh-uh."

"You laughed."

"Oh, well, you sprung it so sudden," he retorted. "And that ain't half as bad as what you did. You offered me two hundred dollars to marry you!"

She saw that he was angry and it delighted her.

"And," she reminded him, "you took it."

"God help me," said January Jones, looking her straight in the face, "I did!" And getting up, he awkwardly bade her good night.

When she went upstairs Emmy told her mother, "Well, if it's any satisfaction to you to know it, we've talked over and settled everything. He'll go away soon and never bother me again."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Rosser fervently.

Curiously enough, her daughter did not seem to feel the satisfaction the prospect might have been expected to produce. And she was downright snappy with Leila Pierce when the latter called next morning to draw her out about what had happened, for of course the whole town knew of Jones' visit to the Rosser home.

"Well, I don't know anything about Mr. Jones except what I hear, but I will say he is handsome," purred Leila with an odd little smile.

"There's something so—I don't know what—sort of reckless, and his eyes're always asking questions. He may be a roughneck, but he is handsome. Nobody can deny that."

Emmy cast on her a glance of penetration.

"Is that so?" she said. "Well, he's my husband and not yours, Leila Pierce, and you leave him alone."

At the precise moment she was issuing this warning Kelly of the Eating House was giving Jones another.

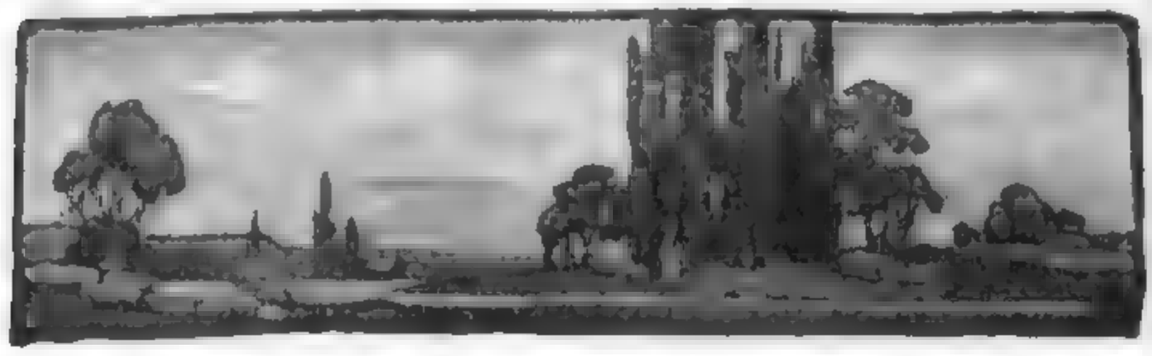
"Say, Jan," he remarked, "you're about due for trouble."

"Fine! That's music to me. Where, Fatty?"

"And you cut out callin' me Fatty, too. I don't like it."

"All right, ol'-timer. But what's your news?"

Easily mollified—"Well, I done heard that them Mexicans of yourn got in a



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shipment of mescal somehow and they aim to hold a jamboree."

"Shucks, I can handle them birds with one hand! Just let me catch 'em—that's all!"

"Well, don't say I didn't give you fair warning," returned the eating-house man.

His words recurred to January in a flash next night when somebody woke him by pounding on the front door of his lodging house and bawling, "Fire! Fire! Come alive, Jones!"

Next he heard the wild progress of the engine down the street towards the station and running feet as the citizens poured pell-mell from their homes. Only half clad, he followed them.

A converted cattle car on a siding next to the cotton mill was ablaze. It was one of the cars brought to Lone Oak as bunk houses for the paving gang and some of them were in it.

"The hydrant's broke!" yelled a fireman. "The hydrant's broke and we can't get any water!"

"Axes!" bellowed the chief. "Smash in the door!"

They made the attempt, but the first to try were driven back. Then suddenly a man sprang up on the beam below the end feed door and started to crawl through the narrow opening. The crowd set up a frantic shout and surged forward, and next moment a body shot through the aperture as though fired from a gun.

"He's flingin' 'em out!" bawled Kelly. "He's a-flingin' 'em out! It's Jones! Stand by to catch 'em, men!"

Cries of terror from the interior of the car, then sounds of a struggle, and rising above it the great voice of January Jones:

"Keep back, you yellowbellies! I'll kill the first man who tries to rush me! One at a time! Out you go!" And another drink-dazed, helpless Mexican catapulted into the arms of the spectators. The heat was so terrific the firemen could scarcely face it to receive him.

"Jan!" shrieked Kelly. "Come on out! Jump, man! Leave 'em and jump!"

The answer came "In a minute! Just three more! You next!"

The last one out was screaming, his clothes on fire. They smothered the flames and hurried him away. Then all turned with one accord to see the foreman emerge. But he did not come. They shouted, but there was no response. Then Kelly showed the stuff that was in him. Puffing and blowing, he climbed up on the beam below the feed door and reached inside the opening. The smoke billowed about his head, but he did not falter.

"Got him! Help me, somebody!"

The fire chief vaulted up to his side and together they dragged Jones from the car. He didn't look human.

"All out," he mouthed at them, and fainted.

Utterly exhausted, Doctor Spivy emerged from the Sanders' Memorial Hospital about eight o'clock next morning. At the gate he encountered Leila Pierce, all a-flutter.

"Oh, doctor, will he live?"

"Don't know," said Spivy irritably. "Friend of yours?"

"It would be so dreadful if he didn't. He has such a noble character, doctor."

Spivy appeared to be rather surprised.

"He has wonderful thoughts," Leila continued, "and he expresses them so beautifully. You'd never think it of him, doctor, would you?"

"I would not," he admitted emphatically. "So he expresses them beautifully, hey? I wonder who did this then?"

With that he thrust into her hands a soiled sheet of ruled paper. It was addressed to the paving company, and appeared to be a report.

dear sir: The work is going o k but why in hell dont you send some more sement. We need more sement bad and the sand ain't what it should be. The gang has tried to throw off on me some but I bust one of them wide open and they sure went back to work quick. I will not stand for no monkey business.

wether is clear and fine and every thing going nice. Nothing much has happened,

yrs truly J. JONES.

The doctor chuckled at the consternation in Leila's face, pocketed the paper and drove off. The next person to hail him was Emmy.

"How is he, doctor?"

"Well," said Spivy, assuming his professional air, "he has first-degree burns of the scalp, the face and the neck ——"

Emmy blanched.

"And second degree of the back and hips, with first and second degree of the arms and hands; and the region between the sternum and pelvis ——"

"Oh, doctor, is it that bad?" she exclaimed. "What does it all mean in English, doctor? Is there any hope? Will he get well?"

A glance at her white face, and the medicine man came down to earth.

"Yes, there is. He's got a chance. If he can get some skin he may pull through. Jones is a tough nut."

"Skin would save him?"

"I think so."

"Then," said Emmy, starting to climb into his car, "you can skin me. Let's hurry!"

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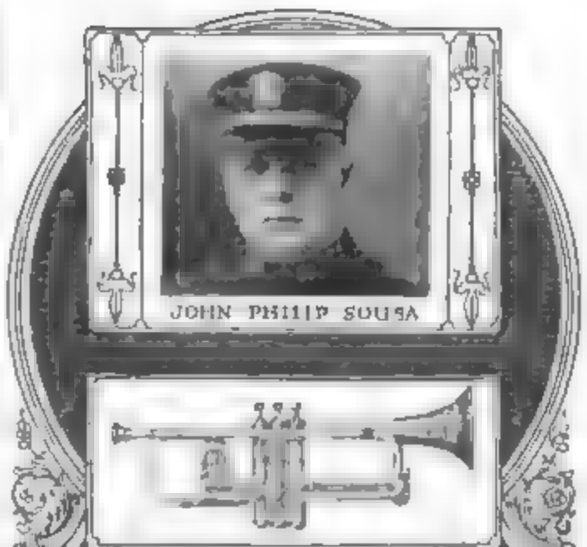

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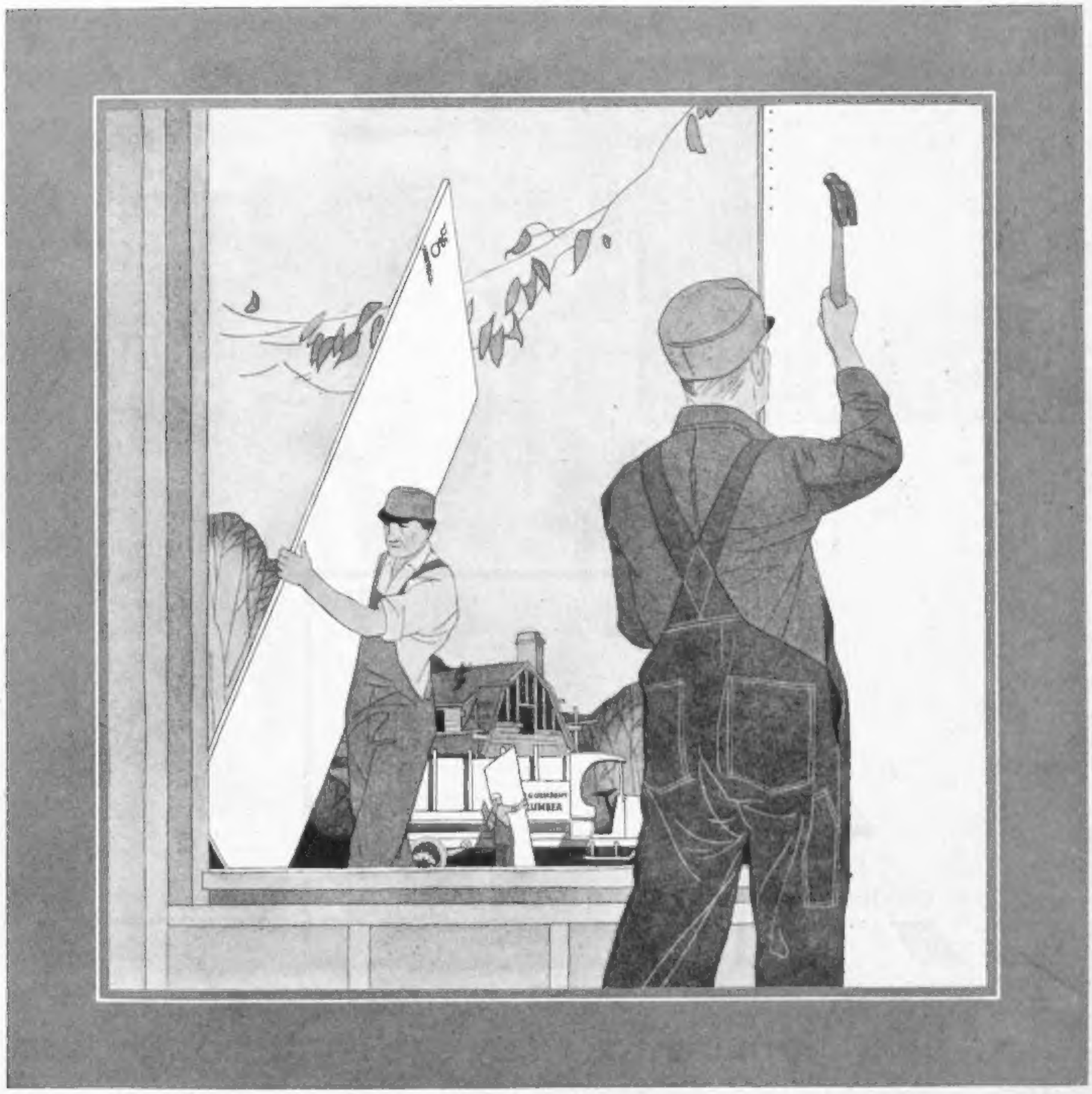

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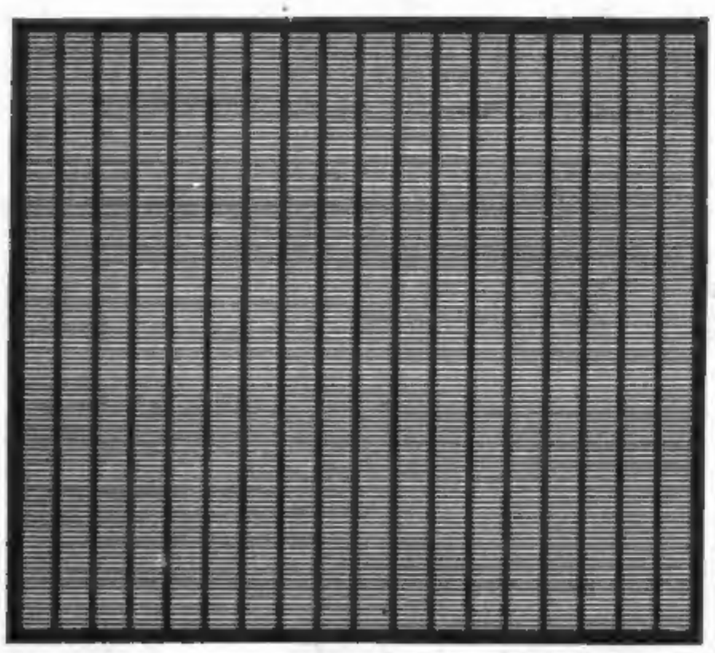

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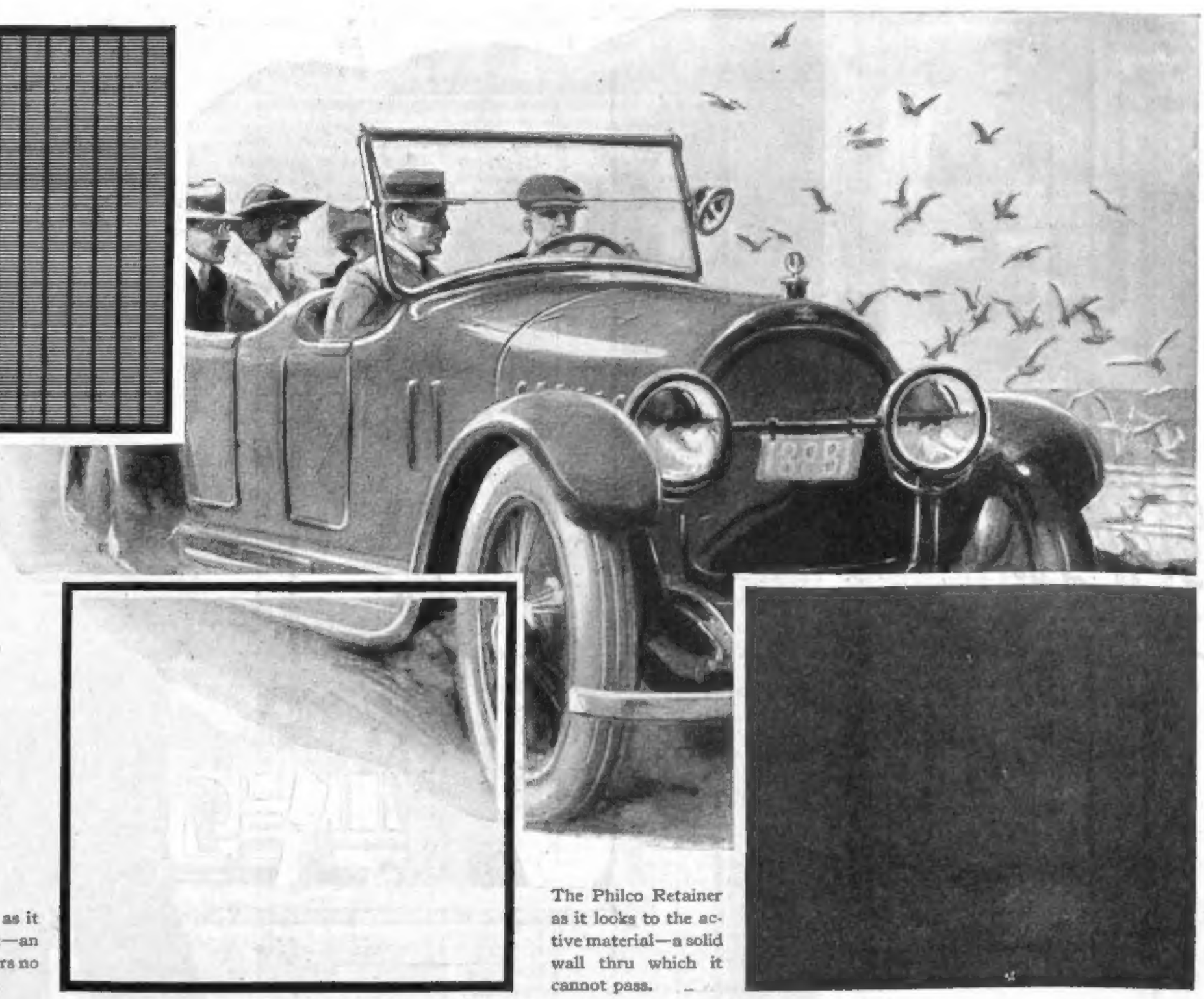

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The Philadelphia Two Year Guarantee Is a Life Insurance Policy

—*but the battery doesn't have to die for you to win*

IF the Philadelphia Guarantee gave nothing more than an equitable adjustment in case of failure, it would still be very much worth your while to use a Philadelphia Battery; but it means more than that. Its real significance is that each battery is built to last even longer than the guaranteed period.

There are many construction advantages in the Philadelphia Battery which contribute toward this end. Of these, probably none is more important than the Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer.

It is easy for you, as a layman, to understand the Philco Retainer. A Retainer guards each side of each positive plate. The slots in the Retainer are so narrow that active material from the plates cannot readily pass thru, but there are so many slots that circulation and current flow proceed without hindrance.

ACTIVE material held on the plates means long battery life. Active material off the plates lessens starting ability, eats thru the insulation, causes short circuits and plays general havoc. The Philco Retainer keeps the active material where it belongs. Obviously this maintains high starting ability and lengthens battery life.

Don't forget also that the Philadelphia Guarantee is transferable, and if you decide to sell your car within two years, the Philadelphia Battery becomes a valuable sales asset.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Ontario and C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA
DIAMOND
GRID
BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

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A line of Milk Products which many people feel certain is the best and purest that can be bought

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